THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

OCTOBER, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Simplification Begins at Home

There has been made in several quarters a suggestion which should seem perfectly reasonable to the President in his new rôle of Simple Speller. Millions of Americans have always pronounced his name in two syllables, and have made the first syllable rhyme with "booze." They do not know that the double-o in "Roosevelt" is simply the Dutch method of indicating that the vowel is long. From the standpoint of the Simple Speller, that second *o* is not only superfluous in English, but actually misleading. By stubbornly retaining it, the President is responsible for the perpetuation of gross error among his faithful subjects; and, worse than that, he is recreant to the high and holy cause of Fonetik Refawrm which he has sought to champion. If anyone were to ask Mr. Roosevelt why he is unwilling to spell his own name simply, and to write it "Rosevelt," he would probably answer that he prefers to keep the original spelling, because it clearly shows the Dutch descent of which he is rightly proud. But that is exactly the reason why most of us prefer to keep to the existing form of words which he desires to change. We are proud of their descent from Anglo-Saxon or Norman French or Greek or Latin as the case may be; and there is no reason why the President should reject an argument as inapplicable to other names while he accepts it as pertinent to his own. As for Professor Matthews we don't know what on earth he would say if one asked him why he does not drop that superfluous second *t* in his surname. He calls himself "Mathews," not "Mat-thews," and in not spelling his name as he pronounces it, he too is faithless to Simplification and a promoter and abettor of Complication.

Mr. Herford's Polished Style

Mr. Oliver Herford has a mild aversion to literary pose of every kind, and sometimes sends a wingèd shaft in that direction. Not long ago he was present while a number of young writers were discussing style. One of them recalled with admiration how Walter Pater would never write more than thirty lines a day, so great was his regard for perfection of form.

"Ah," said another of the group; "that is something quite paralleled in *my* best writing. There are times when I give at least two days to the construction of one paragraph."

"Yes," said a third, musingly, "it is so with me as well. The rhythm of one sentence has often occupied my thoughts for an entire day."

Then Mr. Herford, from a couch in the corner, spoke up with a mild, slow voice, and with an air of adorable simplicity:

"And I, too," said he, "have often spent a week in polishing a single word!"

Thereupon ensued a silence which no one cared to break, until a rude Philistine entered the room and began talking about yachts.

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Probably half of the stories that are told of Mr. Herford are the amiable inventions of his friends, who love to dwell upon, and incidentally exaggerate, his interesting traits. If a tale that we heard the other day be true, then Mr. Herford's absent-mindedness must be equal to that of Sir Isaac Newton or of the typical Herr Professor of *Fliegende Blätter*. According to this yarn, Mr. Herford met a friend whom he had not seen for a long time, and warmly urged him to call.

"You really must look me up, old man," said he. "I've an awful lot to say to you."

"All right. What's the address?"

"Oh," returned Mr. Herford, "somewhere uptown. Let me see"—a book of doubt coming over his face—"it's—it's—well, I really don't remember at the mo-

OWEN JOHNSON

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ment. But"—brightening up—"I can find out."

He took off his hat, on the inside of which was pasted a row of figures.

"Ah, yes," he resumed. "That's my telephone number. You see when I forget, I can always call the place up on the telephone and ask them where it is!"

The Early Effort

Probably nearly every man and woman writing books looks back with mingled amusement and tenderness on some first early effort in the field of letters. It may be with a thrill of reminiscent pleasure. It may be with a pang of mortification due to a mature realisation of how crude and artificial that early effort was—how mawkish the bit of verse, how pompous the sentiment, how artlessly imitative of a favourite author or novel the plot and style. But somehow that first venture can never be forgotten. In the case of Mr. Owen Johnson, whose new novel, *Max Fargus,* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, the early effort was rather unusual in that it had a practical result. Mr. Johnson is a son of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson of the *Century,* and in conjunction with Rodman Gilder, a son of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, he established, at a very early age, the *Chimney Seat,* a little two-numbered periodical, which in its brief life boasted some very distinguished contributors, among them Grover Cleveland. The sale of the *Chimney Seat* added one hundred dollars to the fund for the Washington Arch.

At Lawrenceville, and later at Yale, it was "up to" Mr. Johnson to "make good" in a literary way. While at the New Jersey school he founded and edited the Lawrenceville *Lit,* to which he contributed a number of stories of schoolboy life. Entering Yale in the autumn of 1896, he followed up this line of work so assiduously that he won that coveted prize and highest honour in this field at New Haven, the chairmanship of the Yale *Lit* for the class of 1900. During his last year at the University he wrote the greater part of *Arrows of the Almighty.* Absence from this country prevented his finishing his senior year, and when he went back to New Haven the next summer to make up his deficiencies, the faculty gave him his degree on the strength of the novel, then unpublished, which, after a Yale custom, was accepted in lieu of the lacking academic work.

After being graduated from Yale, Mr. Johnson went to Paris, where he entered upon a study of the novel and the drama. He took up his residence in the Latin Quarter and was in the fortunate position of being able to rub elbows with a great deal of the literary and artistic life of the French capital. Among his friends and acquaintances of that period were Madame Th. Blanc-Bentzon, the novelist and contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* who perhaps understands America and Americans better than any other French writer; the painter, Boutet de Monvel; Ferdinand Brunetière, René Doumic and others. The influence of such persons obtained for him special privileges at the Bibliothèque Nationale, where he passed many hours and found in unedited documents much of the material that went to make *In the Name of Liberty,* his second novel, which dealt with the Reign of Terror.

Ivan Strannik

A new Russian novelist has risen upon the literary horizon, a woman, who writes under the name of Ivan Strannik. It was Mme. Strannik who introduced Gorky to the West by translating a collection of his tales entitled *Vagabonds* into French. Unlike other Russian writers, Mme. Strannik writes in French exclusively. The reason for this she sets forth in a recent letter:

> I wrote in French because I did not wish to bend myself to the caprices of the Russian censure. Not that I had any revolutionary ideas, but simply because I liked to say freely what I thought, and up to this year such a thing was absolutely impossible in Russia; in fact, my first book, *L'Appel de l'Eau,* was forbidden, innocent as it is of all social theory, by the Russian censure.

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IVAN STRANNIK

Although Mme. Strannik's books are, as she says, free from social theory, there are no Russian books of to-day that are designed to give a better idea of the general level of life in Russia, especially among the upper middle classes and landed gentry; although in one of her books, *Les Mages sans Étoile*, she gives most interesting pictures of the life of the Russian exiles who make their headquarters in Paris. Indeed, several of her books deal with Russians outside of Russia. A cosmopolitan note enters into them, and she is fond of introducing foreign, and particularly English, characters into her novels. These now number about half a dozen. Since *L'Appel de l'Eau*, which won her the friendship of some of the leading men of letters in Europe, Ludovic Halévy, Anatole France and Georges Brandes among others, she has gained steadily in the practice of her art. Probably her best book so far is *The Shadow of the House*, a story of a Russian girl's courtship, marriage and motherhood, which is announced for autumn publication in an English translation by Emma A. Clinton. Mme. Strannik in private life is Mme. Anitchkoff, her husband being a professor in the University of Kiev. She herself belongs to a very old Russian family, her grandfather being Admiral Avinoff, and her father Colonel Avinoff in the Russian army. Since the appearance of her first novel she has lived in Paris.

Robinson Crusoe's Island

If for no other reason, the fact that it is the scene of what is probably the most dramatic single incident in all fiction—the finding by Crusoe of the footprint in the sand—the disappearance of Robinson Crusoe's Island in the Valparaiso upheaval should be mentioned in THE BOOKMAN. Alexander Selkirk, who has been accepted as the prototype of Defoe's hero, was sailing master of the *Cinque Ports* on a cruise in 1704. He quarrelled with the captain and at his own request was put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez, where he remained four years and four months. As a matter of fact whether Defoe intended the island to be on the east or west of South America is a point never likely to be settled beyond dispute. *A propos* of the matter the London Academy comments that if the earthquake has carried off the island it has plagiarised Jules Verne.

Mrs. Craigie

It is not easy for those who remember Mrs. Craigie as she appeared last winter to think of her otherwise than as still living; for her vitality and vivacity were remarkable. With an immense social connection, she was seen at all important functions, never failed to keep an engagement, was always ready to do her part and to add to the brilliancy of every gathering by her wit and clever talk, and still found time to write much and to write carefully and well. All this is the more

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE

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remarkable because her health was really delicate, and she could not, like many authors, forget physical weariness in the zest of composition. She never wrote longer than two hours at a time, and these hours were often gained by early rising, just as Sir Walter Scott dashed off his most famous chapters before his guests were yet awake. Mrs. Craigie won much

T. O. H. Craigie.

appreciation from the critics. The public was also kind. But we are of the opinion that only one book of hers is of lasting merit, and that is the grotesquely named novel, *The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham.* The fact that it survived such a title is in itself convincing proof that the work had unusual merit. It brings to mind Mr. W. H. Mallock's *Romance of the Nineteenth Century;* for the unforgettable episode in each has to do with the sinister revelation of a woman's past—not quite the sort of past with which the stage and the divorce courts are familiar, and not the sort of woman who is usually supposed to have a past. The implications are more vague, more doubtful and more ambiguous than the garish scandal of the daily news-papers, and for that reason they are the more disquieting. There is a cynical assumption—not expressed in words—that the things which are not known, which never come out, which are the secret of only one or two, are worse than those which rumour hints at and which gossip spreads abroad. Both books, then—that of Mrs. Craigie and that of Mr. Mallock—are distinctly unpleasant

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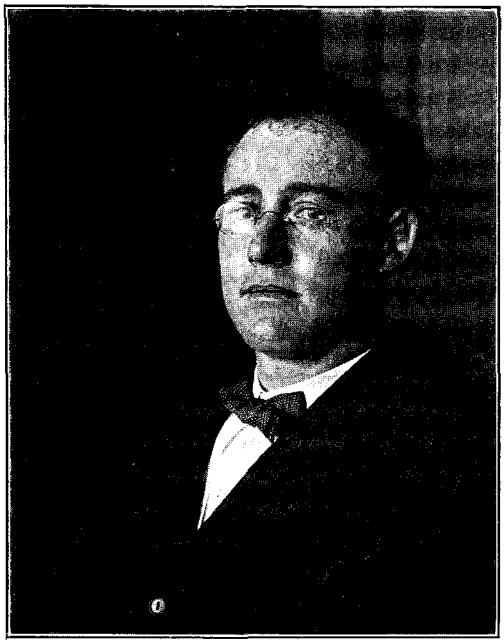
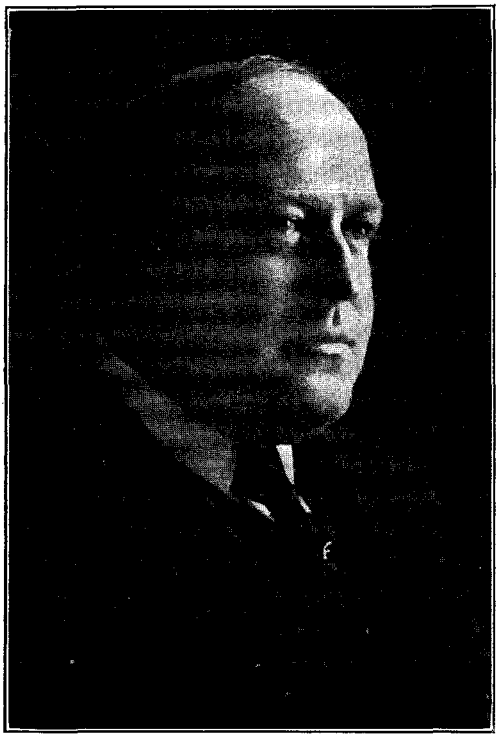
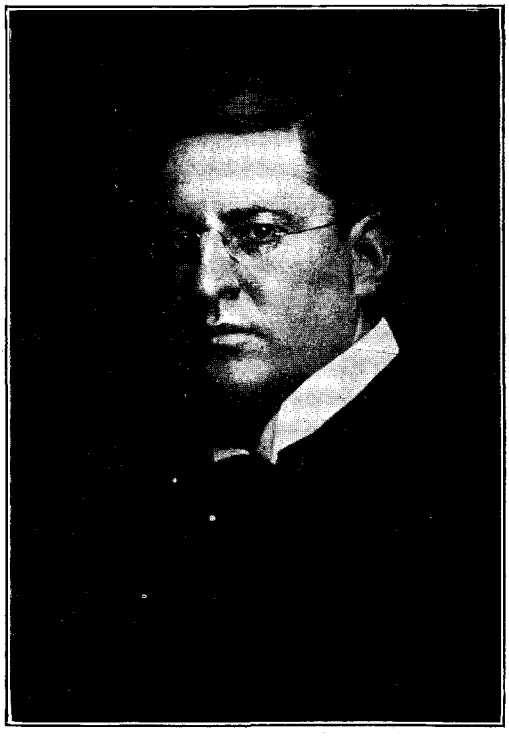
ROBERT H. DAVIS



WILL IRWIN



ROBERT MACKEY



J. O. COSGRAVE

Portrait by Hollinger

SOME CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE EDITORS

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and disturbing. But they are both powerful and remorseless, and will haunt the consciousness of their readers for a long while.

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Some Californian Magazine Editors

California seems to have laid a strong, compelling grasp upon the editorial sceptre of the New York magazines. Her sons direct the policy of many important and widely circulated periodicals. There is Mr. Will Irwin on the staff of *McClure's,* while Mr. Bailey Millard has transformed the *Cosmopolitan* into an exponent of Western vivacity and verve. Mr. J. O. Cosgrave is conspicuous in *Everybody's;* Mr. Robert Mackey in *Success;* and Miss Muriel MacDonald guides the *Craftsman.* But more remarkable and in fact quite unique is the position of Mr. Robert H. Davis, who furnishes the editorial motive-power to no less than four magazines—the *All Story Magazine,* the *Scrap Book,* the *Railroad Man's Magazine,* and (newest of them all) the magazine entitled *Woman.* Two of these publications hold an exceptional position in the history of American magazines. The *All Story Magazine* and the *Scrap Book* are the only monthly periodicals that from the issue of the very first number have paid a profit to their publisher. The *Scrap Book* first appeared last spring; and its circulation began with the surprising total of 520,000 copies. Its success was well deserved and quite legitimate, for the idea which underlay its plan was not only a novel one, but was conducive to the dissemination of a love of good literature. Apart from its special features—its clever summary of current opinion, and its original contributed matter—it gives each month a mass of selected reading from the famous authors of all time and from those who, while not famous, have still left something which is vital and enduring. Here are brilliant bits of fiction—the *cor cordium* of literary masterpieces; here are collected the pungent epigrams and the sheer bed-rock philosophy of human experience crystallised into phrases that cannot be forgotten—the wisdom of Plato, of Bacon, of La Rochefoucauld, of Montaigne, Balzac, Franklin, and Emerson. And here, too, is a mass of rare and curious information upon a hundred topics of permanent interest, culled from many an obscure and hidden source. The design of the magazine has been admirably carried out; and its bound volumes with their minutely careful indexes place under one's hand for immediate reference facts for which the busy man might elsewhere search many hours and then fail to find. So successful was the *Scrap Book* from the very first that it almost at once bred imitators; but it has met no worthy rivals, for the reason that the tact and ingenuity of its editor remain unmatched.

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Magazine Policies and First Issues

In the first of a series of brief sketches about the contents and make-up of the initial numbers of the magazines of the day we spoke of the radical change in the business of magazine editing which has taken place during the last eight or ten years. We can go back several years more and find the reasons for this change in the introduction of the cheaper magazines as dangerous rivals to the periodicals of long established reputation. The ten cent magazine idea began to take form about 1890. At first it was not regarded as a serious menace in conservative circles. It was pointed out, with apparent justice, that any magazine of a size and quality to win circulation could be retailed at ten cents only at a loss. In speedy refutation of this opinion came the ventures of Mr. Frank A. Munsey and Mr. S. S. McClure.

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The First Munsey

Munsey's Magazine, as we know it today, really begins with Volume VI. in the history of the periodical. Before that there had been a *Munsey's Weekly,* which made up the first five volumes. Number I. of the magazine bore the date of October, 1891, and a striking feature of this number was the preponderance of material of particular interest to the people who live

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in New York or in its vicinity. The first paper was entitled "Snapshots in Central Park." It was written by J. Crawford Hamilton. "Plays and Players of the Day," by Morris Bacheller, was followed by a story, "A Daughter of the Desert," by Thomas Winthrop Hall; then came the first Munsey poem, "A Brief Burlesque." The appeal to New York appeared again in the next article, "The Museum of Natural History," by Warren Taylor, and, again, after a brief poem, in a paper by R. H. Titherington on "Brooklyn's Statue of Beecher." Then there are two poems, "My Pretty Library Vis à Vis," by Joel Benton, and "To Priscilla," by Stephen Decatur Smith. An article on "Cornelius Vanderbilt," by William S. Richmond; "A Matter of Conscience," by Elliot E. Shaw; "Yesterday and To-Day," by Nathan M. Levy; "An Episode of Nugget Bar," by H. L. Wilson; "A Dilemma," by Flabel Scot Mines; "The Colleges of New York," by Judson Newman Smith; "Love is Blind," by Jean La Rue Burnett; "The Japanese Novelty," by Allanson Goodwin; "Horsemanship a Popular Fad," by Frank A. Munsey; "Hallowe'en" (verse); "A Life Speculation," by Henry W. Austin; "An Accidental Romance," by Matthew White, Jr.; "Unbroken," by Charles H. Luders; "Vera Shamarin," by William Murray Graydon; and, finally, "The Department of Editorial Etchings," in which are discussed From Weekly to Magazine, Our Immigrant Armies, Ruling Out Art, and Defects in Our Penal Code. It will be noted that the list of contributors contains three names of men whose association with the magazine has been in an editorial capacity: Frank A. Munsey, R. H. Titherington and Matthew White, Jr.

The First "McClure's."

Obsolete as it seems when judged by the ephemeral standards of this year or last, the first issue of *McClure's* is very interesting reading indeed. It bears the date of June, 1893, and owing to the fact that the text and advertising seem to have all been printed together, contains the unusual number of ninety-three pages of reading matter. The table of contents has a very decided literary flavour. The magazine opened with the first of a series of Real Conversations. This is practically an article on Mr. William Dean Howells, but it is offered under the unwieldy sub-title of "A Dialogue Between William Dean Howells and Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen," recorded by Mr. Boyesen. Then followed "The Nymph of the Eddy," by Gilbert Parker (for this was long years before the Canadian novelist was knighted), introduced under the general and serial head of "Parables of a Province." In fact, there was a very marked striving after serieses of papers in the editing of the first numbers of the magazine. "Parables of a Province" was followed by the pictorial "Human Documents," which was such a feature of *McClure's* in its early years. This department was introduced by a paper from the pen of Sarah Orne Jewett, and the subjects dealt with were General Lew Wallace, William Dean Howells, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen and Alphonse Daudet. The next feature was the first of a series on "Wild Animals," by Raymond Blathwayt. It discussed how they were "captured, transported, trained and sold." The first bit of fiction was "Under Sentence of the Law, the Story of a Dog," by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. Then followed "The Edge of the Future, Unsolved Problems that Edison is Studying," by E. J. Edwards; "A Day with Gladstone, from the Morning at Hawarden to the Evening at the House of Commons," by H. W. Massingham, of the London *Chronicle;* "Where Man Got His Ears," by Henry Drummond; James Parton's Rules for Biography; "Europe at the Moment," by M. de Blowitz; "The Comedy of War" (fiction), by Joel Chandler Harris; "The Rose is Such a Lady," a poem, by Gertrude Hall; and "The Count de Lesseps of To-Day," by R. H. Sherard.

Some one recently renamed Miss Marie Van Vorst's latest novel *Outside the House of Mirth.* That title is not inappropriate, inasmuch as *The Sin of George Warrener* deals with the class of people who are clamouring at the gates

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of the society of which Lily Bart is a member. Miss Van Vorst, who has proved her versatility in journalism, criticism, fiction and verse, shares with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John van Vorst, the responsibility for calling forth President Roosevelt's "Race Suicide" letter, which first appeared as an introduction to their book, *The Woman Who Toils.*

Marie van Vorst

Since we had occasion in our June issue to recall a singular prophecy of Mademoiselle Couédon, the French clairvoyant, in January, 1905, and its partial fulfilment by the San Francisco earthquake, prophecies have had to us a little more than usual interest. The "Old Moore Almanac" for 1907 appeared a few weeks ago in London and promises the

Cheerful

MARIE VAN VORST

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world a most exciting twelve months. January, we are told, will bring shocking earthquakes in the south of Europe and riots in London and Italy. In February there is to be a great disaster in the Cornwall mines. March will find mutiny in the British army. In April a mysterious letter will be sent from St. Petersburg to the Court of St. James and, as a result, England will at once place her land and sea forces on a war footing. From Spain there will come terrible news, in June, though it is not definitely said what this news will be about. In July the crops of Europe will be ruined by a great drought. France and Germany will prepare for war in August. In October the Morocco question will again come up with renewed complications. Then all through the year the Russian revolution is to continue and China will have a liberal insurrection. Cheerful!

The extensive publicity bureau maintained by Mr. George Bernard Shaw has been unusually active and ingenious of late. A few weeks ago there was cabled from London a story to the effect that Mr. Shaw was engaged in writing a play which would contain a death-bed scene on the stage, and that this scene was to be excruciatingly funny. A little later came the news that Mr. Shaw had been photographed in "the altogether," posing as Rodin's "Le Penseur," and that the photograph was to be exhibited in a London exhibition.

G. B. Shaw.

On his recent visit to Europe Mr. George Barr McCutcheon followed in the footsteps of his American heroes and heroines as far as Vienna and there stopped. He confesses to a fear that any closer acquaintance with the mountain kingdom of Graustark, "somewhere out in the Balkans," would have brought disillusionment. Mr. McCutcheon's new novel, *Jane Cable,* will be reviewed in the November issue.

Mr. McCutcheon and Graustark.

A rather cruel story was going the rounds two or three years ago at the expense of the author of an exceedingly fortunate "best seller," whose head was supposed to be a trifle turned by the magnitude of his unexpected success. According to the yarn, the author in question was found in the corridor of a New York hotel by a friend from his native town, who rushed up with all the usual enthusiastic warmth of the average American away from home. To the surprise of the latter the novelist put a warning finger to his lips and hurried off to an obscure corner. "I didn't want you to call out my name," explained the man of letters. "Just address me as Mr. So-and-So. The fact is, I'm here incog."

"Incog."

We do not vouch for the truth of this anecdote, nor do we undertake to contradict it, but our personal acquaintance with the modern American authors hardly leads us to believe that there is any one of them who takes himself quite so much *au grand serieux* as to feel the need of a disguise if he desires his presence to pass unnoticed. On the other hand, there have been eminent novelists whom we are quite ready to associate with an "incog." Victor Hugo, for instance, we are sure, would have used one for reasons apart from political, and would have been hugely and scornfully astonished had any one had the temerity to consider him as making himself ridiculous by so doing. Balzac actually did so on one or two of his visits to Madame Hanska, but in his case we should ascribe it less to personal vanity than to his liking for the bizarre and mysterious—that liking which caused him to organise a secret society, to believe in it with naive ardours, and delightedly to greet his brother Invincibles, when he met them in society, with sly winks and facial contortions. Eugène Sue would probably have travelled incognito and thought that his action conferred a certain distinction on a time-honoured custom. The elder Dumas would certainly have done so and unquestionably would have taken all his fellow-travellers into his

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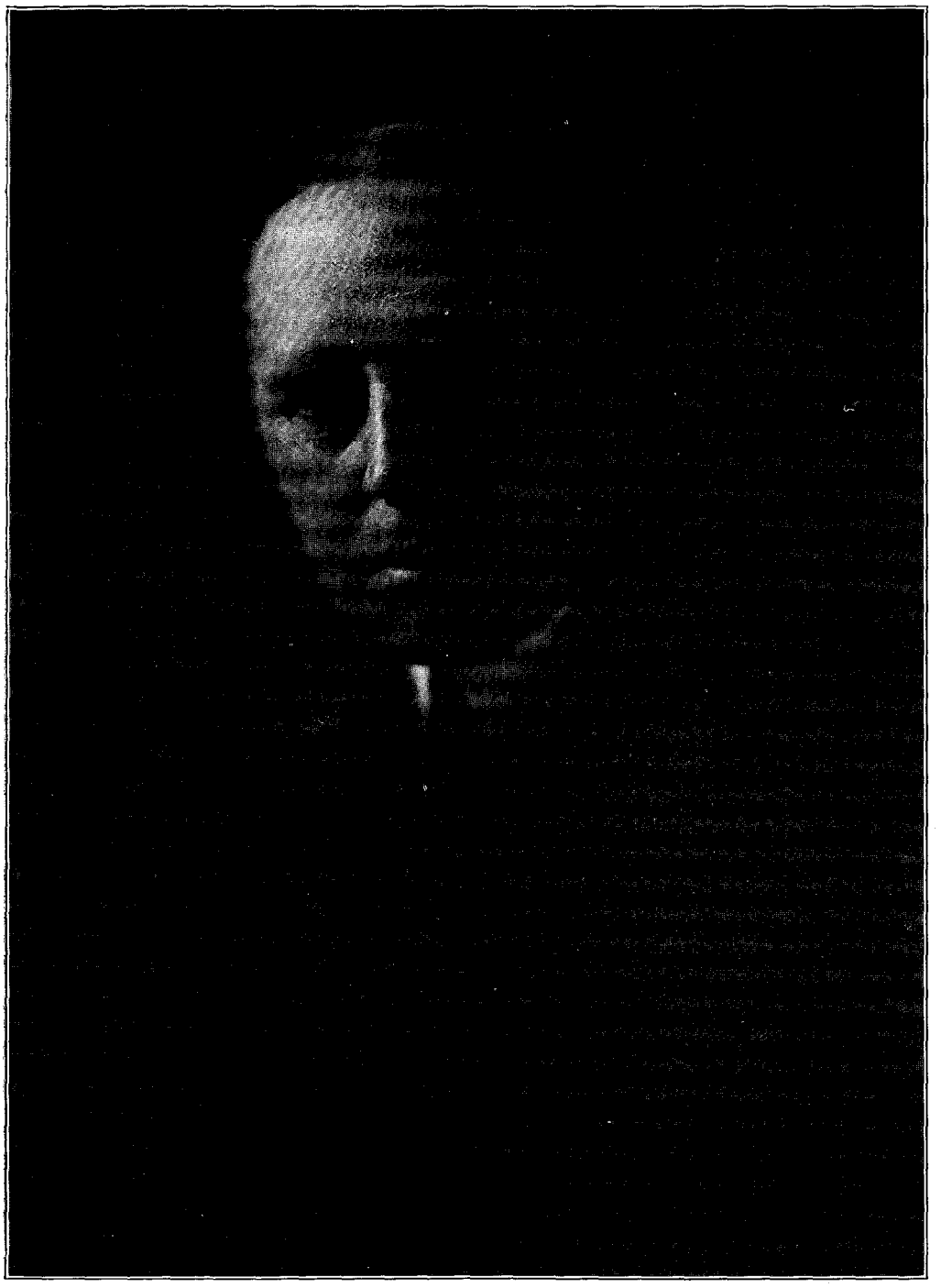

G. B. M'CUTCHEON

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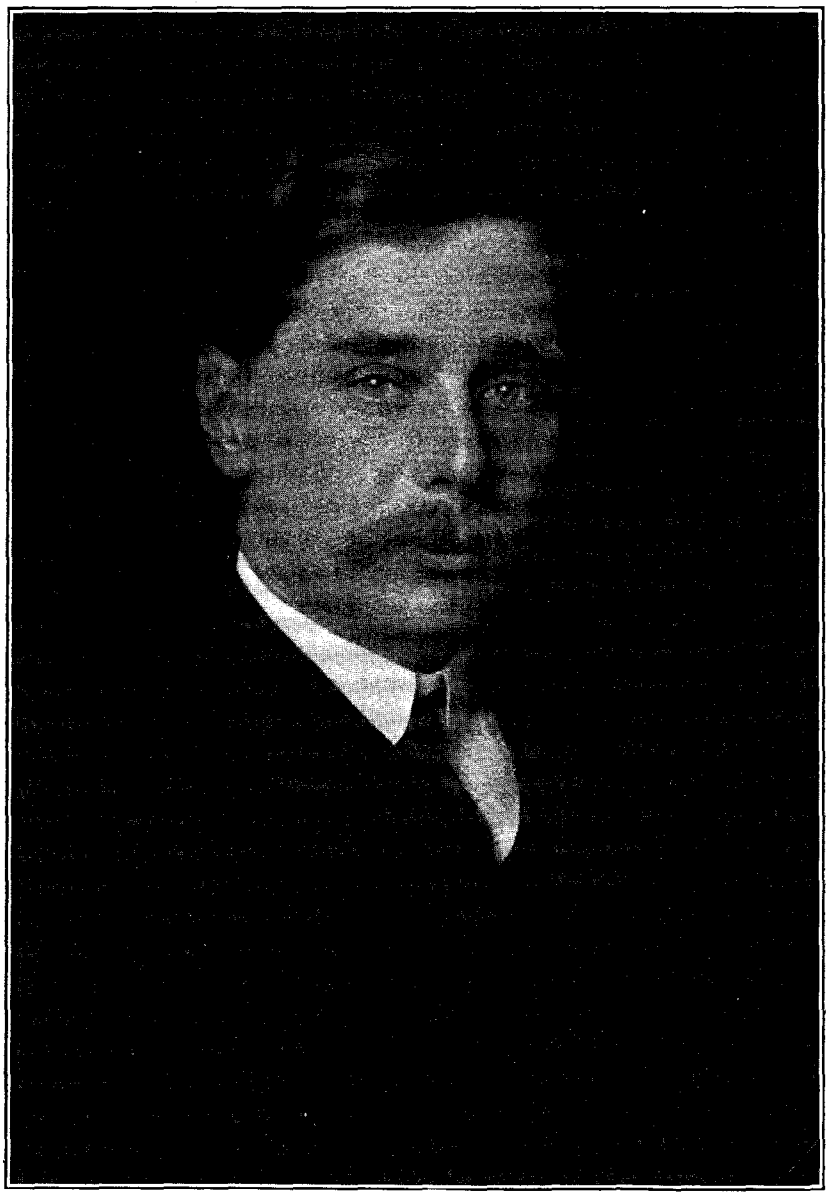
confidence on the matter. We can believe an "incog." of Bulwer-Lytton, and of Fenimore Cooper, and of Lord Tennyson.

Speaking of "incogs." recalls a very interesting list of the names used by European notables which recently appeared in London *M. A. P.* The subject was suggested by the fact that King Edward had just started on a trip under the name of the Duke of Lancaster. The purpose of this "disguise" is not altogether to prevent the King being recognised, although that object is occasionally



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF H. G. WELLS

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desirable; it means, principally, that the sovereigns through whose domains he travels are relieved from the necessity of visiting him in full state, and are thereby saved considerable expense and trouble. When his Majesty's visits are informal, the term "incognito" is used; when he desires his presence to pass unnoticed, the words "strict incognito" are employed.

Before he ascended the throne, according to *M. A. P.*, his Majesty travelled privately as the Earl of Chester, but that title is now the property of the Prince of Wales. In his early youth the King travelled with his tutor a good deal about England strictly incognito, and not always to his personal advantage. An hotel proprietor in the West country had been apprised of his future King's forth-

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF SARA JEANNETTE COTES

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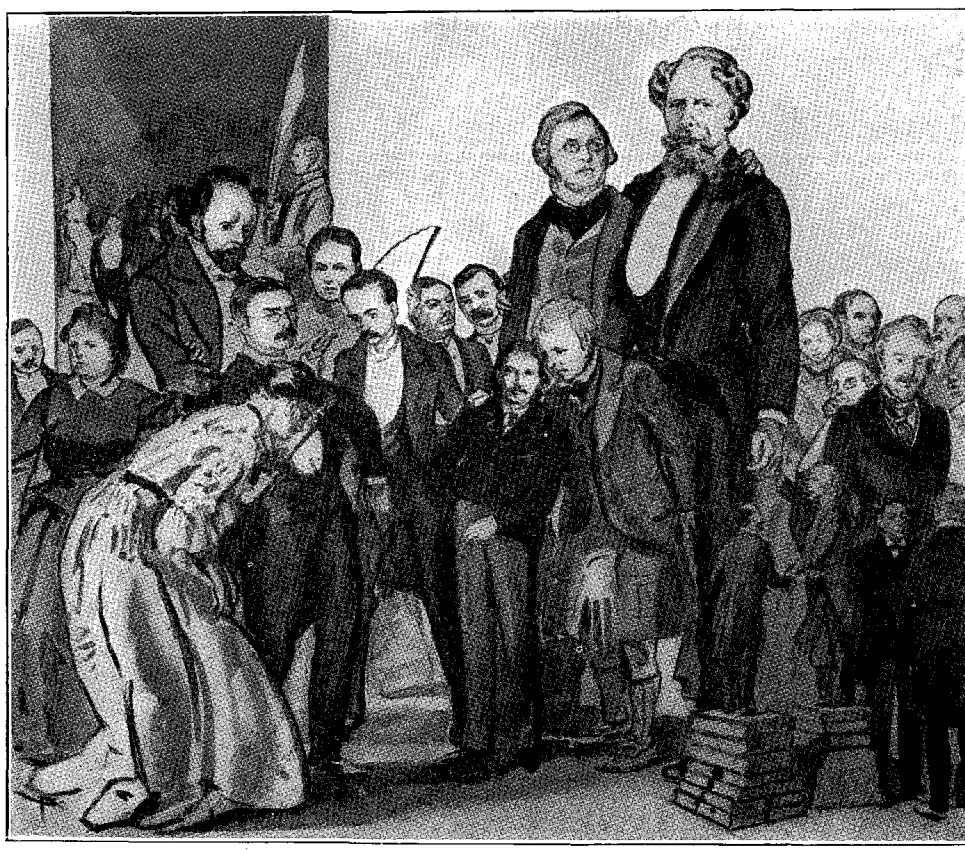
coming arrival incognito. The best apartments were got ready. A gentleman and a boy arrived, and the proprietor, believing them to be the Prince and his tutor, showed them deferentially to the very special rooms. Later in the day came two gentlemen and a boy, asking for accommodation. "Very sorry, gentlemen," said the landlord; "we have only room for two of your party; but perhaps we can manage to make up a bed for the young gentleman on the sofa." This was done, and in the morning it was discovered that the youth who slept on the "shakedown" was the heir apparent, while the boy who occupied the best bedroom was plain "Master Robinson," travelling with his father. At this period the King occasionally travelled as Lord Renfrew. During a visit to the United States, a wealthy magnate, introduced to his Royal Highness, remarked: "Lord Renfrew, eh! But you're no better than anybody else. I'll call you Mr. Renfrew." And he did for the whole of the visit, to the infinite amusement of the Prince's party.

Queen Alexandra once stayed in Paris as Mrs. Stephens. The Queen of Norway, when Princess Charles of Denmark,



THE COMPARATIVE POPULARITY OF ENGLISH NOVELISTS

Regarded from left to right the authors depicted are as follows: Mr. Thomas Hardy, Miss Braddon, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Stanley Weyman, R. L. Stevenson, W. M. Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, Mr. Henry James, Charlotte Brontë, Mr. George Meredith, Anthony Trollope, Charles Kingsley, Bulwer Lytton, Mr. I. Zangwill, Charles Reade, and Mr. E. F. Benson.

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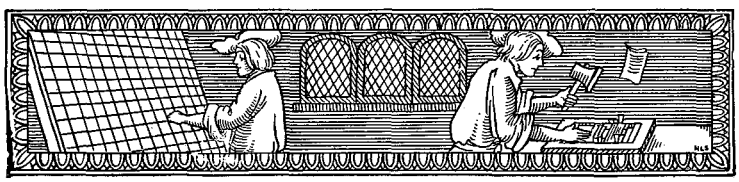
used to make journeys on the Continent with her governess, under the single cognomen of Miss Mills. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) calls herself Lady Sundridge, using one of her husband's second titles. Princess Christian styles herself Countess Gravenstein. Princess Henry of Battenberg adopts the title of Lady Carisbrooke, from her official position as Governor of the Isle of Wight. The Princess of Wales travels as Countess of Killarney; the Duchess of Connaught as Countess of Sussex; the ex-Empress Eugénie as Comtesse de Pierreponds. Queen Victoria used the title of Countess of Balmoral, and the Duke of Cambridge that of Lord Culloden. The Princess Victoria has travelled as plain Miss Johnson. Other notable incognitos are as follows:

King of Spain.....Marquis Cavadonga.
Queen of Spain.....Countess of Toledo.
King of Portugal.....Count de Barcelles.
Queen of Portugal.....Marqueza de Villacosa.
King Oscar of Sweden.....Count von Haga.
Crown Prince of Sweden...Count Carlesberg.
Emperor of Austria.....Count Hohenembs.
Late Empress Frederick...Countess of Lingen.
Ex-Queen of Naples.....Duchess de Castro.
Prince Victor Napoleon..Count de Moncalieri.
Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria..Count Murany.

Relative Literary Popularity.

The accompanying illustration, which the *Strand Magazine* recently printed in an article on "Living Figures," is interesting, but rather misleading. While the fact that it deals exclusively with English authors and readers is obvious, the inference is that it relates to the relative literary popularity of the present day. While we should like to believe that a great many more persons are engaged in the perusal of Thackeray than in reading the books of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine, as the figures would seem to indicate, we fear that the pleasing disparity in size is entirely due to the fact that the author of *Henry Esmond* had a great many years' start. In justice to the compiler of the paper it must be said that it has been based on what has been read during the past twenty years.



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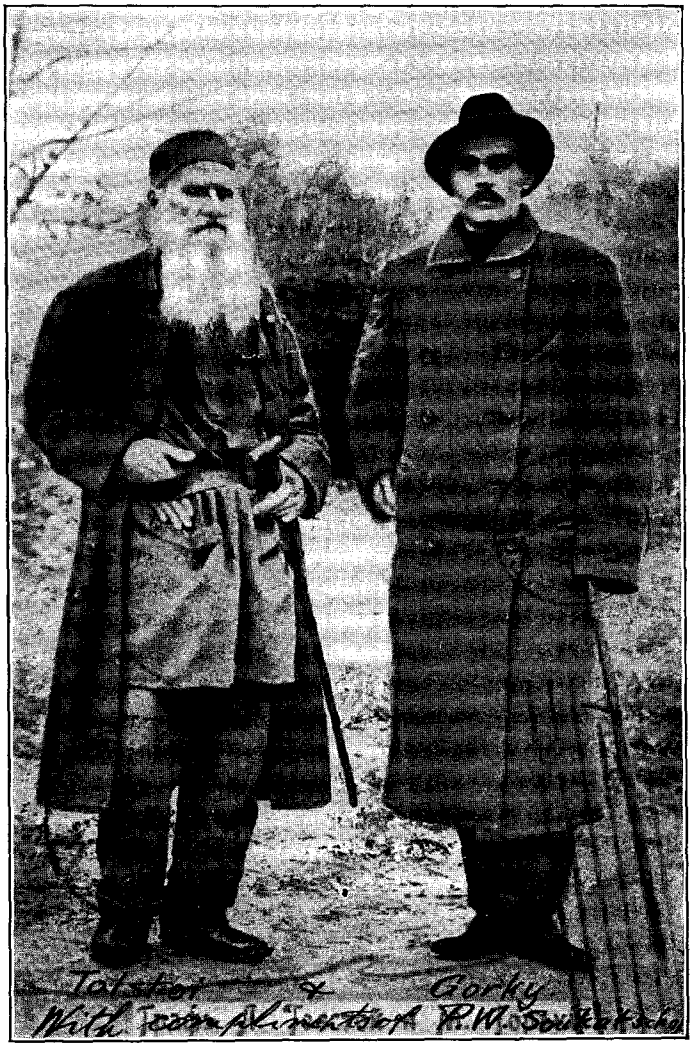

TOLSTOY AND GORKY

TOLSTOY IN 1906

THE afternoon was well advanced when my sister and I reached Toúla. Our train was an hour late. At best Russians are not noted for their punctuality, and now, when lawlessness seems to be in the air, the train service is more disorganised than ever.

Anxious lest our visit to Tolstoy, which was to be a short one in any case, should be still further curtailed, we asked the guard whether we were not losing time.

"Yes," he replied, "but at the next station we leave three carriages behind, and shall then catch up."

After the three carriages were left behind, however, we still went on losing time, though instead of three or four we now only lost one or two minutes between each station.

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An hour was wasted in looking for a vehicle and horses to take us from Toúla to Yásnaya Polyána, some ten miles away in the country; and it was seven o'clock before we arrived, and saw Tolstoy and his family dining at a long table spread under the trees in front of the house. Several persons rose and came to greet us; and we were asked at once to the table, without going first into the house. I threw my cloak and bonnet on a garden seat, and, after an informal introduction to those members of the household whom we did not already know, was given a place at Tolstoy's side. Besides Tolstoy, his wife, a son, three daughters, and a little grandson, there were present an English governess, a doctor, the eldest daughter's husband and step-children, and one or two other people, all of whom were staying in the house, or at the other house on the estate.

Though two men-servants were waiting at table, the dinner was a most informal meal; but perhaps our late arrival may have contributed to the prevailing confusion.

We were asked many questions about ourselves and our friends, with that peculiar relevancy which makes you feel that the questioner is really interested in you, your family and life. Tolstoy has this power of remembering and entering into other people's interests to a very high degree.

Both Tolstoy himself, his son Sergius, who is in the Moscow Duma, and his son-in-law, who is in the National Duma, were pessimistic as to the state of affairs in Russia. It was very evident that the recent events had in no wise altered or modified Tolstoy's anti-governmental views. My sister, rightly supposing that newspapers only reach Yásnaya Polyána late in the evening, had brought one with her. It was eagerly seized by some of the party, but Tolstoy remarked that he did not like reading newspapers. They not only waste time, but are even harmful, besides being full of lies. He seemed much depressed by the lies told by all the political parties, and by the false promises they have made to the people, in their efforts to win the election.

"They have promised the peasants what it is impossible to grant," he said. "And if it were possible, why should the peasants again form a separate class, and be the only possessors of land? Why should not a boot-maker, or a nobleman, have the use of land if he needs it? If they really wish to do something, why don't they adopt Henry George's scheme?"

I replied that people in Moscow said that the peasants would not be content with that scheme, and would not understand it, and I asked whether Tolstoy thought they would.

"Yes," he replied slowly; "I think many of them would. Some to whom I explained it understood it perfectly and quite approved of it."

"That is well," I said; "for many educated people don't seem to understand it at all, and think they would lose their little farms and gardens if Henry George's scheme were adopted."

Tolstoy laughed. "Yes," he said; "I have spoken to people who when I advised them to read Henry George, told me they had done so and quite understood him; yet they complained that 'It is not fair to tax people for the labour they put into the land!' And still they pretended to understand Henry George!"

"Well, at least you have now got some freedom of the press in Russia. That is something," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, rather doubtfully; "yes, that is something." But he did not seem very ready to make even this small admission to the utility of the reforms from which so many in Russia hope such great things.

When dinner was over, the company did not all rise at once. Engaged in interesting conversation with the host, I had only a vague sense of moving figures, and a feeling that I need not get up yet.

I gave Tolstoy one or two messages from people who had asked me to tell him how much they had been helped by his writings, as well as a resolution addressed to him by a meeting of the Vegetarian Association recently held at Cheltenham. He seemed pleased, and in his straightforward, simple fashion remarked that he could not at all understand how it was that so many good people remain meat-eaters.

"And you know they pretend a vege-

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tarian diet is more expensive," said he, and paused, as if wishing to hear my opinion.

"Yes, I know," I answered. "I have often heard the same thing said. But of course it is quite a mistake; it is much cheaper when properly managed."

"Just so. Yet my wife won't admit it, and proves her point by giving me dainties—things out of season, and which I do not at all require."

It was rather amusing that the Countess Tolstoy was meanwhile complaining to my sister of her difficulties in providing for the family, some of whom were strict vegetarians, while others ate fish, and the rest were meat-eaters.

Soon after dinner several of the company assembled on the tennis-court, which is merely a bit of ground shaded by tall trees, with the turf removed, covered with sand, rolled or stamped down to a degree of smoothness which would hardly satisfy English players. On one side of the ground is a long wooden bench, and on it I sat down beside Tolstoy. He watched the game with interest, and the players, among whom was his youngest daughter, seemed very keen on it. It was amusing to hear the familiar English words "game," "thirty love," "play," called out with Russian accents, and intermingled with comments in Russian. A consecutive conversation was impossible, especially as the people who watched the game kept coming and going, now sitting down on the bench, now rising to give room to some one else, or to take their turn at the game. But Tolstoy, though following the game keenly, put in a word every now and then, or made some remark which showed that he listened to what was being said, and again showed that he had not altered or modified his views on the use of physical force, on private property, or on Christian duty. When the Doukhobórs happened to be mentioned, his second daughter, Princess Obolénsky, remarked that it was the fear of forgetting their ideals and becoming self-satisfied by a life of material prosperity that led them to start on pilgrimages in search of the Messiah, and other eccentricities. Tolstoy began to say something which sounded like approval, but was interrupted. A beggar had come up the path to a few feet behind our bench, and stood in that peculiar attitude of humility and resignation a Russian beggar can assume, holding his limp cap in his hands, which lay crossed on the knob of his staff; and bowing low his bare head, waited in silence. I turned to look at the beggar, and did not see whether Tolstoy's hand felt for his pocket, as mine and those of most of the people present did, but I heard him ask his daughter if she had anything, and saw a hand pass a silver coin to the beggar. It made me think of what Tolstoy says in one of his books about it being a matter of politeness not to refuse a trifle to a man who asks you for it.

The beggar bowed and went his way, and Princess Obolénsky told us a story about a woman she had heard of in Paris, who had given away everything she possessed, until she had nothing left but the dress she was wearing next her skin, and that then her relatives had her shut up in a lunatic asylum. There was a ring of pity and indignation in the speaker's voice, and her father again began:

"Yes, it is strange . . ."

But there was another interruption, and I did not hear the rest.

It was a warm evening, yet Tolstoy soon began to feel chilly, and though an overcoat was brought him, he said he would go in, and I thought he seemed to be in pain.

The doctor, whom I had met in England some years before, now offered to show me round the park. I accepted, and followed him down the shady path to the pond, which, he said, had been recently cleaned, and from the banks of which the brushwood that had been allowed to grow for many years had been cleared at the same time. Tolstoy had had this done because in his mother's days these banks were open, and he wanted the ponds to be as they had then been. It was growing dusk beneath the tall, closely planted lime-trees which grew down both sides of the long avenues, at the end of which the evening light appeared, as through a small Gothic window. These avenues, as far as I could make out by the fading light, are intersected in several places by paths thickly walled and roofed in by hazels or some similar bushes. After the

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extremely hot day, it was still very warm beneath the trees, but now and then there came a delightful, soft, balmy and refreshing breeze. The air was full of the song of nightingales. They seemed to be on every side and above us, as we walked along the soft, sandy, slightly humid footpaths. I had never before visited Yásnaya Polyána, or, indeed, any of those Russian estates, far away in the country, which both Tolstoy and Tourgénef describe in their novels, and I could hardly tell whether it was the resemblance to some of the parks nearer Moscow or these vivid descriptions that gave these new surroundings that familiarity which adds a charm to the most beautiful, as well as to the most ordinary, scene. However, I had not much time to spare, nor did I feel sentimentally inclined, and we walked quickly, only stopping for my guide to point out different places mentioned in Tolstoy's novels; for instance, the wood where Kitty and her baby, in *Anna Karénina,* were during the thunderstorm, while Lévin was both vexed and anxious about them.

When we came up to the house, past the now deserted tennis-ground, we met the Countess, who was taking my sister the same round that I had just gone; and from a balcony Tolstoy called to me to come up if I wanted to talk. The doctor showed me the way up, and I found Tolstoy and his son-in-law on the balcony playing chess in the twilight. Tolstoy asked me to excuse him, as his son-in-law was going away the next day, and this was their last game, and would be finished in a few minutes. After a few moves his son-in-law was checkmated, because (as they both said) his eyes were weaker than the old man's, and he could no longer distinguish the pieces.

When his son-in-law had left us, Tolstoy spoke very kindly about a book of his stories, *Twenty-Three Tales by Tolstoy,* which my husband and I had just translated into English, and a copy of which I had brought him. He said he had already had time to read my husband's short preface, which he liked very much, and that he thought the way the book was arranged was excellent.

He then fetched a book he had been compiling, *A Circle of Readings,* a collection of thoughts by great thinkers and teachers (including many of his own), grouped according to the lessons they contained, and arranged for every-day readings, with a few short stories by himself and by other writers. He told me he considered that reading some of these thoughts, and thinking them over, was most useful; and that to read them to, and talk them over with, a child was the best form of education.

"Children," he said, "understand many of them." He knew this by experience with his little grandson, who gladly and regularly came to him every day to hear some of these thoughts read out and talked over. He said he was compiling a second volume, simpler and even more suited for children and uneducated people.

We went on to talk about a child we both knew, and were interested in; and about a mutual friend I had met in Moscow a few days before, who had nearly got into trouble and lost his place, being accused by the gendarmes, quite unjustly, of carrying on revolutionary propaganda.

"Ah, yes," said Tolstoy despondently, "I have just been thinking how fortunate your old father and I are to be so near death."

It had grown dark; the nightingales never ceased their songs, and from downstairs came the sound of a human voice, singing snatches of songs delightfully to the guitar, in a subdued tone, as if obeying a natural desire, prompted by the mood of the moment.

"How lovely!" said Tolstoy. "Those are my daughter's step-children; they don't know any one is listening; that is why it sounds so beautiful."

It was time to go in. Tolstoy took the book he had given me, wrote an inscription on the fly-leaf, and returned it to me. Then he showed me some portraits on the wall of his study. Among them was one of Henry George, and we passed into the next room, where a long table was spread. We had just enough time to drink a cup of tea before taking leave and starting on our return journey to Moscow.

Louise Maude.

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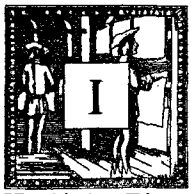
MY LAST VISIT TO TOLSTOY



IT is now nearly four years since, early one morning in August, 1902, I walked the couple of miles across pleasant, undulating and in places wooded country from Kozlóvka Záseka, a small country station on the Moscow-Koursk Railway, and reached, first, the long birch alley leading to the house, and then the house itself, at Yásnaya Polyána, where Tolstoy lives.

Five years had passed since I had last visited it and him. The place had altered but little; it was still the same plain, substantial country-house, with old-fashioned, rather bare furniture, but comfortable withal, roomy and well adapted to its purpose. The large grounds seemed even more neglected and overgrown than of yore, as though announcing that their master was absorbed in matters more serious than the trimness of his gardens.

Tolstoy himself was slowly recovering from a series of illnesses, which had brought him to death's door. One after another, angina pectoris, inflammation of both lungs, pleurisy, and enteric fever had been announced by the doctors, who almost gave him up. Slowly, however, his strong constitution pulled him through, and at the time of my visit he was again on the high-road to recovery, though still so weak that he was glad to be helped upstairs after a couple of miles' walk. I noticed, too, that at times he had to leave the company in the large room which served both as dining and sitting room, to go and lie down; and once or twice he even dropped asleep in his chair.

Tolstoy has always been sceptical of the advantages of medicine and of doctors, and it was amusing to hear the Countess tell of his surprise at finding that it really had an effect, when at the time of his greatest weakness they administered injections of camphor. Speaking in his humorous way, when already convalescent, he said to the three doctors who attended him: "Well, gentlemen, I have always spoken badly of doctors, but now that I have got to know you better, I see that I did you a great injustice. You are really very good men, and you know all that your science teaches—the only pity is that your science knows nothing!"

In a similar vein, after being visited by an American Senator (or ex-Senator) with whose opinions he had been unable to agree, he once, at dinner, asked his family and visitors whether they knew how the United States is governed. They did not know; so he proceeded to explain that for the government of the country each State of the Union carefully chooses out its wisest men, and these in turn carefully choose the very wisest of all to be Senators. One such Senator had, he said, been to see him. This Senator knew all the sciences and all the languages, and had read all the books; but the pity was that he had not yet begun to think!

The Countess has a habit of telling even casual visitors of her difficulties, and of the opinions she holds contrary to her husband's, but I noticed many signs of her love and care of him; and far from being conscious of discord in the house, I was much impressed by the atmosphere of love and respect that surrounded the old man from his own family, as well as from the retainers, and from the visitors of all classes and sorts who came to speak with him.

That, after some twenty years of married life, Tolstoy changed his views on property and other questions very much, and that this occasioned friction with his wife, whose views had not changed as his had, is matter of common knowledge. But the fancy sketches that have appeared from time to time in our periodicals as to their relations to one another do him, and especially her, much injustice. With reference to one such article, which appeared soon after my visit, Tolstoy wrote me: "My relations with my wife, my respect and love for her, and our friendly forty-year family life, are too well known to our acquaintances, and my wife is known to too many people, for the writings of some journalist or other to injure her reputation in any way."

The members of the family all have their own views, and hardly one of them

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would accept all that Tolstoy has written; but apart from any question of opinions, there was, in the family group I saw at Yásnaya, evidence of mutual respect and affection, which could not have existed had independence of thought among them been suppressed. Of his three daughters in particular Tolstoy said: "I have to thank God for giving me such daughters."

He has never kept a paid secretary. The work of copying out his MSS. and assisting him in his correspondence has been undertaken first by his wife, and later on by each of his daughters in succession.

During my visit the youngest daughter, the Countess Alexandra, an attractive, powerfully-built and vigorous young lady, was the only one living in the house, but the second of his two married daughters, Mary, Princess Obolénsky, was living with her husband in another house near by, and came over to the big house for most of the meals. This daughter in particular has been much influenced by her father's views. They all share the characteristic Tolstoy manner, and are frank of speech, kindly and sympathetic, and possess that assurance which comes of meeting many people intimately and on friendly terms.

Tolstoy's only sister, Mary, who, since her husband's death, has become a nun at the Shamárdino Convent, near Koloúga, was also staying in the house. She had obtained leave of absence from the convent in consideration of the state of her brother's health. Knowing my interest in Tolstoy, she narrated several stories of the days when he devoted himself to educational work, and started eleven schools in the neighbourhood. On one occasion, soon after the emancipation of the serfs, owing to rumours of further rights the Tsar was said to have granted, the peasants of the district refused to work for the landowners. Thereupon Tolstoy, his wife, sister and eleven teachers from the schools set to work themselves, and saved his hay crop by their own exertions.

In those days the boys from all the schools within reach used to collect, on Sundays, at Yásnaya Polyána, and Tolstoy would spend hours with them, playing *barre*—a kind of "storm the castle."

But to return to what happened during the four days of my stay: Tolstoy's two younger sons, with their wives, paid flying visits to Yásnaya Polyána, and no less than fourteen other visitors came, several of whom remained one or more nights. It will illustrate the diversity of interests that surround Tolstoy if I mention some of these visitors.

One was V. V. Stásof, the well-known critic and author, who is at the head of the Imperial Academy Library at St. Petersburg. He is an old friend of the family. His immense knowledge of books, as well as the great library he has at command, makes him very useful to Tolstoy when the latter is dealing with some fresh subject and wants to see the best that has been written upon it. Stásof by no means shares all Tolstoy's views; but he feels the highest esteem for him. He remarked to me that among her great writers Russia has had three who were pre-eminently *intellectual*. They were Herzen, Griboyédof and Tolstoy.

Another guest was the sculptor Ginzburg, who was modelling a bust of Tolstoy. I had met him at the house on a former occasion, and was much struck, both times, by his inimitable powers of mimicry. With a towel and a chair he could give a whole performance of a nurse and the baby she had in charge; or he could become a most life-like tailor stitching clothes. Tolstoy was delighted with this dramatic ability, and when we were out for a walk one day said to him: "Ah, if only our theatre-realists could be got to understand that what is wanted is not to put real babies on the stage and show the real messes they make, but to convey, as you do, by voice and feature, the real feeling that has to be expressed."

Ginzburg was anxious to interest Tolstoy in the sufferings of the Jewish population, and some of the stories he told from his own knowledge of the subject were very striking. He knew, for instance, of a girl anxious to complete her studies and qualify as a school-mistress, but who was unable to get college training within the pale of settlement to which, as a Jewess, she was confined. There was only one possible way for her to procure the legal right of residence in Petersburg, where the educational facilities she

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sought were obtainable. That way was to become a professional prostitute, and to apply to the police for a "yellow ticket," the special passport issued to the unfortunate class. This expedient she reluctantly resorted to, but was suspected of not following her vocation, and after repeatedly escaping medical examination by bribing the police doctors, she was ultimately expelled from Petersburg. The "yellow ticket" was not enough; nothing but the actual practice of her profession would satisfy the officials.

Another visitor was Stahóvitch, *Maréchal de la Noblesse* in Orél, who, at a congress of Russian missionaries some time previously, had made a speech in favour of religious toleration. At that time this was an act of unheard of boldness, and produced a great sensation. Sipyágin, the Minister of the Interior, sent Stahóvitch a reprimand, which the latter declined to accept unless it came from the Emperor. He thereupon received a letter from the Emperor, who took exception merely to some expressions Stahóvitch had used. It was in connection with this letter, and the reply he was about to send to it, that he had come to consult Tolstoy.

In those dark days of bureaucratic despotism, when in Russia few people dared to call their souls their own, Tolstoy always most warmly approved of every assertion of personal dignity in opposition to official arrogance. I heard him tell with satisfaction how years before, when old Prince Dolgoroúki, then Governor-General of Moscow, sent for him on account of something he had written, he had returned a message that if the Prince had anything to say to him he had better call on him. He heard no more of the affair, which might have sufficed to send a lesser man to exile.

Several young people, relations of Stahóvitch, had come with him to see Tolstoy. It was their first visit to Yásnaya, and was evidently felt by them to be a great event. Tolstoy did not miss the opportunity of implanting in their minds the seeds of his anti-war, vegetarian and land-nationalisation principles. It was characteristic of Russia that members of a great land-owning family should so amicably and respectfully sit at the feet of a philosophic anarchist, who admitted anything so mild as land-nationalisation, only by way of concession to the weakness of humanity; his own principles demanding absolute abolition of every vestige of any government that enforces its decrees and the free yielding up of land (or any other form of property) to any one who cares to take it.

There was in the atmosphere of the house an infectious feeling of the importance of what was going on; and this showed itself among the visitors. There was plenty of mirth, but its savour came from the strenuous life lived there. It felt as though we were all invited to share in the immediate regeneration of mankind.

On Sunday afternoon a Jewish clerk living in the neighbourhood called asking to see Tolstoy. He had read some of his religious writings, and wanted further explanations. To such callers Tolstoy is especially attentive. The man was invited in to tea, and soon a volume of extracts from the Talmud, a New Testament and an English Concordance were on the table in the large room already mentioned, and a series of questions and explanations were in progress. At first I did not follow this conversation, but presently Tolstoy called for attention, saying: "I have just discovered something. Listen to this." He then read out the parable from the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, beginning: "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a certain king, who made a marriage feast for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the marriage feast; and they would not come." He then went on from verse two to verse ten—how other servants were sent, and those who had been invited would still not come, and how at last the king sent his servants to the partings of the highways, to gather all they could find, "and the wedding was filled with guests." Stopping here, he asked the assembled company whether that made sense, as a parable of the international democratisation of the kingdom of heaven. All agreed that it did. Then he went on to read verses eleven to fourteen, about a man who had not on a wedding garment, and whom the king ordered to be cast into the outer darkness, where

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there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Tolstoy then asked whether that made sense with the rest of the parable, and received a reply that it did not.

"Well," said he, "I have just found where it comes from! It is part of a story in the Talmud, and must have been copied by accident on to the end of the Gospel parable. Some scribe who knew the Talmud story by heart had probably been engaged in copying the Gospel, and coming to words which occur identically in both, has blundered, and writing from memory, put into the Gospels a passage which makes sense where it occurs in the Talmud, but does not make sense here."

A little later some one asked Tolstoy whether he considered that Christianity had any advantage over Buddhism. To this he replied that both religions were equally concerned to prepare man for what will follow after the present life, but that Buddhism gives this world up as a bad job, accepting what is wrong in it as inevitable; whereas Christianity (at its best) trains the soul of man for what comes after by engaging him in the practical work of establishing the kingdom of righteousness here and now.

One day during my stay a telegram arrived from the Grand-Duke Nicholas Miháylovitch asking for news of Tolstoy's health. This, Tolstoy remarked, was a reminder that he had delayed acknowledging a service the Grand-Duke had done him by handing the Emperor a letter Tolstoy had addressed to him and wished to have delivered into his own hands.

That same day a workman called who had been injured at a factory and wanted to know how he could secure compensation. After seeing him, Tolstoy said: "In such cases I often have contradictory feelings. One sympathises with the man, but yet one constantly feels, as in this case, that he wishes to take unfair advantage of his injury. He makes out that he can do no work at all, while really he could still do something if he wished to."

In each of the two houses on the estate there stood a grand piano. Where the Tolstoys are, music is never long absent; and professional musicians are frequent visitors at Yásnaya Polyána. One such, during my stay, performed a new piece he had composed, but as it was in the elaborate style Tolstoy discountenances, it received but scanty commendation from him. I asked if he still held quite firmly to the view of Wagner's later operas expressed in *What is Art?* Yes; he was as resolute as ever. Music acts in two ways; one way is by the transmission of the artist's feelings; that is the real thing, and of that Wagner has comparatively little. The other is the physical effect on the nerves, produced, for instance, by passing from the softest and simplest sounds to the loudest and most complex crash. Of this pseudo-music, which acts strongly on the nerves, but not on the feelings, there is, Tolstoy maintains, a great deal in Wagner.

Only occasionally could one get Tolstoy to speak of such things as his experiences during the siege of Sevastopol, and other personal recollections; but he spoke more willingly about his works.

He regards *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina* as belonging to that class of fiction which (like music) merely unites people in pleasant feelings without seeking to improve their outlook on life. *War and Peace,* he remarked, is somewhat injured by the intrusion of a philosophy regarding the influence of great men, which (though true) is out of place in a novel. It is difficult to estimate the effect a novel will have on different people. "For instance," said Tolstoy, "in the case of *War and Peace* (which one would think harmless enough) the daughter of a very celebrated Moscow doctor told me, to my distress, that reading it had given her a love of balls and entertainments."

Resurrection belongs to a different school of art, which aims at shaping the reader's feelings.

Tolstoy, who is very appreciative of faithful renderings of his works into other languages, seldom allows himself to complain of bad ones. On this occasion, however, he could not refrain from expressing the dissatisfaction he felt with the new complete edition which Stock, in Paris, was then beginning to publish. Of English versions, besides commending what my wife and I have done (he remarked on my wife's rendering of the

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French verses in *What is Art?* as being particularly skilful), he also named Mrs. Constance Garnett's work with approval. As it is rather the custom among some English people to pretend that any translation into French is sure to be good, and any translation into English is bound to be bad, it was with satisfaction that I heard Tolstoy express so different an opinion, based not on the general merits of a language, but on the individual work of different translators.

Of his story, *Work While Ye Have the Light,* in which the people converted to Christianity go and live a simple country life and find all their perplexities ended, he said: "I never hear it mentioned without feeling ashamed." This is so, no doubt, partly because of its artistic defects and unfinished execution, but also because he has long since realised that Christians and Pagans must have shaded off into one another and overlapped. Difference of opinion cannot, in real life, have corresponded to so marked a difference of occupation and character as in that story. People's minds are not white and black, but various shades of grey.

While in poor health, Tolstoy allowed himself the luxury of finishing a novel of Caucasian life, the hero of which is Hadji Mourat, who, next to the celebrated Shamul, was the most conspicuous leader of the tribes against whom Tolstoy fought when he first entered the army, in 1852. This novel will not, he said, be published during his lifetime, partly to avoid the unpleasantness of the scramble that, owing to his refusal of copyright, would take place among publishers, and partly because, he says, were he to publish it now he would be tempted to spend too much time in polishing it, and this would interfere with the more important matters he wishes to attend to before he dies. The attention a new novel of his receives when it appears would also be a temptation to his vanity ("I have caught myself at it!"), and would engross him too much.

In reply to an inquiry whether he admitted the charge frequently brought against his translations of the Gospels, that he had often misunderstood the meaning of the Greek text, he replied that he had been very conscientious in his study of Greek, and did not think he had made gross blunders. He had consulted an acute critic and a very fine scholar about doubtful passages; but in his efforts to counteract the Orthodox bias apparent in the Slavonic text he had no doubt often fallen into a contrary bias of his own. He compared his work to an attempt to depolarise a magnetised watch. This, I think, accounts for much that has perplexed people in Tolstoy's version. To a great extent it is a polemical work; and Greek scholars who have not before them the Slavonic version, which was Tolstoy's *bête noire,* do not see why he wished to force certain texts in this or that particular direction.

Speaking of Tolstoy's knowledge of Greek led me to ask what other languages he knows. Russian, French and German he has full command of. English he reads with complete facility and speaks well, though with me he preferred to talk Russian. He also knows Italian. Tartar, which he used to know, he has almost forgotten. Of ancient languages, besides Greek, he knows Latin and Hebrew, but the latter not well.

Of the advantage of learning languages he remarked that it helps brotherly intercourse among men. Meeting people one cannot speak with causes dislike. Speech draws us together.

The Countess mentioned that a publisher had recently offered half a million roubles for the copyright in her husband's works, but that the latter held rigidly to his repudiation of all such rights. Another publisher, Marks, was offering 200,000 roubles for a copyright limited to two years, but with no better success. Yet when I spoke to Tolstoy of my own reasons for not foregoing copyright in the translations I made of his works, he did not object, but only said: "It is a question I have not considered from the side of practical advantage. I can only put a note of interrogation to it." He then passed on to other topics.

One sign of weakness that I noticed on this visit was that, for the time being, Tolstoy had abandoned his favourite game of chess, which he used to play with considerable ingenuity, though he never studied the book openings. I have seen him win a game by an ingenious com-

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bination several moves deep, forcing a pawn to queen in a position that appeared to offer little chance of doing so. When serving in the army in the Caucasus, absorbed in a game of chess, he once omitted to go on duty, and was arrested, losing the St. George's Cross he was to have received next day.

Cards he finds tax his attention less than chess, and he played cards each evening of my visit, winning seventy kopecks one day and one rouble and forty kopecks another. The game of *Patience,* which is played by a single player, is a favourite resource of his when unable to get on with his work. His daughter told me that he played it one day from two till six o'clock in the afternoon. Once, when playing it, he declared he was testing whether the work he was writing would be of any use to the world. The result of the game indicated that the work would not be of use. "But I shall write it all the same," he remarked as he put away the cards.

It is, of course, only when out of sorts that he spends much time at cards. When in fair health his usual practice is to come to breakfast about nine o'clock. He does not remain at table long, but takes some tea away with him to his room. Except for a short walk, or a bathe in the pond, he is not seen again all the morning, and the Countess takes pains to prevent his being disturbed. Toward one or two o'clock he reappears for lunch. The afternoon is generally spent in walking or riding, alone or with visitors; but he does not feel satisfied unless he finds some time before dinner for reading. In the evening social intercourse fills up most of the time. Late at night the letters arrive from the post, and are read last thing before going to bed.

He spoke frequently of other people's writings very highly, praising Dickens, of whose books and stray articles he asked me to obtain a complete list for him. Of some of Carlyle's minor works he spoke with approval, but said he had not been able to get on with *Sartor Resartus.*

Górky being mentioned, Tolstoy expressed the opinion that his powers were generally overrated, not being really extraordinary; while of the imitators crowding in Górky's wake Tolstoy spoke with contempt. "They are," he said, "like children telling tales to frighten one another. "It was in a dark, d-a-r-k room (aren't you frightened?) and a gr-e-a-t big W-O-OLF came in! (aren't you frightened?)."

The subject always nearest to his heart, however, and to which he returned oftenest, was religion. Speaking of his illness, he said with a smile that he had gained so much by the experience that "I can only wish you all to be ill!"

He compared his recovery to being painfully dragged out of a bog into which he had nearly sunk, but into which he knew he had to return before long, and again to sink, before reaching the other side.

Speaking of love, he said it was the motive power of life. God is Love. We cannot increase the measure we possess of it, and should not try to force it. How, can we control that which controls us? But we can remove all that hinders it, and can pay attention to it, recognising its importance.

To hear this rugged old man, with his shaggy, prominent eyebrows, piercing eyes and ruthless criticisms of nearly all the occupations and interests of his fellow-men, so earnestly insisting on the supreme importance of love was rather strange. As in the case of St. Paul (another panegyrist of love), one feels that the tribute is the greater, because uttered by a man who impresses us primarily not by his power of sympathy, but by his intellectual force.

One of the remarkable things about Tolstoy is the manysidedness of his activity, and his constant readiness to learn by experience. As an instance of this let me here find place for a story relating to the famine years, 1891 and 1892, told me by the banker A. N. Dounáef, an excellent and warm-hearted man and an intimate friend of Tolstoy's. Meeting Dounáef at that time, Tolstoy said to him: "Ah, how useful you would be if you could come and help me to organise the relief in the famine districts!"

"Why?" answered Dounáef. "Surely you have plenty of helpers as it is?"

To which Tolstoy replied: "Do you

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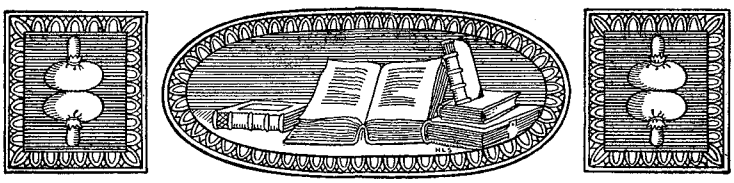
know what I have observed? It is that those people who are free, and who come at the first summons, are free just because they have been found useless elsewhere. The useful people *always have ties* of their own already."

It is impossible adequately to describe the peaceful yet animated atmosphere of his home, crowded with vital interests, throbbing with life, overrun with visitors, but so influenced by the high and earnest tone of the great man they all looked up to that it felt both more bracing and more peaceful than any social circle I was ever in. In my note-book I see that I jotted down my feelings on leaving the place: "A remarkable and kindly family, apart from Tolstoy's genius. His influence is felt in the simplicity, frankness, kindliness and consideration shown toward all in the place."

At last the time came for my return to Moscow. Declining the Countess's offer of a conveyance, I set out on foot.

It was a fine moonlight night. The undulating country looked beautiful, the air was sweet and still; and as, full of thoughts of Tolstoy and of the others I had met and had friendly intercourse with, I walked toward the wayside station, I came to a place near a wood where there was a splendid echo. To test the echo some sweet voice in the distance sang: "I—love—you," and the echo answered clearly: "I—love—you!" It seemed a fitting sequel to a visit which remains in my memory as one of the most delightful and stimulating times in my life.

The stuffy, dirty, unpunctual and overcrowded train which took me back to Moscow seemed specially designed to emphasise Tolstoy's indictment of modern civilisation. *Aylmer Maude.*



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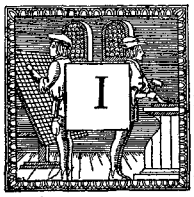
THE CREATION OF TYPES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



N reference to the recent English version of *Es War,* an erudite friend maintained regretfully, the other day, that Sudermann was one of those novelists whose real greatness could never be wholly understood outside of their native environment. His importance, so the argument ran, rested mainly upon having put into fiction for the first time certain types that have been all-important in the development of modern Prussia—types of the Agrarian party, the *Landadel,* the Prussian *Junker.* Sudermann's women, it was conceded, were of world-wide interest, types that would appeal to Teuton, Latin or Anglo-Saxon alike. But his strongest male types, his Major von Drosse in *Fritzchen,* his von Röcknitz in *Glück im Winkel,* his Leo Sellenthin in *Es War,* are so faithfully, so masterfully modelled directly from life, so instinct with the spirit of that Squirearchy which to a large extent made Bismarck what he was and the German Empire what it is to-day, that only a long and intimate acquaintance with Prussian life could give us the key to Sudermann's special genius.

To a critic already humbly conscious of his defective knowledge of German politics, such a line of argument offered, on the surface, a disquieting plausibility. And yet the doctrine it involved was nothing less than iconoclastic, subversive of fundamental and long-treasured theories of fiction. Other things being equal, the great masters of fiction have done their best work when they have adhered to their own time and country, one might almost say to their own city and their own social class. The first and highest requisite of a great novelist is the ability to recognise in the familiar, every-day life of his native village, his next-door neighbours, his own home circle, those permanent and universal traits that make the whole world kin, and wake a responsive chord in the hearts of readers separated from the author by the width of oceans and the barriers of alien tongues. Thackeray and Dickens, Balzac and Maupassant, Verga and Valdés and Tolstoy are never greater than when they are preeminently local, never more lucid to the alien mind than when picturing and interpreting types and species of humanity that germinate and mature only in the narrow circle of their own birthplace. In theory the whole matter is so simple that it needs no multitude of words to expound it. Our interest in any novel or story rests not upon the points of difference, but upon the points of similarity between ourselves and the fictitious men and women of whom we read. If a writer tells us of people so strange, eccentric, abnormal that their lives and ours have nothing in common, it makes no difference whether he lays his scene around the corner from us, or half-way around the world, for in neither case could he hold our interest. But the writer who has the inborn gift of portraying human nature may live all his life as Jane Austen lived hers, scarcely stirring beyond the limits of a sleepy, provincial British town, and yet produce an immortal series of portraits whose wonderful fidelity to life we recognise instinctively after the lapse of a hundred years. It may be laid down as an axiom that, however faithfully they lay on their local colour, the greatest novelists are the most universal. And consequently, however plausibly it may be argued, there is evidently a fallacy in the claim that only a Prussian can appreciate Sudermann or only a Sicilian appreciate Verga.

Of course, it must be conceded that, so far as the stage setting goes, the fellow-countryman of Zola or Ibsen or d'Annunzio is in a position to judge more accurately of their respective fidelity to life than the foreigner is. The latter must to a certain extent take the author on faith, give him the benefit of the doubt, assume that he is trying to tell the truth,

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and succeeding fairly well in the attempt. But whether a writer be Italian or Russian or Japanese, if he falsifies life, if he departs too far from the form of human nature, our instinct is quick to show us his real lack of greatness. We may not know just how far a von Drosse is an individual, or how far he is the representative of a class; nor, for an appreciation of the greatness of a drama like *Fritzchen,* is such knowledge material, provided that the author makes clear to us the inner workings of von Drosse's mind, and makes equally clear the social environment which has made such a type as von Drosse possible. To make the point clearer, take another and more familiar example, Simon Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* In the inflamed state of feeling during the Civil War the Northerner saw in every slaveholder a potential if not an actual Legree. To the Southerner Simon Legree was a hideous and malicious slander, a wilful distortion of the truth. To the latter-day reader of Mrs. Stowe's powerful epic of slavery it matters not at all whether, as a matter of fact, there could have been found a single Legree or a thousand of them in the whole Confederacy. It is enough to know that one Legree still lives in fiction, perfectly consistent in his greed, his ignorance, his brutality, perfectly convincing as the possible and logical outcome of the social conditions of the period.

But, it may be reasonably objected, is there no special merit in creating characters which on the one side are not symbols of some universal passion, as Shylock is of avarice and Othello of jealousy; and yet on the other side are more than individuals, and stand as the representatives of a particular class, or profession, or social order? Every novelist of importance has, as a matter of fact, created many such types, which have passed into the common speech of the people. We speak of Pecksniffs and Gradgrinds and Micawbers with perfect assurance of being understood, just as the Italian of today borrows from Manzoni the names of Perpetua and Don Abbondio to enrich his daily speech. But the reason that such names pass into current use is because the novelist embodies in his characters something more widespread than a local and transient type. Don Quixote was a Spaniard of Spaniards; yet the adjective quixotic is the common property of the civilised world, because it stands for qualities and foibles of which no one nation has ever had a monopoly.

To revert, then, to the point of departure, it may be asserted quite boldly that the successful embodiment of a national or sectional type in a single character in fiction is not in itself a proof either of the author's greatness or of his smallness; it all depends upon whether his point of view and his method of work produce a type which is not merely faithfully pictured, but also made clear and intelligible to the general public of the great outside world. Suppose, for instance, that a New York novelist should introduce a typical policeman, a typical street arab, a typical Tammany politician into his pages, drawing each so faithfully that every New Yorker who read would rub his hands gleefully at the cleverness of the picture; yet the question whether he had done a rather big thing, or something distinctly small, would still depend upon whether he had been able to see through and beyond the purely local characteristics—whether, in short, his view of life had been broad enough to discriminate between what is merely local and transitory and those more permanent traits which are common to the politician of all ages, the street waif of every city, the guardian of the peace the whole world over.

There is a certain kind of brain which never in all its years of schooling quite grasps the essential difference between those two mathematical operations which produce, respectively, the greatest common divisor and the least common multiple. There is, in the minds of certain writers, an analogous blindness to the wide distinction between two classes of types in fiction—on the one hand, those that are individuals first and types afterward; and on the other, those that are built up like composite photographs, and so overladen with typical attributes that no individuality remains. Suppose, for instance, that a novelist wishes to make his hero a poet—not merely an entertaining young man with a gift for rhyming, but fully, consistently, unmistakably a poet. If the novelist is one of the great

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world-writers, with an inborn knowledge of the human heart, he will create first of all an individual, sketching in his personality strongly, so that we should henceforth know that man were we to meet him casually in the street. But into his personality the novelist would weave certain qualities which are the heritage of all poets, the common denominator, as it were, of the poetic temperament. The novelist of smaller calibre follows a different line of procedure. In order to make his hero a true poet he sees to it that no trait or impulse goes into the making of him that is not a demonstrable characteristic of one or more poets who have really lived. In other words, his hero is a composite word-picture, a least common multiple of poets past and present—and like all composite pictures, it leaves a blurred and shadowy impression on the reader's mind.

The real fault, it seems, with the men in Sudermann's plays and novels is that they tend toward this second type—the type of the least common multiple. Having sprung himself from peasant origin, and slowly forced his way, unaided, into social eminence, Sudermann quite naturally nurtured a smouldering antagonism toward the overbearing *Junker* class that for generations had helped to keep his own people at the bottom rung of the ladder. The motive which seems most consistently to run through all his writings is the desire to portray the Prussian *Junker* frankly and fearlessly, with all his faults, so that people may see him as he is and despise him. Prejudice and animosity are nowhere apparent; Sudermann is too fine a workman to make that mistake. But there is in many of his characters the suggestion of the composite photograph. He seems so afraid that some of the *Junker's* sins and shortcomings will be left out that he overcrowds his picture, until you feel you are reading the life history not of a single human being, but of the whole Prussian Squirearchy incarnate. This phase of Sudermann's work, it is true, the foreign reader will not be in sympathy with; but, measured by the broad standards of world literature, it is not the phase of his work which counts the most. In such a book as *Es War,* translated by Beatrice Marshall under the title *The Undying Past,* it is of quite secondary importance. The fundamental question in *Es War* is whether it is humanly possible for two lifelong friends to continue their friendship after one of them has taken for his wife a former mistress of the other. Leo Sellenthin's riotous youth culminated in a tragedy which exiled him from his home for several years. Current gossip had long coupled his name with that of Rhaden's wife, Felicitas; and although the duel in which he killed Rhaden was professedly due to a quarrel at cards, society chose to think the worst of the young widow. Leo's one intimate friend, Ulrich Kletzingk, served at the time as his second, but not until he had received Leo's word of honour that he was blameless in regard to Felicitas—a lie which Leo's code of honour bound him to tell. During the years of exile following the duel Sellenthin was unaware of his friend's courtship of Felicitas until the marriage was actually concluded, Kletzingk of course relying implicitly upon his friend's word, and little suspecting the true character of the woman he was marrying. The story opens on the day when Leo returns to Prussia to find not only that Felicitas is Kletzingk's wife, but that she has married him for reasons of the basest selfishness, without love and solely to rehabilitate herself socially and at the same time bring herself nearer to her husband's friend, her own former lover. The whole interest of this strong and repellent situation is psychological. It is a situation which might arise not only in present-day Prussia, but wherever and whenever there has been a powerful, arrogant social class, lax in morals and a law unto themselves. The pages and chapters which are devoted to a portrayal of local customs and modes of thought, careful and vivid though they are, tend to obscure the real issue of the story rather than to elucidate it.

"The Undying Past."

A piece of strong, crude, uneven workmanship, which quite unconsciously gives us a score of new and striking types of Australian life, is *The Snare of Strength,* by Randolph Bedford. In plot it is amorphous, in style it shows at times a

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harshness that grates upon the ear like the tearing of linen. One tells one's self a dozen times in the course of the first chapter that the book needed at least six months of careful editing before it should have been permitted to get through the press—and then suddenly one wakes up to a consciousness that whatever good there is in the book is there because the book is precisely what it is; and that any editing, any outside interference would have emasculated and spoiled it. *The Snare of Strength* is not a book to dissect for its plot or to discuss for its psychology. For those readers who must have a love story it offers one—yes, and parts of half a dozen others. But in fairness to the author you should try to understand what he meant to do, as the title sums it up, and then read the book to see how successfully he has done it. The pure, physical joy of living, the animal delight in a sense of muscular power, the boundless freedom of Australia's vastness, the intoxication of the opportunities it offers—these are some of the things which have been woven into the fabric of Randolph Bedford's book; and along with them a sense of the snare which pent-up vitality sets for itself by taking no heed for the morrow; and suddenly the strength that seemed exhaustless is spent, the man is bankrupt of his virility, the race is over before the course is half covered. Such, in rough epitome, is the substance of this rough, virile book. If you can forget its shortcomings, you will find in it no small measure of rugged human nature, and you will get some new and interesting impressions of Australian life, physical, social and political.

"The Snare of Strength."

The distinguishing mark of Herbert M. Hopkins's work in fiction is the subtle satire of his portrayal of university life, his understanding of the petty jealousies and ambitions in professorial circles. In his new volume, *The Mayor of Warwick*, he has drawn half a dozen different types of the modern educator with such a fine appreciation of their several values, such an ironical indulgence for their human weaknesses, that they are not soon nor easily forgotten. There is, for instance, old Doctor Renshaw, the figurehead president of St. George's Hall, whose value to the institution lies "in the possession of negative qualities;" there is Bishop Wycliffe, the power behind the throne, whose scholastic training is founded upon religious traditions; and there is Llewellyn Leigh, the youthful professor of mathematics, whose ardour for scientific truth is felt to be a potential danger to this conservative seat of learning. Bishop Wycliffe has consecrated his life to the interests of St. George's Hall. When he took a wife he deliberately chose an heiress, in the hope that her money might ultimately go to the college. When his wife thwarted him by leaving her fortune in trust for their only child, a daughter, Felicity, he set himself to train that daughter to an austere, scholastic life, hoping that she would eventually enter some sisterhood and surrender her money to the institution that he loved. Only in view of her loveless home life can the rash action of Felicity be understood. Rebelling fiercely against the seclusion in which she is reared, the girl finds an outlet for her romantic instinct by falling in love with a street-car conductor on one of the trolley lines in Warwick. Day after day she waits on the corner until his car passes. And gradually a dubious glance of recognition gives place to a smile of welcome, and then a hasty exchange of words. And after a year or two of clandestine meetings they one day quietly go through the wedding ceremony together. But no sooner are their vows spoken than the girl experiences a sudden, instinctive revolt. She returns to her home, he to his, and the utmost that she grants him as the days lengthen into months is an abundance of good advice and the copious loan of educational works. Emmet, the husband, has meanwhile resigned from the trolley line. He has a comfortable fund in the savings-bank, thanks to his rare skill in "knocking down" fares. Instead, he goes in for politics, and runs for Mayor on the people's ticket. It is tacitly understood between him and Felicity that if he is elected he may proclaim their marriage and take her home. But

"The Mayor of Warwick."

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during the three years which elapse before Emmet finishes his self-education and achieves his political ambition two things happen: his own ardour cools so far that he compromises himself with a pretty servant girl; while Felicity, starting with the best intentions in the world, falls in love with Professor Leigh, who for his part lost his heart to her at their first meeting. It all looks like a rather helpless tangle until at last the Mayor of Warwick shows an unexpected magnanimity that clears the way to everybody's happiness except his own. An interesting figure, Emmet; yet not a convincing one. Mr. Hopkins may draw strongly individualised portraits of professors and ecclesiastics, but when he comes to street-car conductors and ward politicians he also suggests comparison to the composite photograph.

"A Lame Dog's Diary."

An unassuming piece of fiction, which possesses a certain quiet charm quite its own, is *A Lame Dog's Diary,* by S. Macnaughtan. The "Lame Dog," it should be explained, is a British soldier, who came home from the Boer War with both legs shattered, one of them so badly that it had to be amputated above the knee. But there is nothing of war's alarms in the diary which the Lame Dog keeps to while away the dragging hours. It is a simple record of the homely sayings and doings of some very prosaic and yet very lovable people, who make up the isolated old-fashioned and self-important little village of Stowel. Village and people are of the kind that would have filled Jane Austen with delight; and they are pictured with quite an Austen-like appreciation and enjoyment of human foibles. But well as we come to know the inhabitants of Stowel, it is evident from the opening page that the poor, patient Lame Dog's heart is not really with them, because he has given it secretly to pretty Mrs. Fielden, who periodically drives over from Stanby, and always has so much frank friendliness to offer him that she quite deceives the reader, as well as the Lame Dog, as to her real feelings toward him. It all seems so hopeless that the Lame Dog would have been rather more than human if a touch of bitterness did not now and then creep into his pages, and if he did not sometimes vent his feelings by calling the pretty Mrs. Fielden "affected" and "frivolous" in the secrecy of his diary. But one day, in an access of tender remorse, he goes through his diary from start to finish, striking out all the peevish, slighting epithets, and in their place pours out all the foolish, fond words that are clamouring for utterance—words that he expects never to speak aloud, because "Mrs. Fielden was a beautiful young woman who probably would continue to come over and sit with a dull man and bewilder him with her beauty and her kindness only so long as he did not allow her to know the supremely impertinent fact that he had fallen in love with her." But as good luck will have it, Mrs. Fielden one day reads the diary, with its erasures and its foolish, fond interlinings; and after this the Lame Dog makes one final entry: "She crossed the hearthrug quite slowly till she reached my sofa. And then she kneeled down and took both my hands in her dear strong ones, and looked at me with misty eyes, like wet forget-me-nots. 'But, Hugo, dear,' she said, 'why did you not tell me so long ago?'"

"The Incomplete Amorist."

It is seldom that the making of children's books is a good apprenticeship for more serious fiction. But an exception has to be made in the case of the lady who signs herself E. Nesbit, and whose first serious novel, *The Incomplete Amorist,* has raised her at once into the ranks of writers whose books are eminently worth while. There are several reasons why *The Incomplete Amorist* is deserving of attention. To begin with, it treats old and well-worn material in a new and whimsical way. Those who insist upon classifying novels would call it a story of Paris studio life—the life that Murger pictured inimitably in his time, and that Thackeray and Du Maurier identified themselves with in their turn. Yet never before was a *Vie de Bohême* so strangely and so innocently pictured as in this unique book by E. Nesbit. It certainly takes an effort of the imagination to conceive of an inexperienced and unprotected young girl, the daughter of an

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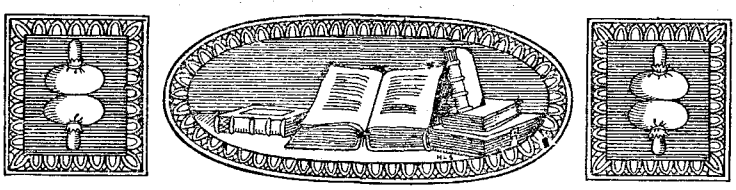
English vicar, living quite alone for a year in the Paris art colony, unconsciously skirting the margin of many a pitfall, touching elbows with vice in many forms, and yet at the end emerging unscathed, thanks to her loyal heart and native purity. Yet the series of accidents which place Betty Desmond in such strange circumstances are really not lacking in plausibility. She has relieved the monotony of her home life by a harmless flirtation with a strange artist; her austere step-father, treating the escapade as a crime, decides to put her for a time under strict surveillance, and sends her to Paris to be watched over by an argus-eyed old Frenchwoman, who, as fate will have it, is run over and killed by an omnibus on the very day that Betty arrives, consigned to her care. Betty has with her abundant funds, and not caring to return to the humdrum life in England, sees no harm in concealing from her family the fact of Madame's death and remaining to pursue her studies at her own sweet will. It happens that in Paris she runs across Vernon, the artist whose flirtation with her had first brought her into disgrace at home. Vernon is the Incomplete Amorist of the title, a man whose inclination leads him into paying mild attention to any pretty woman who comes his way, while an innate chivalry holds him back from deliberate profligacy and his native selfishness saves him from the bonds of matrimony. There is a time when Betty Desmond, adrift in Paris, is quite at Vernon's mercy; but since he is at best only an Incomplete Amorist, she is never in any serious danger from him. And even when he so far overcomes his ingrained selfishness as to offer her marriage, it is no use. He has waited so long that she has meanwhile found a worthier man; and there is nothing left for Vernon but to content himself with a far less worthy woman.

Joan of Arc has so often served as the theme of poet, dramatist and romance writer that it takes a certain boldness for any writer to attempt to present her in a new guise, or to give a new variant of the type she stands for. It is an attempt only a degree less bold than to retell in a new way the tragedy of Mary Stuart. Maurice Hewlett, it will be recalled, performed the latter feat in *The Queen's Quair,* and that too in so marvellous a manner that while one read one cared no longer what manner of woman the real Mary Stuart was so long as the Mary whom Hewlett created lived and breathed in the witchery of his pages. Recently, Justin Huntley McCarthy has tried in a similar way to retell the tragedy of the Maid of Orleans, under the title of *The Flower of France.* Mr. McCarthy's ideals and limitations are of a different order from those of Mr. Hewlett; and while *The Flower of France* has some pleasing pages and here and there a passage of considerable strength, nevertheless his Joan of Arc is not such an impressive or original conception as to rival seriously the earlier embodiments of this same subject. Besides, one sees all too plainly throughout the volume the earmarks of a prospective dramatisation

"The Flower of France."

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION

FAY DAVIS AS LILY BART IN THE DRAMATISATION OF MRS. WHARTON'S "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH"

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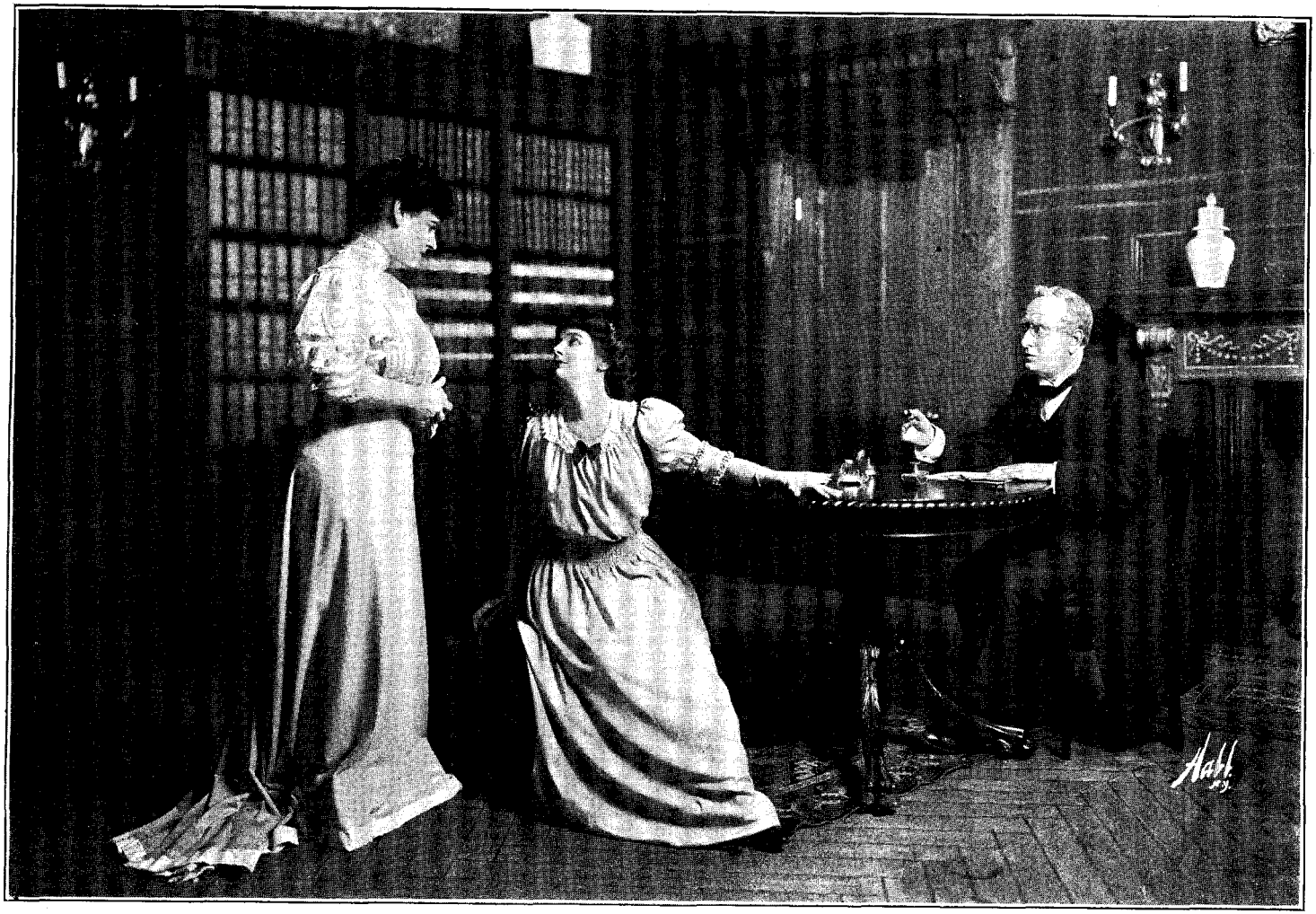

MISS JESSIE MILWARD, MISS KEANE AND MR. ARTHUR LEWIS IN THE CONFESSION SCENE (ACT III) OF HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S "THE HYPOCRITES"

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ACT I OF ARTHUR W. PINÉRO'S "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER." THIS SCENE SHOWS EVERY CHARACTER IN THE PLAY

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MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS IN "THE DEAR UNFAIR SEX"

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MISS ELEANOR ROBSON IN ZANGWILL'S "NURSE MARJORIE"

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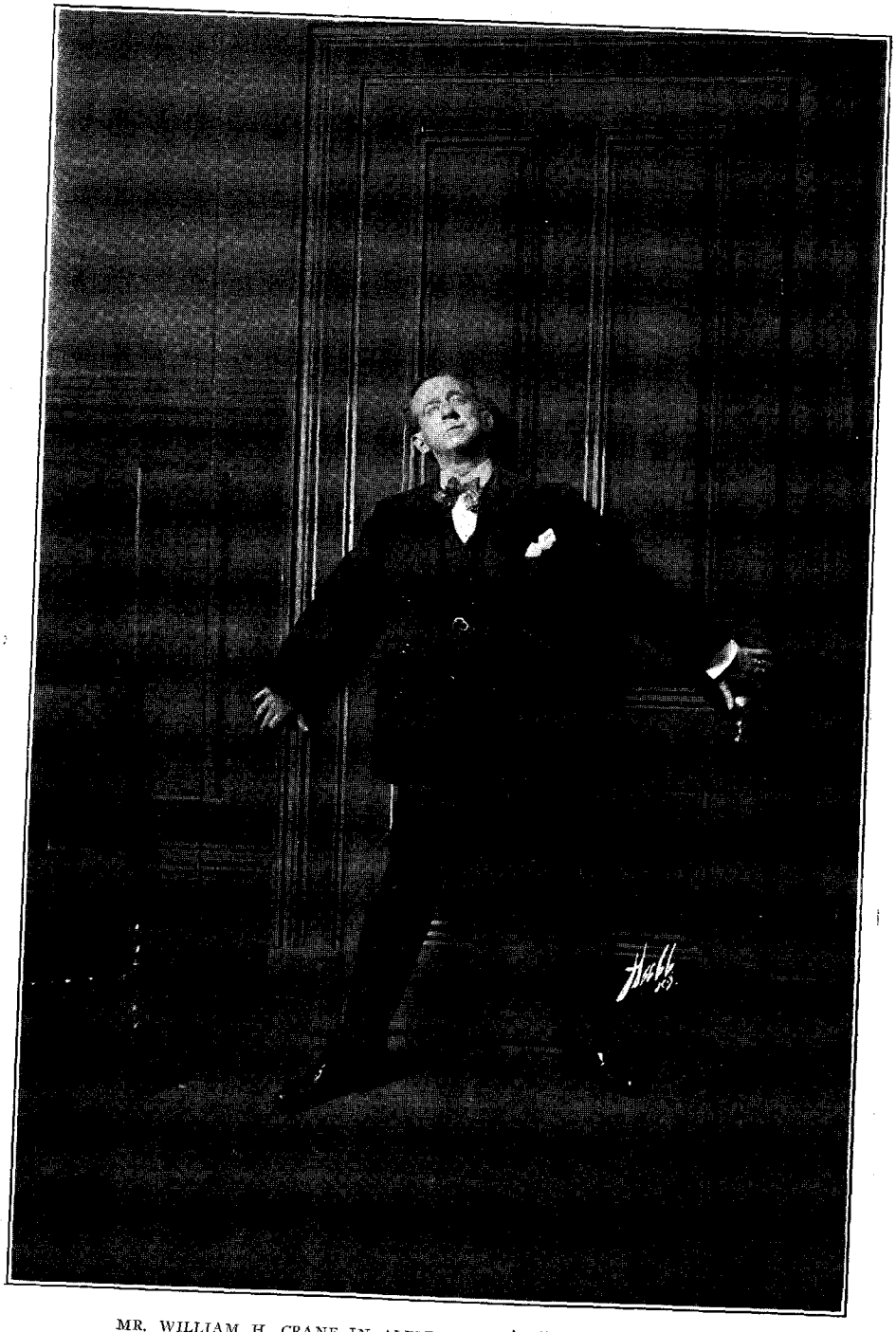

MR. WILLIAM H. CRANE IN ALFRED SUTRO'S "THE PRICE OF MONEY"

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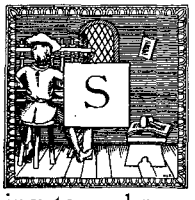
OUR CHROMATIC JOURNALISM



TARTING with the current use of "yellow" to characterise certain bad newspapers, one might extend the metaphor of colour and divide all daily journalism according to a chromatic scheme. Besides the familiar yellow, there would be, for example, blue, black and white. Blue journalism is the despondent, pessimistic kind sicklied o'er with the censorious hue of chronic disapproval. Black is the ignorant sort, common in small towns and still to be found in large cities flourishing side by side with the alert power of most metropolitan news establishments. White suggests at once the pure and honest kind, neither corrupt in administration nor of ill-temper nor conducted by ignorant mediocrity. Among the hundred or more papers which my profession compels me to see, there is not more than one which in a normal light shows this blameless complexion.

The metaphor of colour may be played with by whoever has leisure to indulge his fancy. My purpose in suggesting it is not to pursue chromatic analogies, but to prepare a way for a plain, unmetaphorical discussion.

Yellow journalism has received abundant censure from other virtuous critics. The prevailing venality of the daily newspaper has been discussed and deplored. But most of the censure has been too general, and has usually been aimed above the most simple and curable faults. The usual charge against the daily press is that newspapers are mere money-making institutions, wholly obedient to popular appetite, to which it is profitable to cater. That newspapers are commercial institutions, manufacturing and selling goods for money, is no sufficient reason in fact for their vices and certainly not an excuse for those vices. Dishonesty is not a corollary of commerce. The reasonable demand to make of the newspaper is that it conduct its affairs on a plain basis of commercial square dealing, that, like a good life insurance company, it maintain an internal management free from corruption, and that, like a good soap manufacturer, it produce and vend reasonably well-made goods which do not need misrepresentation to sell them to the public. In a plea for reform, as things now are, one need not go to the length of asking that the newspapers show good taste, or ardent championship of high ideals, or patriotism, or public spirit, or any literary or æsthetic merit. We may dismiss all the talk in which the newspapers themselves and their critics indulge, about the "elevating power of the press," and the "nobility of the fourth estate," and the "shaping of public opinion," and the "dignity of journalism," and simply require that the newspaper on its own commercial ground be a good commercial institution.

Most critical censure of the yellow journal falls foul of its sensationalism, and misses its real vice, or its more primary vice. It is as if one should assail a man's taste and manners when one means that the man is a liar and a thief. Sensationalism is the most humanly natural and least vicious fault of the bad newspaper. It is found with other kinds of badness only to the proportionate extent that flashing clothes are found upon bad women or violent language is heard among blacklegs. Though your gentleman burglar is not unknown, villainies in manner and matter usually bloom together. The charge of sensationalism is the one at which the professional newspaper man who knows the Great Public may most comfortably smile. He knows that the charge lets him off easily. The gambling-house crook would be similarly comfortable if we abused his pink shirt and let it go at that.

Sensational writing and startling headlines are not immoral, by the crude low standards with which for the moment we are content. No great harm is done if Mr. Hearst's newspaper plays on the horror roused by the earthquake in San Francisco by depicting in amazing illustrations and wondrous fiction what would happen if a similar earthquake af-

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flicted Boston. If sixty lives are lost in the wreck of a steamship, it is a venial sin to announce in red ink: "Six Hundred Souls Plunged to Their Doom." It is a rather humorous cheat to publish in enormous headlines: "Great Battle," underneath which in small type appear the words which relieve the deluded reader: "expected next month." The "featuring" of suicides, murders, wrecks, fires, prize-fights, scandals in business and society, is degrading because it is not elevating; it wastes time in unprofitable thrills and the indulgence of low forms of mental and sensational activity. The same may be said of all bad art, mawkish or bestial paintings and statues, and morbid fiction. For centuries the race has thriven on poor literature, or at least it has survived a preponderance of empty and unelevating printed matter, much of which is admired by the most cultivated critics who dislike the blazing daily paper. Silly and monstrous yarns have always been popular. The penny-dreadful is at least as old as the days when pamphlets were sold under St. Paul's in Elizabethan London. In the era of the polite Addison a more popular writer was Defoe, master of the shilling-shocker, prince of sensational journalists, delightfully ingenious liar. If he were living now, Mr. Hearst would have him at a salary of twenty thousand, and all the literary folk who now buy expensive editions of his work would blackball him from ineffectual literary clubs. True, he had the touch of genius that makes the difference between lies that are literature and lies that are not, but he was at bottom a maker of hair-raising yarns, which he often put forth in the guise of well-attested fact. His *Apparition of Mrs. Veal* is a hireling's working out of a publisher's trick to sell a dull book.

The dime-novel has been always with us. In our time it has taken two directions. Bound in cloth, it sells for a dollar and a half into respectable families. Printed in a yellow journal, it is sold as news for a cent. One development accompanies the increase of wealth by which thousands of people are enabled to throw away money for foolish books, and the other development is due to the increasing number of those who can read but cannot afford more than a cent for literary excitement.

To quarrel with the sensationalism of the press is to contend on questions which may be finely moral, but which are trivial ethical matter compared to the plain questions of right and wrong which we find in journalistic misdeeds of another sort.

Take a copy of Mr. Hearst's paper. I am not offended, in the pleasant capacity of moral reformer, by an account of a tornado, an account in which the meagre telegraph despatches are grotesquely elaborated by Mr. Hearst's able assistants. I am not afraid that my less critical countrymen will be misled by the story. I have made a point of talking to workingmen about Mr. Hearst's paper, and I have never found one who, even without being stimulated to suspicion by direct questions, did not disavow belief in the news columns of the paper he was reading. Often he was too much impressed by the editorials, and it was hard then not to be angered by the sensational bait without which he would not read the paper at all.

The yellow journal certainly does harm by taking the place among many readers of the less yellow journals; if there were no very bad papers, of course more of the better papers would be read —a truism which does not help us very much and which is partially offset by the fact that many readers of bad papers would not read better ones. On the whole, the banality and sensationalism of the bad papers are a shade above the banality and coarseness of the people who read them. The scandalous stories are about as harmful as the gossip of village women and much less filthy than the conversation exchanged by the men who pay Mr. Hearst or some other publisher a cent every morning. The bad paper is packed with misinformation, some due to ignorance and carelessness, some deliberate falsehood—for instance, a conversation which never took place between two people whom no reporter of the paper had any means of overhearing. But amid the error and vapidity there is also some true news and correct information, which must at least be remembered when we reckon the value of the bad

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newspaper. Most of the mendacity is committed in the interests of an exciting kind of fiction, and may come under the gentle head of exaggeration.

Quite aside from the habit of heightened story-telling and appeal to the lower kinds of curiosity are lies and thefts of a more chargeable kind, in which the direct offence is against individuals, and in which the public is concerned only as society becomes the plaintiff when *A* steals a watch from *B*. Here in one of Mr. Hearst's papers a picture of a well-known person is labelled "Snap-shot by a Boston *American* photographer." That picture was not taken by any employé of the *American*, but was got under false pretences from the gentleman who took it, a friend of the subject. During the absence from town of one who has authority to permit the publication of the picture, a representative of Mr. Hearst went to the owner of the picture and said that proper permission had been given by the one in authority for the *American* to have the picture. Believing the lie, the owner gave it up. Later the editor of the *American* disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction. Later still the picture turns up in the Boston *American*. The editor and his emissary are hirelings of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst was once nominated as Democratic candidate for President of the United States by Mr. William Jennings Bryan. We read—in a newspaper—that Mr. Bryan resigned from the board of trustees of a college because it accepted money from Mr. Carnegie, which Mr. Bryan thinks is not honest money. Mr. Carnegie's business career is in dim past behind the beneficent mists of literature and philanthropy. Mr. Hearst is conducting his business to-day.

There is evidence that the case I have just given has not the excuse of isolation, and it is fair to suppose that it is not an instance of unscrupulous zeal on the part of Mr. Hearst's employés of which he might be unaware. One of his employés boasted to a friend of mine that sometimes when he was sent to a house to ask for a photograph, even while the victim was denying the request he had a picture in his pocket filched from the mantel while he was left alone.

This last is hearsay evidence and therefore not so valuable as the next exhibit of documentary evidence. I have a clipping from the New York *American* in which a monologue by a well-known person appears in quotation marks as having been spoken to a reporter. It is taken from a signed article in a magazine. I wrote to the editor of the magazine. He replied that the daily press had shown similar enterprise on other occasions, but that there was no advantage in trying to do anything about it. The one who suffers most harm is the writer of the article, who is misrepresented as having talked at length to such a reporter as he would not harbour in his house beyond the moment required for courteous dismissal. Morally the misrepresentation is slander.

I have another clipping from one of Mr. Hearst's papers, in which an address made before a gathering at which there were no reporters is reproduced with an excellent imaginary account of how the person looked and spoke, and the statement that the address "has not previously appeared in a newspaper." I am not sure that that statement is as impudently true in letter as the editor thought it, for some other paper may have preceded his in taking the address from the magazine where it appeared, and, like him, may have omitted to give credit.

Mr. Hearst is not the only newspaper proprietor whose scruples lack rigidity. Some time ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis made some formless remarks to a reporter of the New York *World* about Mr. Charles Dana Gibson. If the valiant *Collier's Weekly* had not told us the history of that interview we should have thought that Mr. Davis wrote and signed an article for the *World;* as the sentences were run together without quotation marks and had the outward form of a written article. Of course Mr. Davis had given the words to the *World* and there was no theft of goods. But suppose a manufacturer of soap sells (or gives away) two kinds of soap, one expensive and well advertised, representing his life work and fortune, the other a common kind for washing floors. And suppose a retailer sells the common kind as the manufacturer's best kind. That article

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in the *World* was not a written article, it was not the Standard Davis Goods. The person who bought the *World* was cheated, and the Davis trade-mark was damaged in value.

To reveal a few more sins on the yellow sheet does not add to its hue; a spot more or less does not show on the leopard. Much more disturbing is a streak of yellow across a page which is not often sullied, and which if not pure white is usually a clean grey. The real old-fashioned Bostonian hates the *American,* but he loves the *Transcript,* and his pride is hurt by a yellow spot on it. It takes the justice of Brutus to accuse the *Transcript,* but to point out a fault in a thing that is largely good is to help imperfection to give way and go live with its kind elsewhere.

In our town there was once a good old deacon who gave money for foreign missions and talked loud in the grocery store about the outrageous treatment of the negro in the South. One day somebody caught him selling watered milk. He never did it again, and much was forgiven him because of his otherwise blameless life and opinions.

This story encourages me to put in evidence a clipping from the Boston *Evening Transcript* of December 2, 1905. It is a news column and is dated, "Paris, December 2." That date, being the same as the date of the paper, can mean but one thing, that the matter is a telegraphic despatch sent that day from Paris. In point of fact it is taken word for word from a despatch printed in the London *Times* two weeks before. The second document is a clipping from the news columns of the same issue of the *Transcript.* The column is headed "London, Dec. 2." In its original form it was a letter signed by Lord Cromer and printed in full in the London *Times* three weeks before. In both these cases it will be observed that the London paper had sufficient time to arrive in Boston. The third document is like the others. It is a news column dated "Venice, Dec. 2." The whole article may be found in the London *Times* of November 16, signed by Mr. Horatio F. Brown, a well-known writer on Venetian subjects. Far from gaining by editorial inexactitude, the *Transcript* lost the authority of a good writer by not giving credit to the original article. We are concerned, however, with the morals of the *Transcript,* not with its wisdom.

Three ethical aberrations in the *Transcript* in one day were rather staggering. The paper is so rich that it does not need to resort to painful money-saving methods of getting "news," so well established in its clientage that it is under no pressure to be "exclusive" and "up-to-date," and it is hard to think that any of its editorial staff of gentlemen could have been dishonourable enough to prepare spurious despatches. I have never played detective and hunted for other cases, but three weeks later, in the issue of December 27th, I came upon a news column dated "Pekin, Dec. 27." Telegraph messages from Pekin are expensive. If the *Transcript* paid cable rates for that article it wasted money which could be devoted to keeping the front page clean of advertisements, for there was nothing in the article which had not been in European papers for a fortnight.

In the New York *Sun* I came upon a bit of evidence that between the better newspapers is not always the honour which is said to govern the relations between thieves. Says the *Sun:*

> The *Globe and Commercial Advertiser* published this paragraph yesterday:
>
> "Not the least extraordinary feature connected with these extraordinary revelations was the bearing of Senator Platt when making them. He showed no shame as his questioner led him step by step along his confession. The display was not so much of immorality as of unmorality and moral coma—apparently complete unconsciousness of wrongdoing or even of impropriety."
>
> Reprehensible as Senator Platt's conduct was, it is no worse than the conduct of the editorial thief the *Globe* employs, who yesterday deliberately stole news from the columns of the *Evening Sun.*

Let us consider a moment while we are on a question of comparative morality. The New York *Evening Sun* sold space to advertise a fraud known as Isham's California Waters of Life. These waters are alleged to have all manner of healing powers, to make short work of cancer and

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falling out of the hair, and are announced by the seer who sells them to be the rill that Moses struck from the living rock, now "burst forth again under a new dispensation." Frauds like this are dangerous, not because they take money for worthless stuff, but because the deluded buyers, depending on "waters of life," omit or delay to seek competent medical assistance.

We may then justly indulge in parody: Reprehensible as the *Globe and Commercial Advertiser's* conduct was in stealing news from the columns of the *Evening Sun,* it is no worse than the conduct of the owners of the *Evening Sun* who deliberately conspire to cheat the ignorant by advertising a dangerous swindle.

This question of comparative morality is very perplexing. The moral indirections of the newspapers seem to me not greatly different from the misdeeds of public officials and millionaires, which in the vigorous vocabulary of the newspaper itself are "nefarious swindles," "astounding misrepresentations," and other frightful things. Mr. Hearst, a kind of Fagan who puts in his pocket money earned by his papers, is an expert on the malfeasance of butchers and chandlers. The Boston *Herald* becomes party to fraud by advertising nasty medicines and cancer doctors, and then in editorials impugns the methods of men in public life who never touched money so ill-got as what passes through the *Herald* counting-room. The Boston *Evening Transcript* accepts money for advertisements which apparently throttle its news columns, and yet is eloquent in its censure of bribe-taking on the part of members of the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. On April 8, 1905, the State of Massachusetts found a brewing company guilty of adulteration and imposed a fine. There was no news of the conviction in the *Transcript.* Three days later a half-page advertisement of the convicted company, announcing the purity of the adulterated brew, suggested the reason for silence. An officer of the State Board of Health wrote to the editor of the *Transcript,* telling him that on May 9, 1905, there would be a trial of two other brewing companies, and thus made sure that failure to report the trial would not be due to ignorance on the part of the editors of the *Transcript* that the trial was to take place. The two companies were convicted. There was no report of the conviction in the *Transcript.* These cases were both important as part of the Pure Food Movement on which the *Transcript* has printed able editorials. On the same day as the conviction appeared the advertisement of one of the companies with the figures underneath which show that it was to run five times in May and five times in June. On the day after the conviction appeared the advertisement of the other convicted company.

The hypocrisy of the newspaper is not usually a personal hypocrisy; the editor is often ashamed of his counting-room, and he has not the bravery to resign from the employ of a dishonest institution. So long as he does not interfere with the business the counting-room allows him to strike nobly at dishonesty in others of a kind not unlike that by which his employers prosper. The good editorial writer must be chagrined in the morning to pick up his paper and see what the other departments have done. The centrifugal clergyman who flies through whirling heavens of religious allegory and literary allusion in the Boston *Herald* must hate the adertisements. One day I saw in the *Herald* a very lofty editorial about chivalry and other fine things. Another day amid the instructions of Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson to all in authority, beside the reiterations of the *Herald's* "independence," among the illiterate headlines and the broken columns continued from the patchwork front-page, I saw a picture illustrating another idea of chivalry than that officially advocated on the editorial page. It was a picture of the mother and sister of a girl who died from malpractice. The label told who the women were; their faces were not visible, for they held their hands up as they hurried by the camera of the *Herald* "artist." The camera recorded its own offence.

The Eastern man, offended by the stripe of Boston and New York papers and aware that Philadelphia is the Darkest Africa of black journalism, will have to go far from home for a great newspaper.

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London is too far—and too British even for a Boston man. The nearest place is Chicago, where flourishes the *Tribune*, which is brilliant, sane, and independent of Peruna money. It may have vices that I have not found out, and those who know it as I know the papers of Boston may smile at my approval of it, but it will have to sin more obviously than it does before I cease looking at McCutcheon's cartoons, which have more humour and better morality than any others in this country since Nast died.

The Eastern man of high morals and burdened by a literary taste might be supposed to turn to the New York *Evening Post* and the Springfield *Republican*, but in them he encounters the most depressing journalistic hue, the dark blue. They are free from venality and vulgarity, but they are so clouded by intellectual arrogance and silly pessimism that the good Yankee cannot take kindly to them. Just as the yellow journalist runs eagerly after the scarehead story, the blue journalist follows with eager scent any wrong—or right—in the scheme of the wholesome universe that he can scold about in an editorial which begins with the invasion of the Huns and comes triumphantly through many Latin phrases to the campaign of Andrew Jackson. To be a blue journalist you must be temperamentally opposed to the majority and an ex-member of a department of English in some Eastern university. Look through the morning's news and find something that will inspire a well-bred sneer. Then write as if you were so well educated that you would not write an editorial for any other newspaper than your own. If Mr. Poultney Bigelow finds that ours is the most incompetent government that ever tried to dig a canal at Panama, seize upon the idea and express a generous disapproval of all ideas of canal building which are held by those with whom you disagree on other political and public questions. When you discover, as the *Evening Post* did, that Mr. Bigelow was insufficiently informed, you must drop him. So much grace is expected of you. But you need never retract. If a woman writes a book and makes statements with which you do not agree, challenge the woman's honesty. Then if you and your associates receive proof that you were wrong, do not apologise. A good blue journalist is never wrong, for he agrees with himself. It is dishonourable for Mr. Hearst or the flippant New York *Sun* to misrepresent, but in the interests of the higher criticism of life you may quote half a sentence so that it means something different from its meaning in the original context. Be adroit in your morality and never forget to be intellectual.

The New York *Evening Post* of the present day has nothing to do except in name with the innocuous paper of Bryant, any more than the present Philadelphia *Ledger* has anything to do with the "generously good" George William Child. It is a complex institution founded by Henry Villard, a German, who engaged Godkin, an Irishman, to conduct an American newspaper. This combination was crossed with Garrison, which stands for fine morals and intellectuality, somewhat hampered by disbelief in non-Garrisonian ideas. Under Godkin the *Post* had the most brilliant editorial page in America. Unhappily his brilliancy was the part of his legacy least easy for his successors to asume. His irony remains, but it has less humour. His culture remains, but it is wan and book-bred. The old joke that the *Sun* makes vice attractive in the morning and the *Post* makes virtue unattractive in the evening is nowadays not quite just to the *Sun*. The *Post* is the greatest disappointment that the honest seeker after good journalism encounters.

For we who hold to many unpopular causes, free trade, anti-imperialism, the elevation of the black man—and the white man, if there is anything left over—small navies and armies, and the Good Lord knows what because he must be on our side, might have in an uncommercial paper like the *Post* a free spokesman of independent and righteous ideas. Instead we have only the chagrin of seeing day after day our good causes thrown open to derision by a paper which is notorious for being out of sympathy with anything which could by any possibility be popular.

The *Post* has lost a great opportunity because it is situated in an important city.

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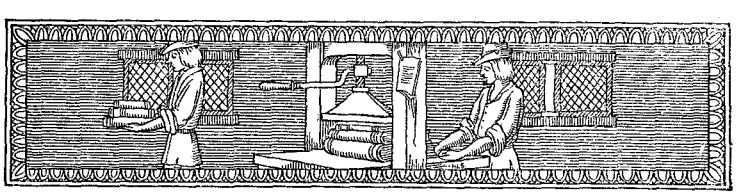
People in other parts of the country will less readily see that a similar opportunity has been lost by a paper of which they may never have heard, but which the New Englander knows might have been a great power, the Springfield *Republican*. Not content with whatever dissatisfaction its home talent might express, it regularly imports from Boston the diurnal scoldings of one who was personally acquainted with the Concord philosophers. The later Concord philosopher is not so optimistic as his less well-instructed fellow-townsmen of long ago. A man who objects to something every day of his life loses power as an advocate and a critic. When the Massachusetts Association to Promote the Interests of the Adult Blind began its noble and now irresistibly successful work for a neglected class, the Springfield *Republican* sought to discredit the association. Alarmed at the hostility, one of the workers asked a wise man what to do to meet this opposition from so dignified a paper as the *Republican*. "Do nothing," said the wise man, "but congratulate yourselves. If that paper has any effect it is to assist the movements it opposes." In this case the opinion was at least not disproved.

The blue journal wears the most sorrowful hue of all. By complaining every day it becomes like the boy who cried "Wolf," and there is no effect in its righteous cry at the right time. Reasonable protest makes progress. And only in the faith that the way to rid public institutions of their faults is in reason and good nature to demand it, is the present article written.

The cultivated people east and west of Chicago are in sore need of a great newspaper. We cannot wait for the Chicago *Tribune*, and we cannot all move to Chicago. There is not room, and maybe some of us would not like the city. But other cities are not eternally committed to bad newspapers. Cannot Boston show that its traditions are vital and operant, that it has not wholly degenerated from the days when Dr. Hale was called the greatest journalist in Boston, that it can support a good morning newspaper and compel its almost good evening newspaper to be free from editorial disingenuousness and the corruptions of the counting-room? Cannot New York, with the help of the many people in other Eastern cities for whom its papers take the place of home papers, compel the *Sun* to be as honest as it is brilliant and human, and the *Post* to cast off its ultramarine mantle and cheer itself to a less bilious state of health? The *Transcript*, the *Sun*, the *Post* (other papers please copy), these are established newspapers of excellent possibilities. It seems to the critic, who, like most other critics, approaches processes from the wrong end, the finished end, that the disfiguring hues of each of these and of other powerful journals not specifically discussed here might be peeled off like a useless garment, and that any one of them could emerge a great white American newspaper.

John A. Macy.



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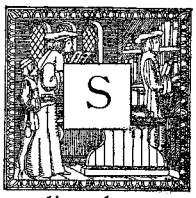
"THE COMMERCIALISM OF LITERATURE" AND THE LITERARY AGENT

BY ONE



O much interest has been manifested in the recent article by a distinguished American publisher on "The Commercialisation of Literature" that I venture to predict also a certain interest in the operations of the literary agent, who is depicted by this publisher as one of the chief instruments of the commercialisation he deplores. If the literary agent has become such a force in literature that he threatens to crush out its life and supplant it by a money-making machine, then it is high time, for the good of the reading public in general, as well as for the interest of the author in particular, that his operations should be held up to the light. What does the monster do, and how does he do it? Why should he have come into being, and, in all conscience, why is he permitted to exist?

It is not intended that this paper shall be merely an attempt to answer Mr. Henry Holt. Controversies of a technical sort are better suited to trade publications. Rather it is the wish of the writer to give, honestly and with as little of the colouring of prejudice as may be, some idea of what this new force in literature is, and, in the event of its continuance, what the public has a right to expect that it shall be.

The ideal of the literary agent, it is said, "is that an author shall never see a publisher, and that an author's books shall be scattered among those who will bid highest." We are also informed that he has his uses. He can find publishers for new authors, "and can also be especially useful in serialising matter." But this small influence for good notwithstanding, he is described as being "a very serious detriment to literature and a leech on the author, sucking blood entirely out of proportion to his latter service."

Unhappily, all these things, and many more that have been and could be said, are quite true—of some literary agents. But every calling has its blacklegs. Every agent, for instance, knows of publishers who trick and cheat the author at every safe opportunity. In the printed form contracts of a number of them are clauses nicely calculated to catch the unwary. If through confidence or carelessness on the part of the author these clauses are left in when the contract is signed, he is practically robbed of some of the rights in his own book.

Much that has been written about the literary agent has been futile, because the writers have not understood that authors can be divided into two classes: First, those whose work the publisher doesn't particularly want; and second, those whose work the publisher does want, or would want if he knew of it, and that it is only with the second class that a sound literary agent has, or should have, much to do. Unless an author's work gives decided promise, he is of little interest to the publisher or to the first-class agent. No agent, except the one who takes "retainers," can afford to spend much time over him. He can generally find a market for his work as well as can a good agent, and better than a bad agent; and he can afford a more thorough canvass than either.

But, generally speaking, the agent who accepts in bulk the productions of beginners, and agrees to send them to a certain number of publishers for a certain fee, to be paid in advance, is trading grievously on the young author's vanity, unless the agent undertakes also to throw in for his fee a certain amount of criticism and suggestion, which may or may not be

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worth the price. Otherwise, his parcels of books from unknown authors are frequently sent back unopened by the publisher, who soon comes to be aware of the fact that the agent has not read the books, and is merely collecting the necessary number of declinations.

But that is not the sort of agent who is having any effect on the literature of our day, and it is not the sort of agent publishers have in mind when they write magazine articles about the iniquities of this new industry. The only agent who really counts, either for the author or with the publisher, or with his own banker, is the one who sells the kind of work for which publishers are in competition, and who takes advantage of that competition to get the best market price for the author.

At this point I can hear some sensitive lover of literature say "Faugh!" or a similar word, indicating an unwillingness to consider literature in connection with market prices. That is one of the conventions so amusing to those behind the scenes. While literature is being written, the less it has to do with market prices the better; but the moment it is finished and the author offers it for sale, and tries to get for it the best price he can, he might as well call a spade a spade, and speak plain English about markets.

Now, the more of himself the producer throws into his work the less he has left for the selling of it after it is produced, and the more likely he is to fare better if he leaves the sale in the hands of some one whose business it is to know the market from A to Z, and who can set a value on the work without leaving the price more or less to the buyer.

Even suppose we waive the contention frequently made, that the great creative genius generally lacks correspondingly great executive ability, the fact remains that the author's work is to write; he cannot, in justice to himself, spend the time necessary to gain the business knowledge and experience of the man whose work it is to buy and sell. It is altogether a question of specialty, not ability. As well question the executive ability of the lawyer or banker who prefers to employ an architect to design his house, as that of an author who employs a literary agent.

Of course, every sound publisher buys as cheaply as he can, and every business-like author sells as dearly as he can, and he cannot be sure of getting the best price if he sells always to one buyer without ascertaining what other buyers would give. But if the author flits about from one publisher to another, dealing indiscriminately with the highest bidder, he finds that in the long run no publisher takes an interest in him, nor has the enthusiasm for him that he would get from any one publisher to whom he had remained faithful. How, therefore, shall the author get the benefit both of the best market prices and of the steady friendship of a publisher who takes all of his books, and makes each book help each other book? He can get the full value of his work only by spending on the study of the book market his time, thought, and energy, that could be better employed to better advantage in writing books. On the other hand, if he employs an agent to make this study for him, he must avoid the other horn of the dilemma by making sure that his agent appreciates the importance of sticking to one publisher as long as that publisher will pay the full market price for the author's work.

Now, it used to be considered good form for the author to know little or nothing about market rates, and to take whatever he could manage to get from his publisher without resorting to any systematic use of competition. When the agent came along and began to prove by expert knowledge of market prices that in many cases the author had not received as much as his work was worth in the open market, it was only human nature for that author's publisher to call the agent a villain. But in most cases the good publisher has come around to the idea of paying the competitive price, and yet has continued to live and to make money. If he complains about the amount of money he pays to the author under such a system of competition, he offers pretty good evidence that previously he had not been giving their open market value for the wares he purchased; otherwise, why does he pay the higher

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price when he is at liberty to decline the offer?

With the growth of competition for good books, some authors have been injured by the loosening of the ties between author and publisher. Much stress is now being laid, and rightfully, on the value of these ties, and I believe the time is coming when the author and the agent will be more careful not to break them. The wise literary agent of to-day and of the future will act for the author on a policy of competition, it is true, but competition carefully tempered by regard for the value of friendly relations between author and publisher. The best arrangement between author and publisher is the one of closest touch on the literary side of the work, leaving the commercial side to be arranged between publisher and agent, on the basis of the value of the author's work in the open market.

The timid author dealing with the shrewd publisher in person frequently gets the worst of the bargain. But it is undoubtedly true that the same timid author, with a deputy to fight for him and to take the blows for him, sometimes becomes a monster of rapacity, utterly unscrupulous and incapable of financial honour. Agents who have lent themselves to the demands of such clients have damaged both publisher and author alike, and have well earned for themselves those reproaches that Mr. Holt has showered so indiscriminately. "Madam," said an agent of my acquaintance to a certain author, "I can obtain the advance on royalty you ask only by representing to some publisher who does not know the average sales of your work that those average sales are twice what they are." And here was her answer: "What business is that of yours? You will either sell that book at the price I ask or I will take it to some one who hasn't such tender sympathy for the publishers as you seem to have." She was invited to take her book elsewhere, and she got her price. But the publisher who paid it will never take another of her books, or deal, if he can help it, with the agent who deceived him.

Does the agent achieve anything except to raise the popular author's income by expert knowledge of market prices? So much depends upon the quality of the agent that it is difficult to generalise, but if he lives up to his possibilities, and has any real feeling for the material in which he deals—and without it he cannot be any sort of an artist in his work—he is bound to be rather more broad-minded in his literary judgments than the publisher is likely to be, for in these days every publisher is more or less of a specialist. What will appeal to one will not please another. If the agent knows his business, and cares enough for it to read what is offered to him, he will read with a view to the tastes of all and sundry publishers, and not with a view to the inclinations of the customers of any one house. For this reason not a few good books have reached the public which otherwise probably would never have been printed. The agent knew of some particular publisher, of whom the author, mayhap, had never even heard, who was sure to be interested in that particular book. Such an agent acts, in fact, as a sieve for the publisher, bringing to him only such books as are likely to be suited to him, and saving the time of both publisher and author by sending elsewhere or suppressing work that might otherwise go to a house that could not possibly take it. Once the agent's good faith and literary judgment have won the confidence of the publisher, his recommendation of a book goes even further, sometimes, than the recommendation of the publisher's reader.

Here we approach what seems to me the vital point in the whole question—the point on which the future of the literary agent is going to turn. He stands between the author and the publisher, and he ought to uphold better than either of them the importance of the greatest truism in trade, viz., that no bargain is ever really sound and honest without being profitable to both parties to it. If the agent deceives the publisher in his client's behalf, he has not only wronged the publisher, but in the long run it will appear that he has wronged his client, too. On the other hand, if he "plays fair" and scrupulously tells the truth about his wares, and has sufficient intelligence to know approximately what the truth is, every publisher with whom he deals is

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certain to recognise the fact sooner or later and to look upon such an agent's opinion and good will as well worth having. He will realise that such an agent brings to him books already assorted to his needs, and described in ten effective words for every hundred words the author would be likely to use. He knows, furthermore, that in the often harrassing interim between the verbal acceptance of a book and the making of the first royalty statement the agent serves the useful purpose of a buffer, allaying some of the author's temperamental outbursts on the one hand, and on the other, judiciously translating into the language of diplomacy the publisher's occasionally unsympathetic messages to the author anent delay in proof-reading, or eccentricity in demands for payment.

The publisher sometimes takes over an author's entire rights, English and American, book and serial, Continental, dramatic and second serial, and then resells such of these rights as he cannot use himself. Now take, for example, the case of an English author whose work has only lately come into demand. He has made a hit with a novel in England, but has never been published in the United States or on the Continent; has never sold serial rights, has never even heard of second serial rights. When the time comes to make a contract for the first book after the one that established his reputation, it is likely that unless he has an agent he will contract with his English publisher to take over all rights of his book. This new author knows almost nothing of the possible value of any of these rights except English book rights, for none of them was sold, or was saleable, in the case of his first book; and, furthermore, he doesn't know how to deal with these mysterious rights himself. So he turns the lot over to an English publisher. In such a case the publisher will do one of these things: (1) Absorb the lot and give the author nothing, or practically nothing, for them; (2) act as literary agent for the author and sell on commission such rights as he cannot use himself; (3) agree to give to an author outright and without commission anything arising from the sales of these extra rights.

The first plan speaks for itself. There are, happily, few publishers in England or America who would make use of it, although there are such publishers, and every experienced agent knows them. Of the second plan, more anon. Of the third plan, it is pleasant to think that there are several publishers both in England and America who follow it. But the publisher isn't a charitable institution—any more than the agent, or than the author who writes for money—and he either makes no particular effort to sell these extra rights, or else he spends time and money in turning them to account for the author in the hope of holding the affections of an author whose English rights are highly profitable to him. As a rule, however, the agent has far better machinery for selling these extra rights than any publisher. Furthermore, in this connection, the representative of an American publishing house which is a large purchaser of American rights of English authors, once told the writer that he would much rather purchase such rights through a literary agent than through another publisher. A rather significant remark, that. The proceedings of the publisher who acts as a literary agent for the author under the second plan are also much to the point of the present paper. Some insight into the question is afforded by a recent article in *The Author*, the official organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors of Great Britain. This article opens with a letter from an author, probably a member of the society, so I give it in full:

SIR: The following experience through which I have just passed may afford a useful warning to my fellow writers:

I offered the serial rights of a story I was writing to an important provincial firm, who, when I had sent them the first half to read, replied that the story had already been offered to them by my agent.

As the story was in the hands of no agent, I knew that the serial rights in question could have been offered by no one but a well-known publisher, who had asked me for a novel, and to whom I had in reply offered the volume rights of this same story.

Inquiry proved that this publisher, whose name I will give to any writer who would like

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to know it, had been offering the serial rights of my novel, although he possessed no rights whatever in the story, and although the serial rights were not on offer to him.

I also discovered that the provincial firm I have mentioned had been going from publisher to publisher on the lookout for a strong serial story, surely a backstairs method of obtaining what they wanted, and little more to their credit than the act of the publisher was to his.

Yours faithfully,
FLORENCE WARDEN.

The editor, who is also the secretary of the society, in commenting on the article, says in part:

Serial rights, if properly managed, can be a source of very considerable income to members of the society, and in placing serial rights, the agent is perhaps of more use than in the disposal of any other kind of literary property. To place these rights in both Great Britain and the United States effectually and simultaneously is a matter very often of considerable difficulty, even for a writer whose name is well known. It is needless to repeat that the agent's charge for placing these rights is, as a general rule, 10 per cent. for England, and sometimes 15 per cent. for the United States. Such remuneration, in the case of some authors, brings in a large return for the agent, and in all these instances, no doubt it would be as well to make a special contract with the agent on the matter, but though the agent charges 10 per cent., the publisher charges from 25 to 30 per cent. on the net returns if these rights are left to his disposition, and out of hundreds of agreements that have come before the secretary, he has never seen a lower charge in a publisher's agreement for the placing of serial rights than 20 per cent.

He might have added that the same charge, 50 per cent., is in most cases made by the publisher when what is generally an inquiry for translation rights enables him to effect a sale. For the same work agents charge from 10 to 20 per cent., depending upon circumstances and the difficulty in arranging the translation.

For selling book rights in America the English agent charges from 10 to 15 per cent., according to the nature of the business. For the same work, the average publisher, when he does not take the whole profit, as he sometimes does in disposing of editions in sheets, usually charges 25 to 30 per cent., not infrequently paying an agent 10 per cent. to effect the sale for him.

If the facts cited indicate a desire to lay stress upon a more ideal relationship between author and agent and publisher than now in some cases exists, it is because I believe the most successful literary agent of the future will himself more nearly approach an ideal. He will be the survival of the fittest. He will have a sharply defined policy, which from the trend of events may even now be outlined:

1. He will secure for the author the full value of his books, but no more. The ideal agent must refuse knowingly to victimise a publisher, even at the cost of what seems to be his own interests.

2. He will encourage the maintenance of a close literary relationship between author and publisher.

3. He will recognise that from the publishing viewpoint there are only two classes of authors: (*a*) Those anxious to get a publisher, and (*b*) those the publisher is anxious to get. As for class (*a*), the agent will deal only with those for whom he believes demand would exist if publishers realised the facts. To the others of this class (and these are ninety-nine new authors out of every hundred) he will say frankly that they can do as well for themselves as any agent can do for them, and will resolutely turn his face from them. They are not for him, and he is not for them, for his business in the last analysis is to make sure that competition produces its best ultimate results for his clients, and when competition does not exist, or cannot honestly be made to exist, there is no proper work for him to do.

4. He will realise that the publisher who has published an author's work is, *other things being equal,* the best man for the author's next work. He will also realise that when that publisher says he ought to have the book for less than it would bring, in the long run, from some one else, the publisher is asking a gratuity from the author.

5. He should be even a more unprejudiced judge of what is really good than

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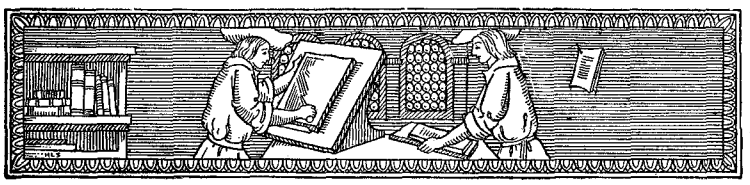
the publisher, for he has not the same financial interests at stake. "This is good," says the publisher, "but I would lose money on it." "This is good," the ideal agent will say, "and I can afford not only to make suggestions that may make it commercially more valuable, but also to talk of it and offer it until at last I find exactly the right publisher for it—the man who by sympathy with the book and enthusiasm for it, and by having the right *clientèle,* will make of it a success."

6. Finally—and this is a sore and dangerous point—I think he will do his best to convince authors that excessive advances on royalty are an evil, increasing the gambling element in the publishing business to a point that is certainly harmful in the long run, both to publisher and author. By all means let the author get as large a percentage of royalty as he can, but let him beware of tempting his agent to use the club of competition in forcing up too high the amount the publisher has to advance on the book. Both author and publisher are bound to suffer by it in the long run. The agent who hasn't the conscience and courage to keep an author, if humanly possible, from exchanging birthrights—or copyrights—for messes of pottage is not the right man for the business.



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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

In the following letter an esteemed critic in Bridgeport, Connecticut, seeks to score on us:

I notice your rejection slips read: "The Editors . . . thank you for submitting the enclosed MSS., which they regret is not at present available for the magazine."

"MSS." is the abbreviation for *manuscripts*. If you must abbreviate, the contraction "MS." should be used with the singular verb "is."

Cheerfully yours,

CONTRIBUTOR.

We don't lay claim to an excess of erudition, but we really did know that MSS. represents a plural. The rejection slips in question were not prepared by us, but by the business department of the magazine, so that they should not be quoted in anthologies as representing our best style. May we venture to express a regret that our correspondent should ever have had the opportunity of knowing what our rejection slips are like? We trust that at some time in the near future he will be in a position to criticise our acceptance slips—if they shall seem open to his censure.

II.

Are members of the medical profession especially solidified in favour of having cut leaves? Here is another physician, writing us from Boston, on the self-same subject:

Permit me to add my plaintive wail to that of your medical correspondent H. H. R. anent the cutting of leaves. If only the Junior Editor would stop inventing Dumas anecdotes for awhile and devote some of his Grey Matter to persuading the Senior Editor to at least follow the example of a Hated Rival and give us the choice whether we prefer our leaves cut or uncut, all would be forgiven. Then the Librarians could have their beautiful big (and heavy) volumes and some of the rest of us who, all too eager to taste what is inside, find we cannot wait even for H. H. R.'s carving knife, but monthly lay ourselves open to the Greater Damnation by using our thumbs as paper cutters, would also be happy. Possibly the fact that the advertising pages in even THE BOOKMAN are cut has some bearing on the matter. Why make the Letter Box harder to enjoy than—say Postum Cereal? And who, pray, are "Librarians and others" that their convenience is of more importance than that of the Indolent Reader?

Yours in sorrow,

ANOTHER DOCTOR.

We are afraid to say anything more on this painful subject, because it is we who are sure to receive the Greater Damnation from at least half of our readers, whatever we may say. And to think that any one in Boston should speak lightly and even contemptuously of Librarians!

III.

A Canadian gentleman asks our opinion as to the proper plural of the word "octopus." He has been very properly offended at finding in a newspaper the form "octopi," which is, of course, the product of crass ignorance; but he hesitates to use the true Greek plural "octopodes," and inquires whether we should venture to employ an Anglicised plural, "octopuses."

Our correspondent does not explain whether by "octopus" he refers to the marine monster of that name, or whether he is using the word in its popular and political sense of the aggregation of corporate power crushing out individual enterprise. If the former, we should keep the scientific plural, "octopodes." If the latter, we should certainly say "octopuses," except that we doubt whether there it is proper to speak of that particular octopus in the plural at all. As we understand it, the political Octopus is the entire body of corporate rapacity, including every Trust and Combine in existence. Hence it is essentially one, though its tentacles are many.

IV.

From Stamford, New York:

"Is Henry James to be classed as an American, or as an English, author?"

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Mr. James is the son of a British subject and is himself a British subject. The fact that a good part of his life was spent in the United States has no bearing on the question. He is most decidedly an English author and so regards himself, as he carefully explained in a letter that was published several years ago.

V.

The following letter criticises one of our contributors. We give it as a matter of general interest:

To THE BOOKMAN'S *Letter Box:*

It is fatiguing to see persons of the rank of BOOKMAN contributors floundering about over the significance of the good old slang word Snob, a vulgar person, one of the lower classes, in distinction from Nob, a "swell."

I am thinking of your July number. And then comes in, of course, Thackeray's "definition"—which "one remembers." One remembers it, doubtless, but it is no more a *definition* than it would have been a definition of "ass" if Thackeray had written: He who meanly admires mean things is an ass.

I wonder if there really are people who think that Thackeray invented the word, and who have never caught the point of his BOOK, to wit, that anyone, of any rank, may be a snob—a snob voluntary, a snob by choice. I am,

Your constant reader,
B. R. F.

VI.

A sagacious physician writes from Dumont, New Jersey, on a question of logic and language. He says:

"I have been taught to avoid using such expressions as 'I don't think that,' etc. Logicians say: 'There is thus a vast difference between saying that a thing is not so and not saying that it is so, in spite of the fact that we often say 'I do not think so' when we mean 'I think not.'" (Aiken, *Principles of Logic.*)

"I have therefore supposed I was committing a literary misdemeanor when making use of such an expression.

"Among the editorial comments in the BOOKMAN I find, to my surprise and confusion, a sentence beginning like this: 'We don't think that anything of this sort has ever crept,' etc. I have so much confidence in your unerring guidance that I am now puzzled. Are the logicians wrong or have you made a thoughtless error?"

Neither is the logician wrong nor have we made a thoughtless error. There is, of course, a very real distinction between "I do not think . . ." and "I think that . . . not." The former is less positive and represents the mental attitude of the agnostic. The latter is quite positive and represents the mental attitude of the assured unbeliever. But when we said, "We don't think that anything of this sort has ever crept," etc., we observed the distinction explained above, and expressed the exact shade of meaning that we intended to convey. In other words, we did not think that the thing was so, but we were not absolutely certain.

VII.

Here is a letter which may have a fugitive interest for a literary lady in Rahway, New Jersey:

DEAR SIR: At the top of the second column on page 543 of THE BOOKMAN you say: "Would seem to imply that Longstreet and Hardy *both* (?) borrowed from the same source."

Is that a grammatical sentence?

Very truly yours,
MARY L. B. WELLS.

(Who once had the honour of being called "Carolyn" by mistake!)

If the sentence quoted isn't grammatical, why isn't it? The lady should develop her objections to it.

VIII.

Secretary Taft's bull seems still to stir the intellectuals of our readers. An editor in Cleveland, Ohio, discourses on the subject in the appended letter:

Since the definition of an island implies that it is "surrounded" by water, why couldn't Secretary Taft have saved himself from an apparent bull and the English sentence from the necessity of a structural change by expressing his idea like this:

"The problem of draining Colon is one of extreme difficulty, owing to the fact that Colon is situated on an island, with the sea on one

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side and a fresh water swamp on the other."

That's not exactly what might be called a good literary construction, but isn't it simple and unobjectionable?

ONE WHO'D LIKE TO KNOW.

Our correspondent has evidently misapprehended the point of the discussion as started in THE BOOKMAN. The question was not how to convey Secretary Taft's meaning by writing an entirely new sentence, but how to modify the sentence which he actually wrote in such a way as to preserve its purport and at the same time to eliminate the apparent bull.

IX.

A lady in Denison, Ohio, projects a peculiar problem into the sphere of our consciousness. She writes:

"Fashion has decreed, during the past summer, short sleeves and bare arms for women of all ages. Now only the minority of women have pretty arms, and therefore fashion in this case seems to have compelled the many to dress unbecomingly for the advantage of the few. I always had a belief that fashions were really introduced with a view to setting off the good points of women in general, or else they failed of general adoption. Yet every girl this summer appears to have bared her arms meekly, whether they were plump, lean, or positively skinny. Can you explain how this should be?"

We must confess that this isn't exactly the sort of question that we expect to cope with in the Letter Box. However, we are not going to take a dare; and a little reflection convinces us that we can resolve the doubt which vexes our correspondent's mind. We think that she is quite correct in believing that all fashions in dress, if widely adopted, are such as set off the good points of the average woman, and not such as sacrifice the average woman to her exceptionally favoured sisters. Now, to apply this to the question of arms and sleeves, what most persons consider a beautiful arm is an arm that is well formed, gracefully rounded, and verging upon plumpness. Such an arm, fully bared, is far more attractive to the critical eye than one which is slender and very thin. Yet here comes in a nice point to be considered by our correspondent. Cunning Fashion did not decree that sleeves should be dispensed with altogether, but that "elbow sleeves" should be worn, thus exposing only a portion of the arm. Now, with elbow sleeves, the slender arm looks graceful and girlish, while the plump arm loses its beauty and seems fat and pudgy, bulging out from the upper reaches of white lawn or muslin, like that of a washerwoman at her tub and with the fleshy suggestion of a sausage. So, in reality, the elbow sleeve enhanced the attractiveness of the many women who usually dread the free exposure of their arms in dinner gowns, and it gave them a distinct advantage over the comparatively few who are too often wont to triumph. So, after all, the usage of last summer offers no exception to the general theory evolved by our correspondent. Only please don't ask us any more questions of this kind!

We claim the right of being irrelevant when we want to; and this is one of the times when irrelevance suits our book. The transmigration of our old rival, adversary, and friend, the *Critic*, has nothing whatever to do with the Letter Box; yet because it is on our mind we cannot refrain from saying just a word about it. The *Critic* for many years has exercised a sane and salutary influence for good reading and good taste. Its pages have borne the names of men and women of distinction. Now, it passes; but only to live in a new form and under a new name. As the *Critic*, it has run its course. It has won a place in American literary history. It has left a fragrant memory.

Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.

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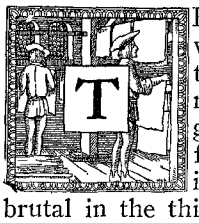
SILHOUETTES OF SOME SWEDISH WRITERS

AUGUST STRINDBERG



THIS is a name that shines with a stronger lustre than any I know of in modern literature. It gleams phosphorescent, fantastic, weird. There is something almost brutal in the things of which this name is indicative. The soul of August Strindberg has throbbed in many separate spheres in life. It has accepted and rejected many faiths—looked and fallen from high places, groped and stumbled in deep. It has gone astray in the wilderness of theory seeking Truth there. It has been lured by the glamour of many a false dawn.

Before he was anything else, August Strindberg was a pietist. But the years of discretion made him a sceptic, and incipient maturity a pagan. Like Walter Pater, he burned, for a brief while, with "that hard, gemlike flame." He found the Greek ideal of beauty adorable and worshipped it accordingly. His next step brought him, as he firmly believed, upon the most impregnable of grounds—those of science. He delved into geology and chemistry, history and philology, political science and horticulture. There came a day when he set all his resources in motion in the hope of discovering a process by which to manufacture gold. The sway of yet another inner reaction converted him to the creed of Socialism. Again, he became one of the most restive opponents of Woman Suffrage. He even joined the Church of Rome at one time. In January, 1886, he proclaimed himself a deist, in March of the same year he wrote a fable to show that he had become an atheist. Thrice divorced in marriage, he is to-day generally regarded as a misogynist, although it was he who wrote this deep word of truth: "Woman is the root of man in the earth. And without root we cannot grow and flourish." With all his contradictions, his rapid-fire changes of front, his paradoxes and sophisms galore, Strindberg is a genius of large dimensions and rare quality. He has approached life with almost barbarian boldness from numerous angles. His point of view has changed again and again, but his seriousness of purpose—never. He has laboured with tremendous energy, and (as that excellent Norwegian writer, Arne Garborg, has said) his books are not merely such, they are vital substance, part and parcel of their author's own life—of Strindberg the soul.

August Strindberg is first of all a playwright. In the sphere of drama he has done his most finished and admirable work. He is there a master craftsman, an undaunted pioneer. With no patterns to cut from, with no models to be guided by, he produced such unique examples of achievement as: *Fröken Julie, Fordringsegare* (Creditors), *Kamrater* (Companions) and *The Father* (recently translated into English). They deal, these dramas, with cheerless, charmless subjects; bald, sordid realities are uncovered in them, irremediable afflictions laid bare. The first has to do with the terrible end of a neurotic woman. The second and third describe the fatal collapse of a domestic union, and trace the elemental causes. The fourth pictures a knife-to-knife battle between husband and wife, man and woman, typifying respectively the forces of a noble mind and a cunning brain.

Unfortunately, the impression seems to prevail in this country that the Strindberg of the dramas just mentioned is the absolute and only Strindberg. Furthermore, the idea has gained ground here that from the point of view of Friedrich Nietzsche to that of the Swedish writer there is but half a step. Finally, I have known him to be considered merely a curious tail to the gorgeous Ibsen kite. These notions are as false as they are misleading and ridiculous. To a certain

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extent the entire output of August Strindberg shows us in panorama the evolution of the whole man. He is easily the greatest subjectivist of all time, and in each of the fifty volumes to his credit—written all in the course of twenty-six years—looms some particular aspect, pronounced and strong, of his multiform individuality. In none of them does he resemble anybody else. In none of them does his attitude look cheap or ordinary or insincere. Strindberg is a man without a literary debt.

He gave to Sweden in 1879 its first realistic novel, *Röda Rummet* (The Red Room), which established his reputation and which marked the beginning of a new era for the literature of that country. He wrote *Hemsöborna* (The Dwellers of Hemsö), *I Hafsbandet* (In the Sea Belt) and *Skärkarlslif* and revealed himself as a story teller *par excellence*. He composed *Gustaf Vasa, Erik XIV., Charles XII.* (to name a few of his historical dramas), manifesting a new *genre* in dramaturgy, where he has attempted to elucidate the personal, the intimately human side of certain famous kings and queens in Swedish history, by removing the crowns from their anointed heads, tearing off their royal robes of authority, and shoving their thrones far into the background.

Really charming is a little book he published in 1888: *Blomstermalningar och Djurstycken* (Flower-paintings and Animal Studies). Here we meet the out-of-doors Strindberg, the amateur fisherman, hunter, gardener—the friend of earth, the gentle, infinitely curious student of nature. Equally beautiful are three or four tales in the volume entitled *Sagor* (1903), for their quaint, fresh appeal to the heart. In *Ensam* (Lonely) of the same date, we behold the contemplative Strindberg, the spirit who pauses and looks back beyond actuality and into the mist of dreams; while *Pask* (Easter), a little three-act play, has for its heroine one of the most soulful women in all Norse literature. I confidently look for the day when August Strindberg will mean to American readers of intelligence something more than a "freak dramatist," or a "morbid madman." For, as Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy points out in his sympathetic article in *The Fortnightly Review* of, I believe, 1893, the Swedish writer deserves to be studied almost, perhaps quite as much, as Henrik Ibsen.

PER HALLSTRÖM

Per Hallström is perhaps the most cosmopolitan of living Swedish men of letters, the scenes of nearly all his productions being laid on foreign ground. Stockholm, so celebrated and explored by almost every other writer of note—polite, merry, banqueting, good-natured Stockholm, has had nothing to say to Hallström, although he has lived within its gates long enough to know it as intimately as he knows his own rooms. His books are destitute likewise of all observation of provincial or country life, such as it manifests itself to-day on Swedish territory. Briefly, the things that artistically animate him lie beyond the borders of his own land.

Per Hallström is a quiet worker, a somewhat contemplative spirit. He seems somehow to dream his way into the souls of the characters he rejoices in portraying. He makes no noise, no harsh sounds. He hurries never—his effects are almost invariably produced by means of a stealthy gesture. A more fastidious artist could hardly be imagined. And yet he can tell a tale as well as he can paint a shadow and be as playful as he is constitutionally grave. His style is full of fine nuances, of rhythm and poetic beauty. For an adequate illustration of his quality as a writer of short stories readers familiar with German are referred to the collection entitled *Florentinisher Abendtraum* (Hermann Seemann Nachfolger, Berlin). Ten or fifteen years ago Hallström visited this country and engaged in the work of civil engineering, his original profession. Incidentally he studied some phases of Swedish-American life, one of the fruits of such observation being *The Shore Wind*, an impressive tale of an incurable's longing for home.

The author's contribution to Swedish literature consists of a book of verse, three or four novels, four or five collections of tales and two plays, one of which, *The Duke of Antwerp*, is in blank verse.

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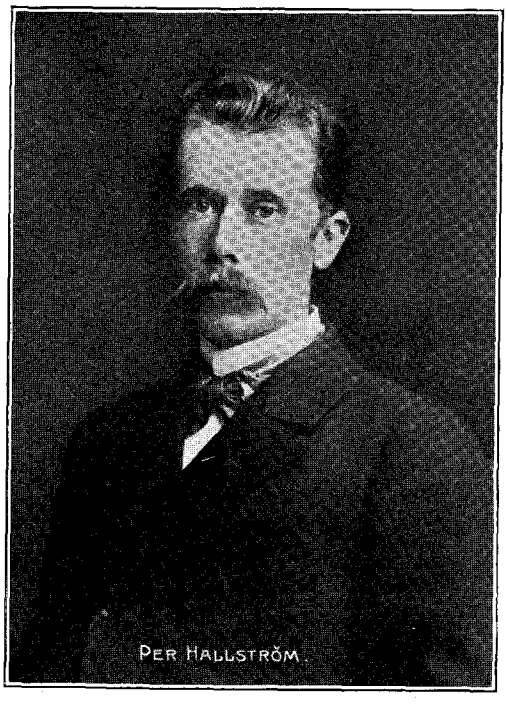
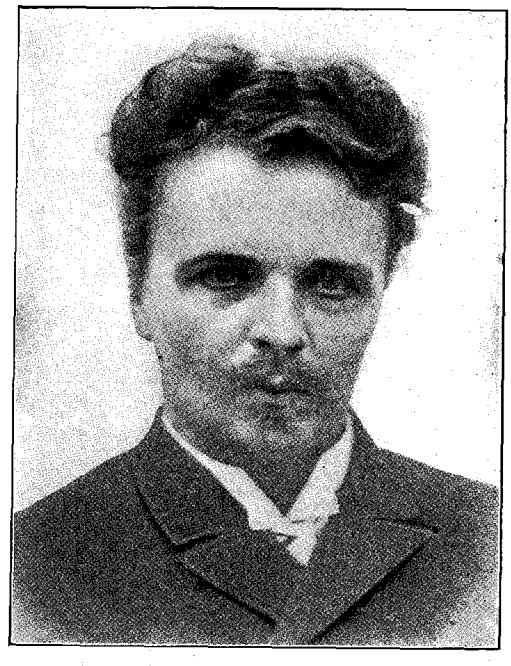
The other, *A Venetian Comedy,* revealed a most unlooked for aspect of Hallström's talent. Borrowing his plot from a novel of Mateo Bandello, successor to the great and only Boccaccio, the Swede has here produced a four-act costume play so overflowing with delightful humor and pathos —sunshine of smiles and showers of tears intermingling—so teeming with rare charm and brilliant wit—that its success should be instantaneous upon any reputable stage. It had a "run" of over one hundred performances at the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Stockholm during the season of 1904.

There is little typically Norse in Per Hallström. He wears the colours of no faction, he propounds the theories of no school. A gentle realist, he has intensity rather than power. His genius was not the product of chaotic earth. He has not walked a single step with Strindberg nor felt the potent influences that quickened the blood and accelerated the spiritual growth of Heidenstam, Levertin or Geijerstam. His heart is in Florence, and his fancy has taken its highest flights beneath warm Southern skies. At present Per Hallström occupies the position of dramatic critic of the *Dagens Nyheter,* a Stockholm daily newspaper.



PER HALLSTRÖM



AUGUST STRINDBERG

SELMA LAGERLÖF

The greater part of the writings of this woman of genius is accessible in many languages. Five or six of her books have been rendered into English and issued here as well as in Great Britain without pecuniary loss, I believe, to their hospitable publishers. *The Story of Gösta Berling,* the production that lured evasive fame to her door, had a "fair sale" in England, while both *Tales from a Swedish Homestead* and *Jerusalem* attracted considerable attention among American readers.

About a decade ago Fröken Lagerlöf was employed as a teacher in a girls' school at Landskrona, a little town in the province of Skane. She was fond of her vocation, to whose duties she applied herself with exemplary zeal, and gave no sign whatever of cherishing any other aim in life. Yet for seven years—with a strong woman's enthusiasm and a rare woman's patience—she had been creating a work of art that was destined to bring

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her name into thousands of Swedish homes, from Ystad to Haparanda: *Gösta Berlings Saga.* This haunting picture of old Varmland—a district renowned for its glowing wealth of folk-lore, traditions, superstitiousness and weird unworldly mystery—won the first prize of 5000 crowns offered by a weekly periodical of Stockholm in a competition arranged by the same journal in, I think, 1893, all manuscripts being submitted anonymously. There is a charm about

SELMA LAGERLÖF

this strange, strange tale more exotic yet more intense of tone than that of *The Scarlet Letter,* or—a better comparison—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

The Story of Gösta Berling represents, it seems to me, the high-water mark of Fröken Lagerlöf's genius. I feel tempted to quote three short passages from the book, in which they, with many others of equal beauty, form as it were little stopping places of dreamy thought aloof from the crowded scenes of action.

I wish for you that you may escape seeing the tears of old eyes, or that when a grey head would lean upon your breast for support, or when old hands lay folded before you in silent appeal, you may not stand helpless. May you escape the sight of the old bowed in grief which it is beyond you to relieve.

Oh, I beseech you, all who are caretakers of fields and meadows and parks and the beloved joy-bringing flower gardens—husband them well! Guard them with your love, your labor! It is not well that nature should grieve for man's sake.

O children of the latter day, have you not beheld it? When unrest and hatred crowd the earth even inanimate things suffer sorely. Then the wave grows wild and ferocious like a robber; then the fields become as mean as a miser. But woe unto them for whose sake the forests sigh and the mountains weep.

These few lines will convey a truer impression of Selma Lagerlöf than could any words of mine within the narrow scope of this article.

Says a Swedish critic, reviewing her *Legends of Christ,* 1904:

She came to us in the midst of an age of brooding and psychological prying—took hold of the child in us, placed it before a hearth and began to tell stories to it. She was herself a great child, with open eyes that looked beyond what moved immediately about, and so strong was her vision that she discovered life where we had seen but dead things and grey. Fire-radiance and winter darknesses, blue twilight and bright sunshine played above her words, and in these there lived a world, forgotten by us long since, if ever it had existed. But she proved that it lived yet, if we would but throw aside all those glasses that time has put in front of our eyes, and look with naked, naif gaze.

In conclusion it may be of interest to state that Fröken Lagerlöf was commissioned a year ago by the Swedish government to compose a Reader for use in the public schools—a task for which she would seem to be peculiarly fitted. Announcement of the publication of this book has been made, and it will appear before Christmas.

VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

In the course of his career, launched in 1888 with the publication of his first

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book, a volume of verse entitled *Vallfart och vandringsar,* Verner von Heidenstam has on more than one occasion caused conservative fellow-countrymen to spring up and stare. As a young man (he is now about forty-eight) the poet looked alarmingly pagan. The western weather depressed him. He despised the roar of mills and factories, the bloated face of trade, all political haranguing all utilitarian aims. The chirping of the spring poets irritated him, as did the colourless thoughts of contemporary thinkers. He found his age lacking in joyousness, in divine repose; it was wan with worry and haste; it was shallow, unstately, awkward. In short, he deprecated the whole occidental point of view, and turned on his heel and wandered to the sites of Oriental shrines, to worship there.

Both *Vallfart och vandringsar* and *Endymion* (a novel, 1889) voice Heidenstam's adoration of Eastern civilisation. *Endymion* presents a vivid picture of present day Damascus, where the author lived for many months. Its heroine is an American girl of foreign descent, whose soul gradually responds to the appeal of exotic Arabian beauty. She feels that she could make Damascus her home forever. Toward the close of the book, however, there creeps into her heart the sense that from the doom of disintegration the Oriental splendours have no escape. She says to her companion:

"Do you recall the story of Endymion, the beautiful youth, whom Diana constantly put to sleep in order that she might kiss him? The East is Endymion, who, without ever growing old, has slept for three thousand years or more."

"The Endymion who has been asleep here for three thousand years or more," her companion replies, "is dying without our being aware of it, during his sleep. Soon we shall be kissing but the beautiful corpse."

Since those days of ardent worship Heidenstam has changed greatly. His pessimism wears no longer the expression of a frown intensified by a sneer. The presence of black factory smoke and approach of thunderous locomotives does not nauseate him. My impression is that he would rather ride in an automobile (say Fiat 80 H. P.) than travel caravanwise. Still a good pagan, he now tills western soil, that of his own land, and is one of its strongest patriots, perhaps its most gallant one, with keen racial instincts. Note, for instance, the tenor of the following lines, an excerpt from an article written eighteen months ago when Norway had dissolved its political union with Sweden, established in 1814:

We have more rational problems to deal with than the question of whether Norway be right or wrong—on paper. . . . The spirit of discontent that has settled about so many

VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

of us, making this year—like 1809—a year of awakening, has a deeper origin (than that of the external political situation). It is the suspicion that our people, after all so ambitious, and who in spite of their geographically isolated position have retained a prominent place among the Scandinavian nations, now face the possibility of dropping behind in the contest; sooner, it may be, than we shall need days and months to reckon. It is the sense that the stagnant bureaucratic forms, the indifference displayed toward the commonwealth and lavish contempt toward personality and power which characterise the dulness of present things—that

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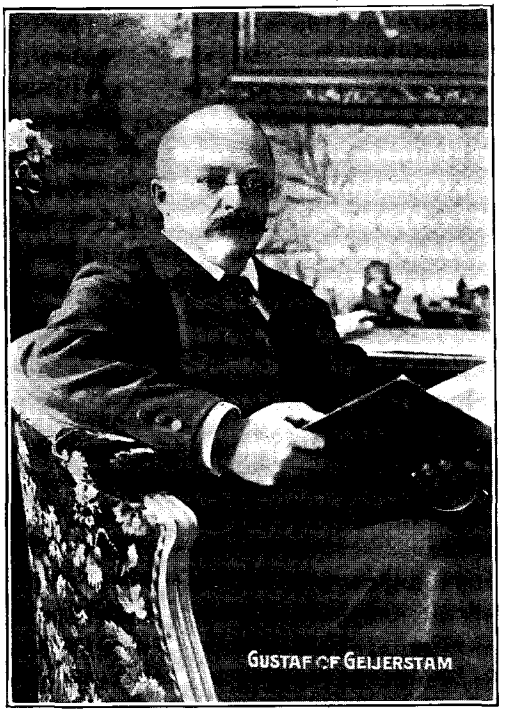
such conditions have helped to bring about what has happened and what may repeatedly happen in futurity. It is the dumb exasperation of having to look in vain—at a time when all the earth is aquiver and afire—for men of strength and action.

Of the poetry of Verner von Heidenstam it is impossible for me to speak in comparative terms. He is the peer of all living Scandinavian poets, Holger Drachmann not excepted. Whenever I read his magnificent *Pilgrimens Julsang* (The Pilgrim's Christmas Carol) I utter harsh



words about the limitations of language. Music, I say to myself, is surrounded with no impassable gulfs; is it not cruelly unjust—a universal loss and mishap—that poetry, equally divine, should be?

Several of Heidenstam's prose works exist in English, notably *Karolinerna,* a series of tales about the warriors of Charles XII.

I recognise one of the sources of his inspiration by the following aphorism, taken from his latest book, *Folkungaträdet,* 1905: "Injustice is the profoundest and most sacred element that was infused into Creation, in order that strong beings might arise."

GUSTAF AF GEIJERSTAM

In the beginning of his career Gustaf af Geijerstam enjoyed a reputation second only to that of Strindberg—the most luminous figure in the literary circle known and hailed as *Young Sweden.* In those days, about twenty-five years ago, Geijerstam was as zealous an iconoclast, as red a radical as his fellow craftsman. He inhabited a squalid attic chamber, he was extremely poor, but afire with energy, aquiver with enthusiasm for the new ideas and forms, and antipathy against futile established notions. Members of the bourgeois faction had no liking for him, and even the big middle class found him a dangerous individual. His weapons were most destructive, it was said, while he had learned the art of social swordsmanship from no less a master than that daring rebel Georg Brandes, of neighbouring Denmark.

To-day the position of Gustaf af Geijerstam in Swedish art and letters is a cosily comfortable one. He has a substantial upholstered easy chair to sit in when he writes. His study, agreeably furnished, is a pleasant place of books and paintings and bric-à-brac. It breathes an air of languid calm and repose. If Geijerstam indulged in idol-smashing in his youth, he has at least carefully removed the tell-tale pieces. There are with him no vestiges of the storms he is said to have been instrumental in whipping up. The writer has profitably reconciled himself to the popular will and reaped abundant reward. He is now the favourite author of the multitude, and those who were his enemies twenty-five years ago are now his admiring friends.

The first production of Geijerstam's to attract wide notice and provoke discussion was *Erik Grane,* a novel largely autobiographical. In this book the author has attempted to picture the deep inner struggle of a young student in ardent pursuit of the intellectual ideal. The hero has listened to Spencer, and heard the near rumble of the radical's drum. The surging voice of Brandes,

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too, has reached his ear from across the Baltic. He looks about him, at the Upsala University professors, who deal in antiquated knowledges, unserviceable, inane facts (he thinks), at various nooks and crannies of the educational régime, at certain ways and by-ways of the student body—with the result that he experiences a pang of disgust. Forthwith he feels called upon to combat the evils of the torpid conditions that face him. But his career as a reformer and reconstructor soon terminates. An overpowering sense of *Weltschmerz* comes to Erik Grane. He asks himself the ancient question, Is it worth while? and a negative answer forms itself in his singed mind. Abruptly leaving the university he obtains employment in a machine shop at manual labour and marries a young woman, to whom Spencer, Brandes, Darwin and all the rest are perfect strangers, but who may have been a good cook.

In those days *Erik Grane* was an unconventional book—a book with a message. To-day modern Scandinavian literature is fairly crowded with works of fiction of the same character. The Erik Grane type has stalked through the pages of a hundred volumes of Danish, Norwegian and Swedish origin—fault-finding, fanatical, cursing things high and low, cultivating his emotionality, uttering platitudes between weary sighs or angry gasps, affecting an attitude of proud disdain, and landing finally in the arms of Renunciation.

In the twenty-one years that have elapsed since the appearance of *Erik Grane* Gustaf af Geijerstam has brought into the world some forty books, more than half of which, at a conservative estimate, may be classed as mere pot-boilers. The notable exceptions are, perhaps, *Medusas Hufvud* (The Head of Medusa), *Vilse i Lifvet* (Astray in Life), *Pastor Hallin*, and most of his shorter tales. For the stage he has written three or four humorous plays that have been hugely successful. He has also several volumes of essays and one of poetry to his credit.

Admirable is Geijerstam's ability to delineate the character of country folk as well as his intimate understanding of the soul of the child. In *Mina Pojkar* (My Boys) he is really delightful, and in *Boken om lille-Bror* (The Story of Little Brother) he reveals—in spite of an inherent propensity to be hypersensitive—true charm. This last named book, the author's most popular story, went through twelve editions, which means that about 30,000 copies of it were sold. An extremely exceptional case for Scandinavia! In Germany Geijerstam's books are almost as much in demand as at home.

HILMA ANGERED-STRANDBERG

To Fru Angered-Strandberg belongs the distinction of having written a most admirable interpretation of American conditions as compared and contrasted with Swedish—her long autobiographical novel, *Den Nya Världen* (The New World), published in 1897.

The New World is a story of failure, of the desperate, heart-rending struggle of two persons, man and wife, against unspeakable adversity—a grim tragedy of two souls:

"Whose youth had no flower in its branches,
whose hopes burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had
grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their lives all around them,
unpitied, unheeded, alone;
With death swooping down o'er their failure,
and all but their faith overthrown.

Louise Niefelt, the heroine of the novel, comes to the United States to be near the man she loves. She hopes to find here not only a better home for her body but more congenial surroundings for her soul. She has the intellectual ideal, refined tastes, a sensitive temperament. Yet she is a woman of action and ambition, and we gain the impression from the novel that if she had fought alone she would have won, for her husband, with all his willingness to see and to try, becomes a burden on their common back. Opportunities arise—the woman perceives and points them out to her husband. He rubs his eyes and looks, but rarely does he act until it is too late. Drudgery has bent his back and sapped his courage. He works automatically, without aspirations, as a window decorator, a dauber, a clerk, an unskilled workman, at hard labour. He opens his mind

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to no stimulating thought; he becomes as the years roll on a veritable beast of burden. Not so Louise Niefelt, who, though obliged to act the part of a scrub woman and suffer physical pain for lack of food, cultivates her mentality incessantly, clinging tightly to the illusion that darkness is only the wall in front of light. Some day it will totter to the ground, and their horizon will spell Reward and Success. Impoverished, pitiable pilgrims, they wander from place to place, from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Chicago. In the latter city, which they reach in the days of the World's Fair, the husband is prostrated with the heat. With his last moments fast approaching and half in delusion, Hultman tries to account for their failure. He declares that the fault was hers; she never understood him, her prodding, her incitements, the swift currents of her energy—all militated against the free development of his individual propensities. Yet he has loved her all the time and loves her still. The next day his wife takes poison. For painful realism, Scandinavia has but one novel to be compared with *The New World,* and that is the Norwegian Knut Hamsun's *Hunger.*

OSCAR LEVERTIN.

The case of Swedish literature has been excellently presented by its three most distinguished critics (all of them of Jewish parentage), Karl Warburg, Henrik Schück and Oscar Levertin. The first was born in 1852, the second in 1855, while the subject of this little sketch became an inhabitant of the world six or seven years later.

Somewhat less than half a generation ago, Oscar Levertin was the *poeta laureatus* of thousands of young women. He was more melodious than Heidenstam, and in his songs there quivered that inevitable little chord of pain whose message goes straight and quick to every responsive feminine heart. Sorrow, longing and regret formed the chief strings of his instrument. He sang reminiscently of "the days that are no more," and singing, he faced his past, which, for him, held no imminent warm comfort. But he sang softly, with alluring cadences. Cultivating the "form that is well within the feeling," he never permitted himself to grow rhapsodic. His melancholy was of the dreamy sort, poetic in itself, almost volatile. In a poet of lesser magnitude it would have been an attitude only.

The four or five volumes of verse that have come from his hand contain few lines reflecting the sensibility and temperament of the Swedish race. Levertin's poetry reveals a mystic spirit—dark, brooding, anxious. The Swede is anything but that. He is fair, robust, confident. I might add, parenthetically, that Emanuel Swedenborg was his country's most unrepresentative son, which conclusion it would not be so very hard to prove.

All the same, it was Oscar Levertin who did fully as much as Verner von Heidenstam and Gustaf Fröding to effect the revival of Swedish poetry that took place in the early nineties. And he has written more than one poem that will endure with the best productions of Carl Snoilsky and Victor Rydberg, notably the introductory poem, "Beatrice," to *Legender och Visor* (Legends and Songs).

Oscar Levertin published his first collection of essays in 1898, while the following year saw the appearance of a second series of portraits entitled *Diktare och Drömmare* (Poets and Dreamers). The latter volume is mainly of a cosmopolitan character, dealing, as it does, with such subjects as Lucretius, Dante, Musset, Renan, Böcklin, Nietzsche, and others, but four of the essays being dedicated to native products—Rydberg, Snoilsky, Strindberg and Heidenstam. In his latest volume of criticism, *Svenska Gestalter* (Swedish Figures, 1904), Levertin returns to the field of his first endeavour, to home grounds. He has here given us an extraordinary, comprehensive appreciation of Selma Lagerlöf, which for its acute perception and analysis matches Brandes's wonderful study of Hans Christian Andersen, first published about 1870. His portrait of Bellman, poet laureate of Gustavus III., and one of the greatest of all minstrels, is equally admirable.

Paul Harboe.

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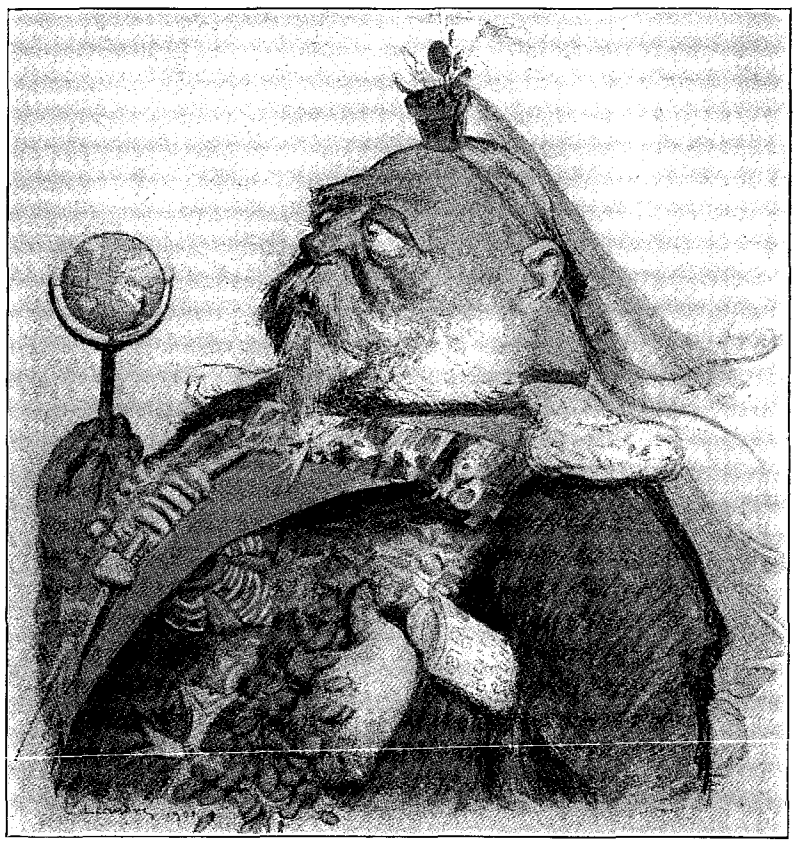
THE UNCLE OF EUROPE*

For the spirit of Grand-Carteret's *The Uncle of Europe,* which Paris has found quite as amusing as the much discussed *Lui* of last year, one need only turn to the dedication. "To the very Parisian former Prince of Wales, with the hope that he may be my interpreter to His Majesty, King Edward VII., this book is respectfully dedicated by a French Anglophile." There is great significance in that "très Parisien ex-Prince des Galles." For unquestionably the genuine friendliness with which the French regard Edward the Seventh is based not so much on the *entente cordiale,* not so much upon the recognition of the practical value of a sane, mature and statesmanlike Majesty, as upon the memory of that very human "Dodo" of other days, the short, stout man with the familiar waistcoat barred by a great watch chain, who was neither "a commercial traveller nor a German excursionist," but the heir to the British throne, coming quite naturally to take his share of the delights of the boulevards. In the antipathy with which the great majority of Frenchmen regard the German Emperor there can be detected the

*L'Oncle de l'Europe. Par John Grand-Carteret. Paris: Louis Michaud.



EDWARD VII., KING OF ENGLAND AND EMPEROR OF INDIA

This extraordinary picture is by Léandre, and originally appeared in *Le Rire* (Paris) in February, 1901, just after the death of Victoria and the accession of Edward. To any one familiar with the conventional portraits of the former Queen and Empress in her later life the significance of the picture is obvious.

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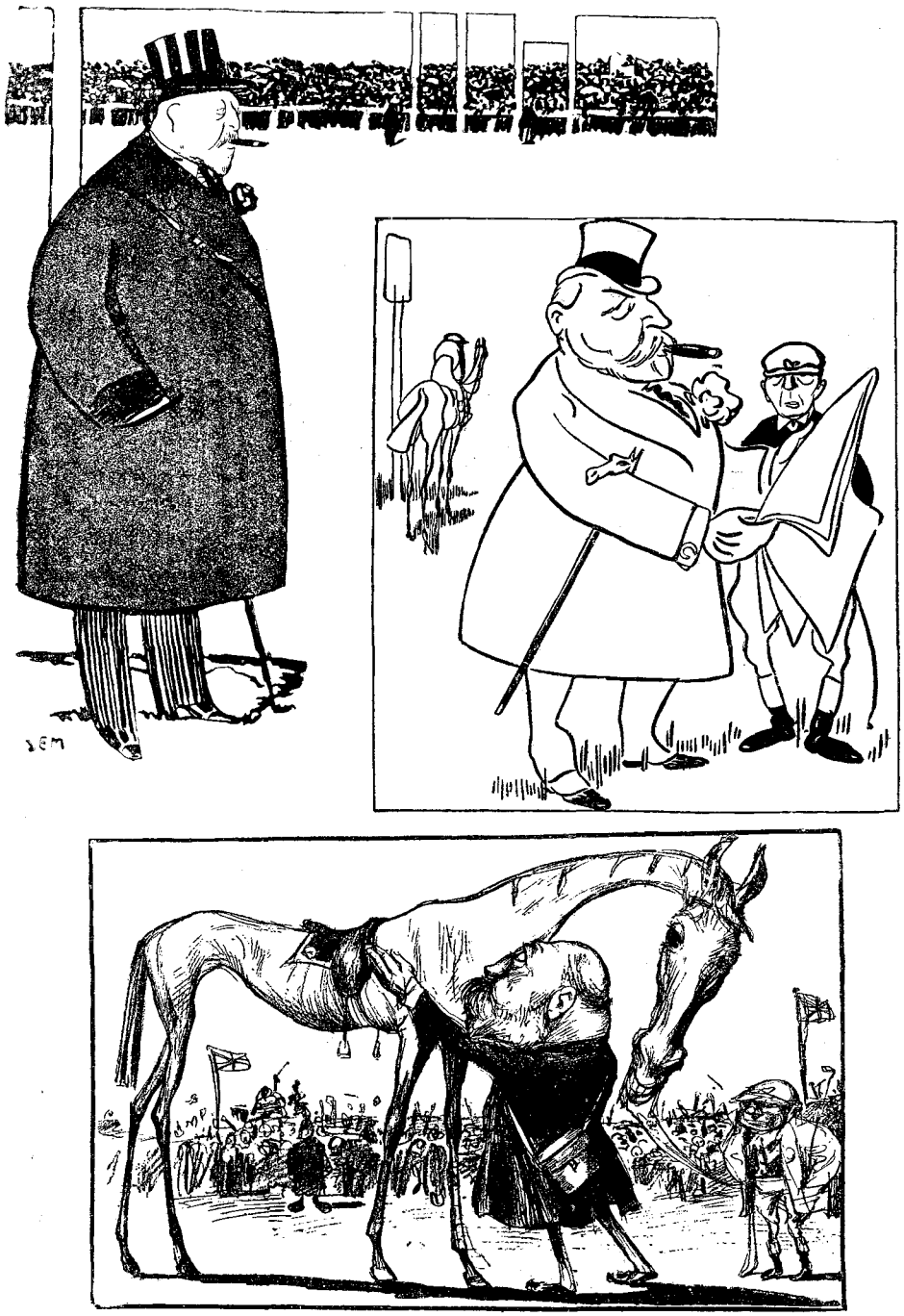

THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AS A SPORTSMAN

The second picture, by Caran d'Ache, appeared in the closing months of the Boer War. The legend reads as follows: "London.—H. M. Edward VII. has spoken in warm terms of De Wet, of Armistice and Peace. Later.—These, however, it seems are the names of horses." The bottom picture represents Edward saying: "My brave Ambush, you are the glory of my reign, I appoint you a General."

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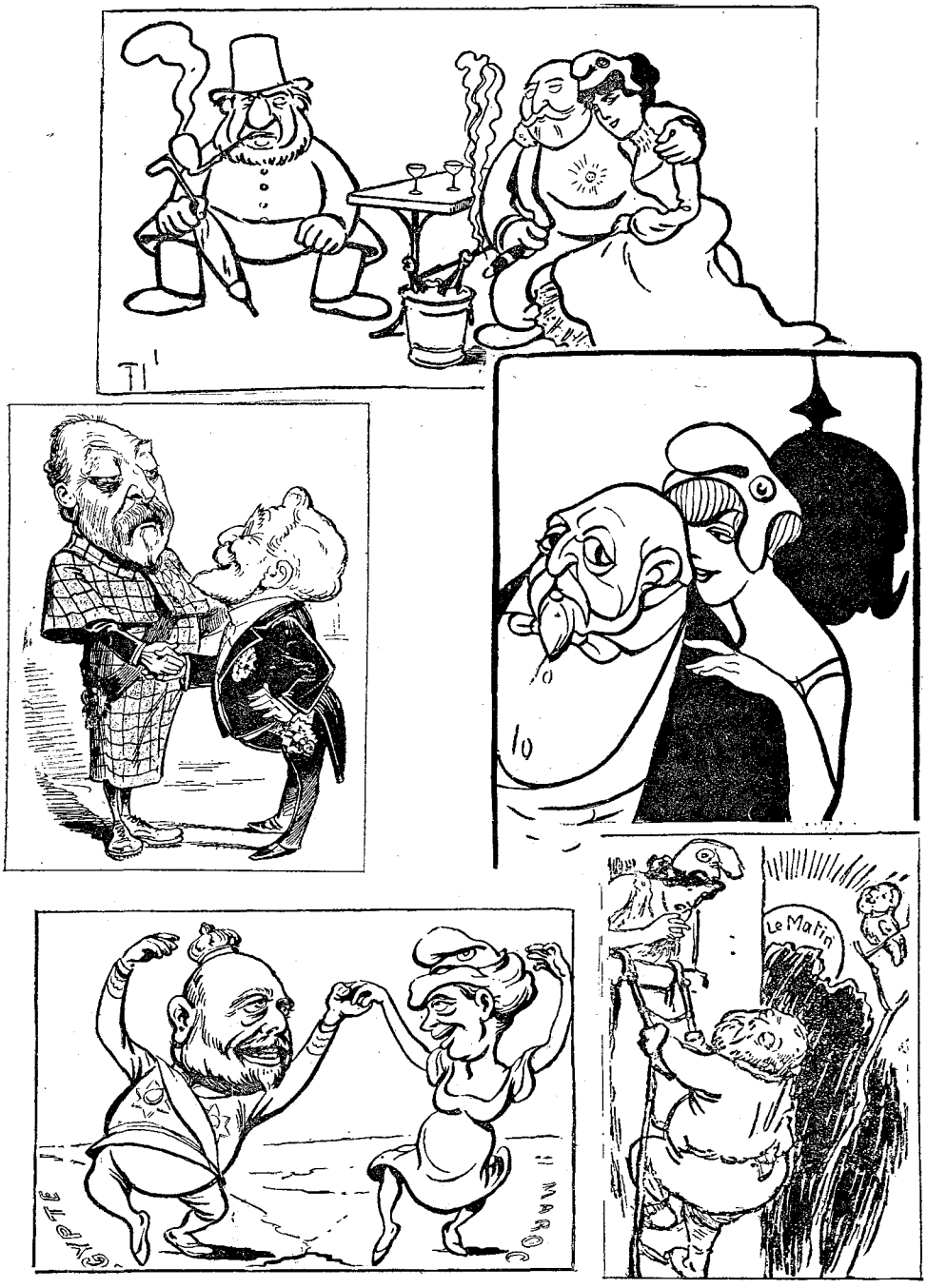

THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AND THE ENTENTE

The picture at the top is a Belgian thrust at the infidelities of Marianne (France). Kruger is complaining bitterly: "After all, Marianne, it was only three years ago that I was your fat darling" (ton gros cheri). The last picture depicts Edward as Romeo and France as Juliet. The picture directly above is an Italian skit called "The Algeciras Ball." Marianne is saying: "You are not handsome, my dear John, but you make the Terrible Corporal furious. It is for that I love you."

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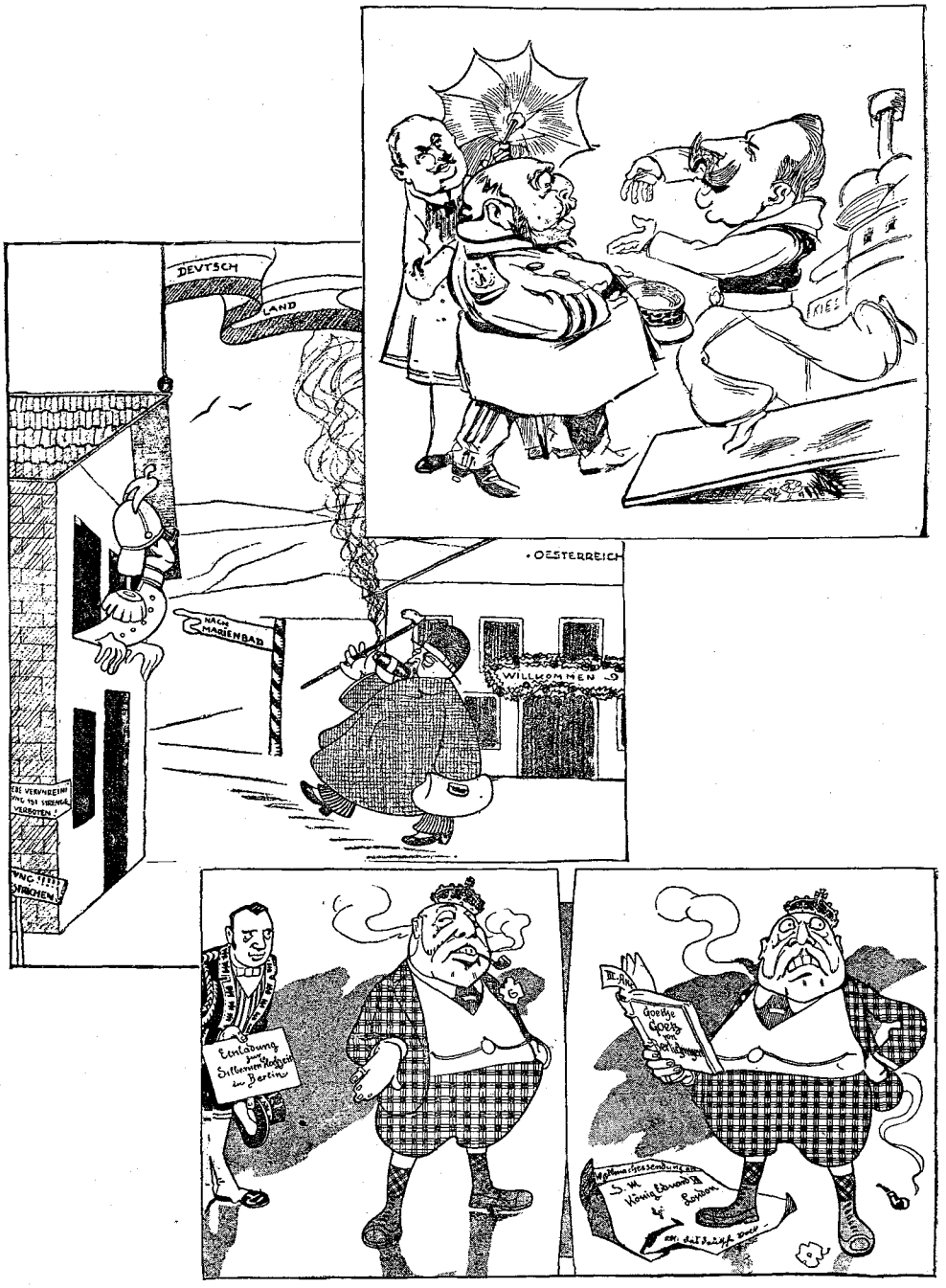

THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AND HIS NEPHEW

The picture at top bears the brief legend: "Kiel! Kiel! Edward and Willy." The second picture deals with the English King's habitual visit to Marienbad, preferring to stay at Austria House than at the hotel kept by his nephew. The third picture is a German idea of Edward's expression on receiving a German invitation

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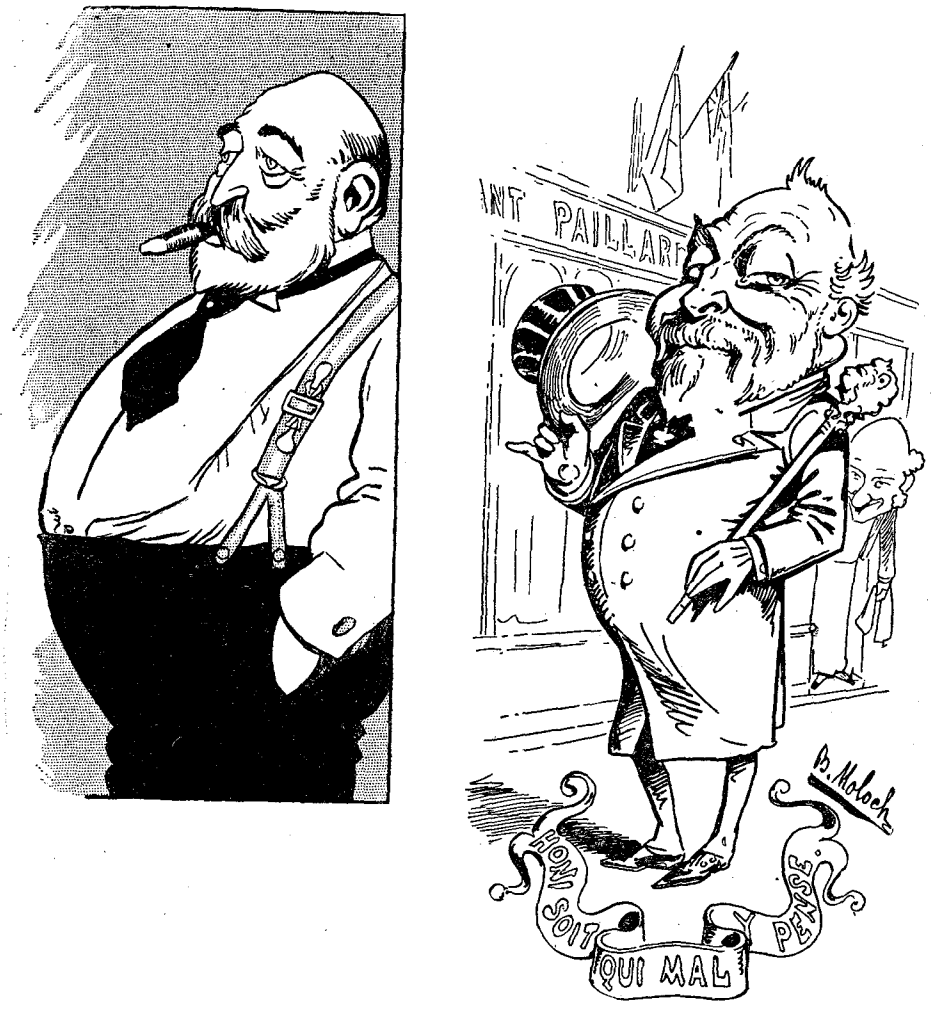

THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AS AN ARBITER OF FASHION

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THE UNCLE OF EUROPE AND PARIS

In the first picture Edward asks: "Well, Alfonso, did you amuse yourself in Paris?" Alfonso—"Ah! If you had only been my guide; M. Loubet is a good father of a family, while you——". In the second picture Edward is saying, "Oh, my joyous Paris, how changed you seem to me." The point of the third picture is that despite change of cooks the Grenadier remains true to the kitchen so long as the food is good.

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note of a certain pity. He may marshal his spiked helmets by the million, his lightest word may cause a shiver in every corner of Europe and send the shares tumbling in the Bourses—but—he has never known Paris, and that misfortune must be considered as a certain extenuation for his extravagances and excesses. Last year *Lui* was rigidly excluded from Germany. *L'Oncle de l'Europe*, on the other hand, has been cordially welcomed in England, and the King himself sent a letter of appreciation to the author.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Robert W. Chambers's "The Fighting Chance."*

A heroine of Miss Edgeworth's is regarded as a bad risk by a prudent admirer, because of a rumour that, in her race, for several generations, no man has been *sans peur* and no woman *sans reproche*.

The same shadow upon all her ancestresses does not deter Mr. Howard Quarrier from wishing to install Miss Sylvia Landis at the head of his house and, incidentally, as acknowledged leader of New York society.

Aware of her hereditary drawbacks, the girl is glad of a safe husband, and, though well to do in her own right, she permits the prospect of a superlative establishment and position entirely to counterbalance the unpleasantness of Mr. Quarrier's silken beard, woman's eyes and blonde pompadour. How such an insider of insiders contrived to preserve these stigmata of ignorance without his "form" being questioned is one of the mysteries Mr. Chambers has not time to explain.

Sylvia has had one or two bad scares on the score of her own recklessness and susceptibility—her tendency to short-lived but inconvenient fancies for highly inadequate gentlemen; and although her three years of society have passed among the gayest and most sophisticated "smart" people, she is quite ignorant of the nature of love, and innocently regards wedlock as a convenient, impersonal arrangement by which Mr. Quarrier may, with propriety, have the privilege of paying her bills.

In this way Mr. Chambers skilfully proves her invincible girlishness, since in the circle which she frequents bills go largely unpaid unless through luck at Bridge, or benevolent if not disinterested intervention from an outsider.

However, Sylvia preserves her maiden view of matrimony (nothing among her young married associates arousing a doubt as to its thoroughly impersonal nature), while losing her heart to a

*The Fighting Chance. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1906.

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charming detrimental, one Stephen Siward, an hereditary dipsomaniac.

Now in the love passages between this ill-starred pair Mr. Chambers at once strikes his gait. Their first meeting, their talk by the sea, their stolen midnight interview in the deep window seat, are as pretty and sympathetic bits of sentiment as can be found in contemporary fiction.

Mr. Chambers defines all his characters clearly, never failing to use the word, the phrase, which shall keep their peculiarities sharply before the reader. Sylvia's uncle, Major Belwether, looks like a rabbit and always "scuttles" to cover, or otherwise acts in character (why did not Mr. Wentzel take advantage of this in his illustration instead of making him a model, straight-featured old gentleman?); Leila Mortimer's Japanese eyebrows are never forgotten, or Beverly Plank's big pink fists.

The entire company plays Bridge harder than Lily Bart's friends; they drink more, they are more sporty, more fashionable, more vicious, they have fewer children. No set of people ever before had so many servants, beauty doctors and luxuries; . . . and as for their touring cars, Mercedes by preference, who can count them?

Their dissipations make early stories of New York life—Mr. Fawcett's, Mr. Bishop's, Mr. Crawford's, even those of Mr. Saltus—sound pale and spiritless, and the way in which Mr. Chambers knows it all is positively dazzling.

Moreover, he knows something more important—how to tell a story admirably; and he so manages his various threads of intrigue that an expert novel reader may go on to the very last chapter without a positive certainty of the outcome. His inroad upon the stock market is sufficiently coherent to convince you, without being wearisomely overladen with detail. There is movement in plenty, and his "well-groomed" players prance up and down Fifth Avenue, making a picture as lively and natural as a cinematograph. In other words, *The Fighting Chance* is completely readable. Mr. Chambers is so clever, has so keen a sense of character, that after enjoying his book, you ungratefully regard him with violent irritation. He has no right not to do even better! He lets himself go, in descriptions which, however brilliant, suffer from an element of cheapness, of quick journalism. He is willing to tag his people with a recurrent phrase rather than take time to convey his just conception through a more subtle and painstaking medium. Their jargon penetrates his narrative till he cannot tell of Siward's buying roses without himself, the author, calling them "Jacks." His command of idiom is so perfect that at times he comes perilously near using the trade idiom. He is so taken with the general sense of splendour that even the silver ash tray comes in for mention. In other words, his abundant and interesting material is not thoroughly digested. Plank, the well-imagined, lonely millionaire, is worthy of more careful analysis; also the central theme, the girl finding her own soul in spite of her odious surroundings, is almost crowded out by the restless and obtrusive background. If *The Fighting Chance* were a shade less talented you would pass it by as a clever, readable book, not calling for serious consideration. It is from a past and present conviction of Mr. Chambers's ability to produce something more durable that you incline to quarrel with him, to demand that he shall sublimate sport, Bridge and motoring, giving them less directly, more in essence, leaving himself greater elbow room and leisure for a riper and more delicate method of development for his well-conceived situations and characters.

Mary Moss.

II

The Leader.*

Any good Democratic campaign manager, with the returns of recent Presidential elections before him, should be able to demonstrate mathematically that *The Leader* will be the book of the year in point of sales at least. It is on record that in two Presidential elections some millions of good men and true cast their ballots for the peerless statesman whose completion of the grand tour has recently been celebrated in speech and print. Those same men would have cast those

*The Leader. By Mary Dillon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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same ballots in the last election but for the machinations of wicked Capital, which conspired to deprive them of the opportunity. They stand ready, with no one knows how many recruits, to cast them again a few months hence. No one can question the loyalty of the followers of the Sage of Nebraska, whose counterfeit presentment, with its broad, serene brow and statesmanlike necktie, adorns so many of the hamlets and palaces of the land. What more natural than to suppose these followers eager for a memorial of their idol which shall preserve his moral lineaments for ages among the imperishable treasures of literature? Surely at least half this army of voters may be counted on as purchasers of a book thus dedicated to their hero; whereby is assured a sale of perhaps two or three millions, in comparison with which *David Harum* must hide his diminished frontispiece.

Not that any book dealing with a political hero is assured of such gigantic success; far from it. Ever since *The Honourable Peter Stirling* got himself identified with our distinguished ex-President there have been novels with heroes taken from the actual political arena, and more or less successfully disguised. In this process of turning fact into fiction the great Commoner has not hitherto escaped Scot free. But in *The Leader* we at last have the real Bryan—that is, if not Bryan exactly as he is, at least Bryan as he ought to be; a glorified, romanticised Bryan, freed from the hampering clogs of actuality to make a hero of fiction. It is marvellous how much of the actuality can stick without marring the romanticism of the picture. You first come on the hero of *The Leader*—for courtesy his real name is suppressed, and he is known as plain John Dalton—a boy on his way to college; you read that "the strong square jaw was set in a grim determination to hold himself quiet, and the keen grey eyes under the shock of dark brown hair occasionally emitted fiery flashes." It is like meeting an old friend; you recognise the strong square jaw and keen grey eyes, and only the shock of brown hair troubles you. But hold; he is still only a boy, and this is but a prologue. In a few pages you have the full-grown man as he faces a great audience. "There was nothing dashing in the strong, lithe figure, lean and muscular, with broad shoulders bearing with ease the leonine head. The close crop of brown curls was already darkening to grey and beginning to whiten and to thin at the temples, leaving a broad expanse of brow that had almost the effect of beetling over the keen grey eyes. The chin was square and massive and the lips well cut and firmly closed. Neither was there anything at all flashy (*sic!*) in the dress. Save for the little black tie, he might have been a country clergyman, in his easy fitting black frock and black trousers, guiltless of a crease." There you have the man unmistakably: the superb orator, the leader of the "peepul," the friend of the toiling masses. There are, it is true, certain items in the description which fairly out-Bryan Bryan. The brow that had almost the effect of beetling seems to detract something from our hero's geniality, and those trousers guiltless of a crease are a strain on our credulity. But this is perhaps one of those final touches of perfection which the novelist is privileged to add to the real model. The "leonine head" is, thank heaven, no exaggeration, and it is good to have it greet us, like a Wagnerian *motif*, at every appearance of the hero.

And so, breathless with admiration, you follow the Honorable William Jennings Dalton through the campaign of 1904. You see him on the floor of the St. Louis Convention, wrestling for the rights of the masses against the wicked encroachments of Eastern capital; you applaud as he encounters the leader of the hated moneyed interests in that memorable committee meeting and defeats him; you look on in awe as he relinquishes the nomination for the sake of a principle which his best friends declare quixotic. But above all, your heart is touched and you thrill with sympathy at the recital of his love for a beautiful, high-born lady. (Let it be confessed frankly that here fact and fiction part company, for the hero of the book is unmarried.) It is this blithe romance of the book-hero that adds the final touch of ideal perfection to the hero of real life. We must all like Mr. Bryan the better after knowing the possibilities

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for love of a stalwart politician with a leonine head and creaseless trousers.

All in all, *The Leader* is a great political work—a matchless campaign document. That fact removes it somewhat from the realm of pure and disinterested literature, and renders unnecessary any extended discussion of its artistic merits. It were superfluous to dwell on the evidence that its author is as unskilled in the use of the English language as most makers of political documents; that the construction of her novel, considered merely as a novel, is as shaky as that of many a party platform; that her characters, in so far as they are fictitious, are the stock figures of a thousand generations of second-rate novelists. What, in heaven's name, has the art of the novelist to do with a political document? It is enough that this author has given us a superb presentment of a peerless statesman, decked out, as we would wish always to see him, in his shining halo and creaseless trousers.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

Mr. Spearman's "Whispering Smith."*

Those simple-minded readers who still retain a fondness for a good story will turn with pleasure from the ethics of divorce or the mortifying exposures of our various forms of national corruption to novels like *Whispering Smith,* where no time is wasted in introspection, the characters being far more prone to action.

Ever since Bret Harte published those matchless stories of California life, which have only been approached in power by some of Kipling's earlier work, the West has been a land of conquest and adventure, though its heroes are no longer red-shirted miners or handsome gamblers, but rather construction engineers and railroad men, for, as the author points out, of all the agencies that have hastened the transformation of the Western wilderness "transportation overshadows all others. The first railroad put across those mountains cost twenty-five thousand miles of reconnoissances and fifteen thousand miles of instrument surveys."

The scene of Mr. Frank Spearman's latest story, *Whispering Smith,* is laid in the hills and valleys of the Northwest, "where the mountain chains of North America have been flung up into a continental divide." The characters are railroad men and cattle ranchers, and the action rapid and adventurous in a way that holds the attention from start to finish.

The first scene in the book strikes the keynote of the whole story and introduces most of the important characters. There has been an accident on the railroad not far from Medicine Bend, and Murray Sinclair, foreman of the bridges, has been sent to the scene of disaster with his wrecking gang to clear the track as soon as possible. At this work Sinclair is a marvel, and soon has things under way, when the division superintendent, George McCloud, arrives on the scene. McCloud is an Eastern man, who, by residence in the West, had "insensibly replaced his Eastern tissue with Western. In New England he had been carefully moulded by several generations of gentlemen, but never baked hard. The mountains put the crust on him." The West had also developed in him "the rarest of all gifts of temperament, even among men of action—the ability to handle men."

The wrecked train had been loaded with merchandise of various kinds and Sinclair has a four-horse ranch wagon filled with loot when McCloud interferes and orders it put back into a box car on the track, declaring that the freight loss and damage account of the road had increased two hunderd per cent. in the last year, and that looting must stop then and there. A dispute ensues, which ends in Sinclair's calling off his men and leaving McCloud to deal with the wreck as best he can. There are some casks of brandy in the wreckage, and McCloud gets out of his difficulty by pouring the spirit on the wreck and setting fire to it, thus clearing the way. Sinclair departs with his men. An appeal to the president of the road only confirms McCloud's sentence. Sinclair is never to work on the division again, and from that time there is war to the knife.

Not long after a bridge on the road is

* Whispering Smith. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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burned, then a cattle train is wrecked, and finally a passenger train is held up, and the safe of the express car robbed. This is too much, and the president of the road sends for Whispering Smith, a man who occupies an important position on the railroad that connects Medicine Bend with the outer world, a position incident to the state of civilisation prevalent there. "He is the man on whom the railroad relies to repress the lawlessness that breaks out in the mountains at times and interferes with the operating of the road. . . . Railroads want law and order. Robbery and murders don't make business for railroads." And Smith describes his own occupation thus: "The mountains are filled with men that don't care for God, man or the devil. Sometimes they furnish their own ammunition to fight with and don't bother the railroad for years. . . . Then comes a time when they get after us, shooting our men or robbing our agents or stopping our trains. Of course we have to get busy then."

This is the man who has been told to "get these fellows if it takes all the money in the treasury, and not to stop till he cleans them out of the Rocky Mountains." Smith is convinced that Sinclair is at the bottom of all the trouble, but the difficulty is first to convict him of it, and second to capture him, for he has many friends, much influence and is a fine shot. Things are in this condition when another train is held up, the express messenger killed and the safe robbed. Whispering Smith starts in pursuit with a *posse* of men, picks up the trail near the scene of the robbery and finally runs the fugitives to earth in Williams Cache, a narrow valley which has long been a refuge for outlaws.

The description of the final round-up of these men is very well done, and the reader holds his breath when Smith, three out of his four men having fled, the fourth badly wounded, is left to confront three desperate men at close quarters.

Sinclair is not among the Williams Cache gang; another hunt follows, and the outlaw is finally overtaken in a valley with two companions, criminals like himself, and from this interview with Whispering Smith there is no return.

Although distinctly a novel of action, the author has not neglected the romantic element, without which, we are assured, no novel has any chance of success. Dicksie Dunning, owner of a twenty thousand acre ranch, magnificent rider and warm-hearted girl, furnishes the necessary impetus for McCloud's energies, while Marion Sinclair, the outlaw's deserted wife, is Whispering Smith's inspiration. *Mary K. Ford.*

IV

Owen Johnson's "Max Fargus."*

There is something exceedingly refreshing in the very grimness of Mr. Johnson's new story. It is not a conventional tale, and it is not conventionally told. It has none of the attributes which commend a book to those who demand what is vaguely called "pleasant reading;" nor will it appeal, on the other hand, to those who like an author to wade deep into the mire to dig up material for unsavoury sensations.

Max Fargus is a story taken out of the seamy side of life, and told with directness and sincerity. It leaves a very strong impression of certain aspects of the New York of the later seventies and early eighties. It contains at least one character that will not easily be forgotten. In the days of old-fashioned story telling the book would probably have had a subtitle. It would have been *Max Fargus; or, the Story of a Vengeance.* In the tale the motives of love and jealousy play only minor parts, and after vengeance the dominant note is that of avarice.

In the telling of his story Mr. Johnson has adopted a method which is somewhat unusual in novels of modern American life, and which seems to have been borrowed from French fiction. Instead of working chronologically, he begins by flinging before the reader a striking and dramatic scene—the meeting of Sheila Fargus and the shyster lawyer, Bofinger, after the return of the latter from Mexico with the news of Max Fargus's probable death and the blasting information that the law will not allow them to inherit until seven years have elapsed. Then the author goes back and tells you in direct narrative of the events which have led up

*Max Fargus. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

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to this situation. Finally, he takes you to the end of the seven years and unfolds to you the scheme of deep vengeance by which Max Fargus has brought about the ruin of the man and woman who wronged him.

It would be high praise—perhaps too high praise—to say that the characters are as well drawn as they are named. It is a long time since the present reviewer has come across a book that is so striking in this last respect. Before you are half through the book you feel that Max Fargus, "the oyster-house man," by another name would not be the same person at all. A glance at the glass front of the Tenth Street law offices of Hyman Groll and Alonzo Bofinger would give you a deep insight into their characters and the parts that they are destined to play in any drama of life. No less striking are the woman, whom we know as Sheila Vaughn, or Sheila Morrissey, and afterwards as Sheila Fargus, and the money-lender, Leopold Sammoman. If for no other reason, *Max Fargus* should be read for the extent to which it differs from the modern novel of the usual type.

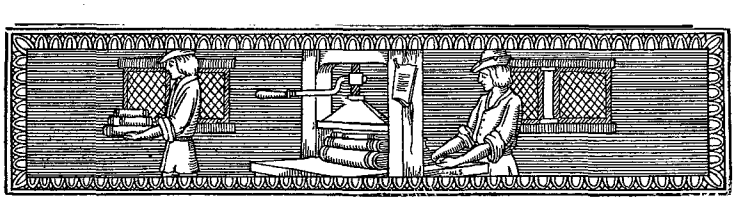
Firmin Dredd.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A live toy, gemmed with jewelled gold and green.
With ever-whirling wings unheard, unseen,
  He poises lightly at the poppy's lips,
  Into the honeysuckle blossom slips,
To drink their wines, and bathe in their perfume,
And breathe the sweet God-given dust of bloom.

Then swift as thought, quick as a lamp's death-flare,
Unseen this jewelled dagger cuts the air
  In flight; then reappears to poise again
  Before the nectar-laden flowers, and then
Where once had hung life, energy and grace.
Darts off, leaving a void—an empty space

James Courtney Challiss.



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CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

I.—TREASURE TROVE

SAT fishing. I had not caught anything, of course—I rarely do, nor am I fond of fishing in the very smallest degree, but I fished assiduously all the same, because circumstances demanded it.

It had all come about through Lady Warburton, Lisbeth's maternal aunt. Who Lisbeth is you will learn if you trouble to read these veracious narratives —suffice it for the present that she has been an orphan from her youth up, with no living relative save her married sister Julia and her Aunt (with a capital A)—the Lady Warburton aforesaid.

Lady Warburton is small and somewhat bony, with a sharp chin and a sharper nose, and invariably uses lorgnettes; also she is possessed of much worldly goods.

Precisely a week ago Lady Warburton had requested me to call upon her—had regarded me with a curious exactitude through her lorgnettes, and gently though firmly (Lady Warburton is always firm) had suggested that Elizabeth, though a dear child, was young and inclined to be a little self-willed. That she (Lady Warburton) was of opinion that Elizabeth had mistaken the friendship which had existed between us so long for something stronger. That although she (Lady Warburton) quite appreciated the fact that one who wrote books, and occasionally a play, was not necessarily immoral—still I was, of course, a terrible Bohemian, and the air of Bohemia was not calculated to conduce to that degree of matrimonial harmony which she (Lady Warburton) as Elizabeth's Aunt, standing to her in place of a mother, could wish for. That, therefore, under these circumstances my attentions were—etc., etc.

Here I would say in justice to myself that despite the torrent of her eloquence I had at first made some attempt at resistance; but who could hope to contend successfully against a woman possessed of such an indomitable nose and chin, and one moreover who could level a pair of lorgnettes with such deadly precision? Still, had Lisbeth been beside me things might have been different even then, but she had gone away into the country—so Lady Warburton had informed me. Thus alone and at her mercy, she had succeeded in wringing from me a half promise that I would cease my attentions for the space of six months, "just to give dear Elizabeth time to learn her own heart in regard to the matter."

This was last Monday. On the Wednesday following as I wandered aimlessly along Piccadilly at odds with Fortune and myself, but especially myself, my eye encountered the Duchess of Chelsea.

The Duchess is familiarly known as the "Conversational Brook" from the fact that when once she begins she goes on forever. Hence, being in my then frame of mind, it was with a feeling of rebellion that I obeyed the summons of her parasol and crossed over to the brougham.

"So she's gone away?" was her greeting as I raised my hat—"Lisbeth," she nodded, "I happened to hear something about it, you know."

It is strange, perhaps, but the Duchess generally does "happen to hear" something about everything.

"And you actually allowed yourself to be bullied into making that promise—Dick! Dick! I'm ashamed of you."

"How was I to help myself?" I began. "You see——"

"Poor boy!" said the Duchess, patting me affectionately with the handle of her parasol, "it wasn't to be expected, of course. You see I know her—many, many years ago I was at school with Agatha Warburton."

"But she probably didn't use lorgnettes then, and——"

"Her nose was just as sharp though—

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'peaky' I used to call it," nodded the Duchess. "And she has actually sent Lisbeth away—dear child—and to such a horrid, quiet little place too, where she'll have nobody to talk to but that young Selwyn——"

"I beg pardon, Duchess, but——"

"Horace Selwyn of Selwyn Park—cousin to Lord Selwyn of Brankesmere. Agatha has been scheming for it a long time, under the rose, you know. Of course it would be a good match in a way—wealthy and all that, but I must say he bores me horribly—so very serious and precise!"

"Really!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say——"

"I expect she will have them married before they know it—Agatha's dreadfully determined, her character lies in her nose and chin."

"But Lisbeth is not a child—she has a will of her own, and——"

"True," nodded the Duchess, "but is it a match for Agatha's chin? And then, too, it is rather more than possible that you are become the object of her bitterest scorn by now."

"But, my dear Duchess——"

"Oh! Agatha is a born diplomat; of course she has written before this, and without actually saying it has managed to convey the fact that you are a monster of perfidy, and Lisbeth, poor child, is probably crying her eyes out, or imagining she hates you, is ready to accept the first proposal she receives out of pure pique."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "what on earth can I do?"

"You might go fishing," the Duchess suggested thoughtfully.

"Fishing!" I repeated, "—er, to be sure, but——"

"Riverdale is a very pretty place they tell me," pursued the Duchess in the same thoughtful tone; "there is a house there, a fine old place called Fane Court. It stands facing the river, and adjoins Selwyn Park, I believe."

"Duchess," I exclaimed, as I jotted down the address upon my cuff, "I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can never——"

"Tut, tut!" said her Grace.

"I think I'll start to-day, and——"

"You really couldn't do better," nodded the Duchess.

* * * * *

And so it befell that upon this August afternoon I sat in the shade of the alders fishing with the smoke of my pipe floating up into the sunshine.

By adroit questioning I had elicited from mine host of the Three Jolly Anglers the precise whereabouts of Fane Court, the abode of Lisbeth's sister, and guided by his directions, had chosen this sequestered spot, where by simply turning my head I could catch a glimpse of its tall chimneys above the swaying green of treetops.

It is a fair thing upon a hot summer's afternoon within some shady bower to lie upon one's back and stare up through a network of branches into the limitless blue beyond, while the air is full of the stir of leaves, and the murmur of water among the reeds. Or propped on lazy elbow, to watch perspiring wretches, short of breath and purple of visage, urge boats up stream or down, each deluding himself into the belief that he is enjoying it. Life under such conditions may seem very fair, as I say; yet I was not happy. The words of the Duchess seemed everywhere about me.

"You are become the object of her biterest scorn by now," sobbed the wind.

"You are become, etc., etc.," moaned the river. It was therefore with no little trepidation that I looked forward to my meeting with Lisbeth.

It was at this moment that the bushes parted and a boy appeared. He was a somewhat diminutive boy, clad in a velvet suit with a lace collar, both of which were plentifully bespattered with mud. He carried his shoes and stockings beneath one arm, and in the other hand swung a hazel branch. He stood with his little brown legs well apart regarding me with a critical eye, but when at length he spoke his attitude was decidedly friendly.

"Hallo, man!"

"Hallo!" I returned, "and whom may you be?"

"Well," he answered gravely, "my real name is Reginald Augustus, but they call me 'The Imp.'"

"I can well believe it," I said, eyeing his muddy person.

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"If you please, what is an Imp?"

"An imp," I explained, "is a sort of an —angel."

"But," he demurred after a moment's thought, "I haven't got any wings an' things—or a trumpet."

"Your kind never do have wings, or trumpets."

"Oh! I see," he said, and sitting down began to wipe the mud from his legs with his stockings.

"Rather muddy, aren't you?" I hinted. The boy cast a furtive glance at his draggled person.

"'Fraid I'm a teeny bit wet, too," he said hesitatingly. "You see I've been playing at 'Romans,' an' I had to wade, you know, 'cause I was the standard-bearer who jumped into the sea waving his sword an' crying, 'Follow me!' You remember him, don't you? he's in the history book."

"To be sure," I nodded, "a truly heroic character. But if you were the Romans, where were the Ancient Britons?"

"Oh, they were the reeds, you know; you ought to have seen me slay them. It was fine, they went down like—like——"

"Corn before the sickle," I suggested.

"Yes, just!" he cried; "the battle raged for hours."

"You must be rather tired."

"'Course not," he answered with an indignant look. "I'm not a girl—an' I'm nearly nine, too."

"I gather from your tone that you are not partial to the sex—you don't like girls, eh, Imp?"

"Should think not," he returned, "silly things girls are. There's Dorothy, you know; we were playing at executions the other day—she was Mary Queen of Scots an' I was the headsman. I made a lovely axe with wood and silver paper, you know; an' when I cut her head off she cried awfully, an' I only gave her the weeniest little tap—an' they sent me to bed at six o'clock for it. I believe she cried on purpose—awfully caddish, wasn't it?"

"My dear Imp," said I, "the older you grow, the more the depravity of the sex will become apparent to you."

"Do you know, I like you?" he said, regarding me thoughtfully. "I think you are fine."

"Now that's very nice of you, Imp; in common with my kind I have a weakness for flattery—please go on."

"I mean, I think you are jolly."

"As to that," I said, shaking my head and sighing, "appearances are often very deceptive; at the heart of many a fair blossom there is a canker worm."

"I'm awfull' fond of worms, too!" said the Imp.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I got a pocketful yesterday, only Auntie found out, an' made me let them all go again."

"Ah—yes," I said sympathetically, "that was the woman of it."

"I've only got one left now," continued the Imp, and thrusting a hand into the pocket of his knickerbockers, he drew forth six inches or so of slimy worm and held it out to me upon his small, grimy palm.

"He's nice and fat!" I said.

"Yes," nodded the Imp; "I caught him under the gooseberry bushes," and dropping it back into his pocket he proceeded to don his shoes and stockings.

"'Fraid I'm a bit muddy," he said suddenly.

"Oh, you might be worse," I answered reassuringly.

"Do you think they'll notice it?" he inquired, contorting himself horribly in order to view the small of his back.

"Well," I hesitated, "it all depends, you know."

"I don't mind Dorothy, or Betty the cook, or the governess—it's Auntie Lisbeth I'm thinking about."

"Auntie—who?" I exclaimed, regardless of grammar.

"Auntie Lisbeth," repeated the Imp.

"What is she like?"

"Oh, she's grown up big, only she's nice. She came to take care of Dorothy an' me while mother goes away to get nice an' strong—oh, Auntie Lisbeth's jolly, you know."

"With black hair and blue eyes?" The Imp nodded.

"And a dimple at the corner of her mouth?" I went on dreamily, "a dimple that would lead a man to the—Old Gentleman himself."

"What old gentleman?"

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"Oh, a rather disreputable old gentleman," I answered evasively.

"An' do you know my Auntie Lisbeth?"

"I think it extremely probable—in fact, I'm sure of it."

"Then you might lend me your handkerchief, please; I tied mine to a bush for a flag, you know, an' it blew away."

"You'd better come here and I'll give you a rub down, my Imp." He obeyed with many profuse expressions of gratitude.

"Have you got any Aunties?" he inquired, as I laboured upon his miry person.

"No," I answered, shaking my head; "unfortunately mine are all Aunts, and that is vastly different."

"Oh," said the Imp, regarding me with a puzzled expression, "are they nice—I mean do they ever read to you out of the history book, an' help you to sail boats, an' paddle?"

"Paddle?" I repeated.

"Yes. My Auntie Lisbeth does. The other day we got up awfull' early an' went for a walk, an' we came to the river, so we took off our shoes an' stockings an' we paddled; it was ever so jolly, you know. An' when Auntie wasn't looking I found a frog an' put it in her stocking."

"Highly strategic, my Imp! Well?"

"It was awful funny," he said, smiling dreamily. "When she went to put it on she gave a little high-up scream, like Dorothy does when I pinch her a bit—an' then she throwed them both away, 'cause she was afraid there was frogs in both of them. Then she put on her shoes without any stockings at all, so I hid them."

"Where?" I cried eagerly.

"Reggie!" called a voice some distance away, a voice I recognised with a thrill. "Reggie!"

"Imp, would you like half a crown?"

"'Course I would, but you might clean my back, please," and he began rubbing himself feverishly with his cap, after the fashion of a scrubbing brush.

"Look here," I said, pulling out the coin, "tell me where you hid them—quick, and I'll give you this." The Imp held out his hand, but even as he did so the bushes parted and Lisbeth stood before us. She gave a little, low cry of surprise at sight of me, and then frowned.

"You?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered, raising my cap. And there I stopped, trying frantically to remember the speech I had so carefully prepared—the greeting which was to have explained my conduct and disarmed her resentment at the very outset. But rack my brain as I would, I could think of nothing but the reproach in her eyes—her disdainful mouth and chin—and that one haunting phrase:

"'I suppose I am become the object of your bitterest scorn by now?'" I found myself saying.

"My aunt informed me of—of everything, and naturally——"

"Let me explain," I began.

"Really, it is not at all necessary."

"But, Lisbeth, I must—I insist——"

"Reginald," she said, turning toward the Imp, who was still busy with his cap, "it's nearly tea-time, and—why, whatever have you been doing to yourself?"

"For the last half hour," I interposed, "we have been exchanging our opinions on the sex."

"An' talking 'bout worms," added the Imp. "This man is fond of worms, too, Auntie Lisbeth—I like him."

"Thanks," I said, "but let me beg of you to drop your very distant mode of address—call me Uncle Dick."

"But you're not my Uncle Dick, you know," he demurred.

"Not yet, perhaps, but there's no knowing what may happen some day if your Auntie thinks us worthy—so take time by the forelock, my Imp, and call me Uncle Dick."

Whatever Lisbeth might or might not have said was checked by the patter of footsteps, and a little girl tripped into view with a small, fluffy kitten cuddled in her arms.

"Oh, Auntie Lisbeth!" she began, but stopped to stare at me over the back of the fluffy kitten.

"Hallo, Dorothy!" cried the Imp; "this is Uncle Dick; you can come an' shake hands with him if you like."

"I didn't know I had an Uncle Dick," said Dorothy, hesitating.

"Oh, yes; it's all right," answered the Imp, reassuringly. "I found him, you

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know, an' he likes worms, too!" Dorothy gave me her hand demurely.

"How do you do, Uncle Dick?" she said in a quaint, old-fashioned way. "Reginald is always finding things, you know; he found this kitten the other day—I call her Louise."

From somewhere near by there came the silvery chime of a bell.

"Why, there's the tea bell!" exclaimed Lisbeth; "and, Reginald, you have to change those muddy clothes. Say good-bye to Mr. Brent, children, and come along."

"Imp," I whispered as the others turned away, "where did you hide those stockings?" And I slipped the half crown into his ready palm.

"Along the river there's a tree—very big an' awfull' fat, you know, with a lot of stickie-out branches, an' a hole in the stump—they're in there."

"Reginald!" called Lisbeth.

"Up stream or down?"

"That way," he answered, pointing vaguely downstream; and with a nod that brought the yellow curls over his eyes, he scampered off.

"Along the river," I repeated, "in a big, fat tree with a lot of stickie-out branches!" It sounded a trifle indefinite, I thought—still I could but try. So having packed up my rod I set out upon the search.

It was strange, perhaps, but nearly every tree I saw seemed to be either "big" or "fat"—and all of them had "stickie-out" branches.

Thus the sun was already low in the west, and I was lighting my fifth pipe when I at length observed the tree in question.

A great pollard oak, it was, standing upon the very edge of the stream, easily distinguishable by its unusual size and the fact that at some time or another it had been riven by lightning. After all the Imp's description had been in the main correct, it was "fat," immensely fat, and I hurried joyfully forward.

I was still some distance away when I saw the distant flutter of a white skirt, and, yes, sure enough, there was Lisbeth, walking quickly, too, and she was a great deal nearer the tree than I.

Prompted by a sudden conviction, I dropped my rod and began to run. Immediately Lisbeth began running too. I threw away my creel and sprinted for all I was worth. I had earned some small fame at this sort of thing in my university days, yet I arrived at the tree with only a very few yards to spare. Throwing myself upon my knees, I commenced a feverish search, and presently—more by good fortune than anything else—my random fingers encountered a soft, silken bundle. When Lisbeth came up, flushed and panting, I held them in my hands.

"Give them to me!" she cried.

"I'm sorry——"

"Please," she begged.

"I'm very sorry——"

"Mr. Brent," said Lisbeth, drawing herself up, "I'll trouble you for my—them."

"Pardon me, Lisbeth," I answered, "but if I remember anything of the law of 'treasure-trove' one of these should go to the Crown, and one belongs to me."

Lisbeth grew quite angry—one of her few bad traits.

"You will give them up at once—immediately."

"On the contrary," I said very gently, "seeing the Crown can have no use for one, I shall keep them both to dream over when the nights are long and lonely."

Lisbeth actually stamped her foot at me, and I tucked "them" into my pocket.

"How did you know they—they were here?" she inquired after a pause.

"I was directed to a tree with stickie-out branches," I answered.

"Oh, that Imp!" she exclaimed, and stamped her foot again.

"Do you know, I've grown quite attached to that nephew of mine already?" I said.

"He's not a nephew of yours," cried Lisbeth quite hotly.

"Not legally, perhaps; that is where you might be of such assistance to us, Lisbeth. A boy with only an aunt here and there is unbalanced, so to speak; he requires the stronger influence of an uncle. Not," I continued hastily, "that I would depreciate aunts—by the way, he has but one, I believe?" Lisbeth nodded coldly.

"Of course," I nodded, "and very lucky in that one—extremely fortunate. Now, years ago, when I was a boy, I had three,

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and all of them blanks, so to speak. I mean none of them ever read to me out of the history book, or helped me to sail boats, or paddled and lost their— No, mine used to lecture me about my hair and nails, I remember, and glare at me over the big tea urn until I choked into my teacup. A truly desolate childhood mine. I had no big-fisted uncle to thump me persuasively when I needed it; had fortune granted me one I might have been a very different man, Lisbeth. You behold in me a horrible example of what one may become whose boyhood has been denuded of uncles."

"If you will be so very obliging as to return my—my property."

"My dear Lisbeth," I sighed, "be reasonable; suppose we talk of something else," and I attempted, though quite vainly, to direct her attention to the glories of the sunset.

A fallen tree lay near by, upon which Lisbeth seated herself with a certain determined set of her little, round chin that I knew well.

"And how long do you intend keeping me here?" she asked in a resigned tone.

"Always, if I had my way."

"Really?" she said, and whole volumes could never describe all the scorn she managed to put into that single word. "You see," she continued, "after what Aunt Agatha wrote and told me——"

"Lisbeth," I broke in, "if you'll only——"

"I naturally supposed——"

"If you'll only let me explain——"

"That you would abide by the promise you made her and wait——"

"Until you knew your own heart," I put in. "The question is, how long will it take you? Probably, if you would allow me to teach you——"

"Your presence here now stamps you as—as horribly deceitful!"

"Undoubtedly," I nodded, "but you see when I was foolish enough to give that promise your very excellent Aunt made no reference to her intentions regarding a certain Mr. Selwyn."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lisbeth. And feeling that I had made a point, I continued with redoubled ardour.

"She gave me to understand that she merely wished you to have time to know your own heart in the matter. Now, as I said before, how long will it take you to find out, Lisbeth?"

She sat chin in hand staring straight before her, and her black brows were still drawn together in a frown. But I watched her mouth—just where the scarlet underlip curved up to meet its fellow.

Lisbeth's mouth is a trifle wide, perhaps, and rather full-lipped, and somewhere at one corner, I can never be quite certain of its exact location, because its appearance is, as a rule, so very meteoric—but somewhere there is a dimple. Now if ever there was an arrant traitor in this world it is that dimple, for let her expression be ever so guileless, let her wistful eyes be raised with a look of tears in their blue depths, despite herself that dimple will spring into life and undo it all in a moment. So it was now, even as I watched it quivered round her lips and feeling herself betrayed, the frown vanished altogether and she smiled.

"And now, Dick, suppose you give me my—my——"

"Conditionally," I said, sitting down beside her.

The sun had set, and from somewhere among the purple shadows of the wood the rich, deep notes of a blackbird came to us, with pauses now and then, filled in with the rustle of leaves and the distant lowing of cows.

"Not far from the village of Down in Kent," I began dreamily, "there stands an old house with quaint high-gabled roofs and twisted Tudor chimneys. Many years ago it was the home of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen, but its glory is long past. And yet, Lisbeth, when I think of it at such an hour as this and with you beside me, I begin to wonder if we could not manage between us to bring back the old order of things."

Lisbeth was silent.

"It has a wonderful old-fashioned rose garden, and you are fond of roses, Lisbeth."

"Yes," she murmured, "I'm very fond of roses."

"They would be in full bloom now," I suggested.

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There was another pause, during which the black bird performed three or four difficult arias with astonishing ease and precision.

"Aunt Agatha is fond of roses, too!" said Lisbeth at last very gravely. "Poor dear Aunt, I wonder what she would say if she could see us now?"

"Such things are better left to the imagination," I answered.

"I ought to write and tell her," murmured Lisbeth.

"But you won't do that, of course?"

"No, I won't do that if——"

"Well?"

"If you will give me—them."

"One," I demurred.

"Both!"

"On one condition then—just once, Lisbeth?"

Her lips were very near, her lashes drooped, and for one delicious moment she hesitated. Then I felt a little tug at my coat pocket, and springing to her feet she was away with "them" clutched in her hand.

"Trickery!" I cried, and started in pursuit.

There is a path through the woods leading to the Shrubbery at Fane Court. Down this she fled, and her laughter came to me on the wind. I was close upon her when she reached the gate, and darting through, turned, flushed but triumphant.

"I've won!" she mocked, nodding her head at me.

"Who can cope with the duplicity of a woman?" I retorted. "But, Lisbeth, you will give me one—just one?"

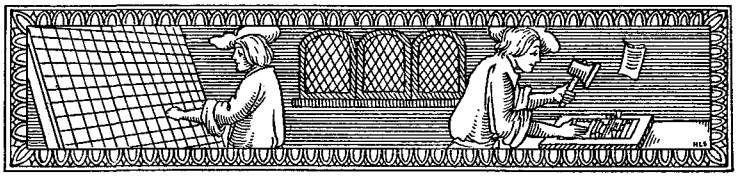
"It would spoil the pair."

"Oh, very well," I sighed, "good-night, Lisbeth," and lifting my cap I turned away.

There came a ripple of laughter behind me, something struck me softly upon the cheek, and stooping, I picked up that which lay half unrolled at my feet, but when I looked round Lisbeth was gone.

So I presently thrust "them" into my pocket and walked back slowly along the river path toward the hospitable shelter of the Three Jolly Anglers.

(*To be continued.*)



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LONDON .PUNCH SPEAKS FOR ENGLAND ON SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

FATHER TIME (*closely examining small incision in tree trunk*). "Who's been trying to cut this tree down?"

"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT (*in manner of young George Washington*). "Father! I kannot tel a li. I did it with my litl ax.

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FONETIK REFAWRM BY EDICT

HE President's official adoption of Simplified Spelling must, we fear, be added to the rather lengthy list of what some persons disrespectfully describe as "T e d d y ' s breaks." It represents his temperamental tendency to meddle with anything and everything that comes his way, and also his conviction that a stroke of the Presidential pen can do the work of centuries in a moment. Probably a good luncheon with Professor Brander Matthews, a hasty glance at the Simplified Spelling literature, and a guilty consciousness that he had not done anything spectacular in a whole week, may serve to explain the genesis of his order that hereafter the Public Printer shall use the Simplified Spelling in such official documents as the Executive controls. Perhaps, too, the President felt that he was still somewhat in arrears when compared with his great and good friend and quasi-model, the German Kaiser. He had, to be sure, assisted in regulating college football. He had preached sermons. He had discussed questions of tokology in reference to Race Suicide. He had shot bears and has written a book about it. He was having a profoundly important change made in the trousers worn in the American army. But he had not yet, like his imperial brother, painted a picture or composed a hymn, or dry-nursed a new school of sculpture. And so we don't blame him if, under the influence of the Matthewsian *blandiloquentia*, the President saw a brilliant opportunity for fresh fame, and fairly grabbed it with both hands. No one will very seriously object, as no serious harm will have been done.

For we may commend to the President that well-worn but always instructive story of the Emperor Sigismund. His Sacred Majesty was haranguing (quite after the fashion of our own liege lord) a gathering of eminent men; and in doing so he saw fit to employ the Latin language. But he had scarcely opened his mouth before he sought to make the feminine form of an adjective agree with the neuter noun *schisma*. Whereupon a very tactless scholar (probably a Democrat) who was present, arose and said:

"Your majesty will pardon me, but *schisma* is of the neuter gender."

The Emperor glared at the audacious meddler.

"Who says so?" he demanded thunderously.

"Alexander Gallus, the grammarian."

"And who, pray, is Alexander Gallus?" snorted the Emperor.

"Alexander Gallus is a learned monk."

"A monk, is he?" said the Emperor in supreme disdain. "Well, he is a monk, but *I*—*I* am the Holy Roman Emperor!"

Doubtless the applause was great. The courtiers all laughed and cheered at the mingled wit and overwhelming completeness of their master's answer. It was a signal triumph for Simplified Grammar. Yet the various chroniclers who preserve the story slyly add the significant remark that, somehow or other, the noun *schisma* still remains a noun of the neuter gender.

And that which an absolute monarch could not accomplish with a single noun, the temporary ruler of a free Republic must assuredly fail to bring to pass with a whole section of our native language. The great Half-Baked, who constitute the majority of Professor Matthews's constituency will chortle merrily, and will imagine a vain thing. But nothing will really happen. The documents which for a time may issue from the Public Printer's office will have about as much influence upon genuine usage as though they were issued in the moon. Few persons ever see governmental documents at all. No one sits around the fireside in the winter reading the statistics of hog cholera in Southern Illinois. Young girls in hammocks under the spreading greenwood tree seldom hold in their slender hands a big black volume of consular reports on our trade in artificial fertilisers. The man of letters at his desk, the man of leisure in his club, the traveller in a Pullman, the members of innumerable reading circles, the lovers of literature—none of these know or care anything about the flood of dreary office verbiage which

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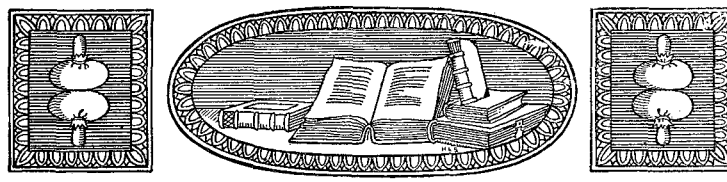
passes out from the Governmental Printing Bureau in Washington and is franked by Congressmen to their constituents, so that the honest farmer may have material in plenty wherewith to light his fires of a winter morning.

And the newspapers will not use this freakish spelling, for the reason that their readers would not tolerate it. The publishers will not use it, because if they did they could not hope to sell in England the duplicate plates of their important books. The vast majority of private individuals will not use it, because they dislike it, and because they find it easier to spell as they have always been accustomed to. It is, indeed, quite possible that this attempt of a political personage to employ his official power to force an offensive mode of spelling into use may do more to squelch the whole Simplified Spelling movement than any other single cause. Anglo-Saxons resent dictation as to how they shall dress, or what they shall eat, or at what hour they shall go to bed. They are not going to take very kindly to anybody's dictum as to how they shall spell. Hence, on the whole, we are rather glad that the President has undertaken to make himself a sort of national pedagogue. Beyond putting an end to the vague talk of placing him hereafter at the head of Harvard University, he will have effected nothing of much moment. Whenever he shall go out of office, a phonetically safe and sane successor will rescind his thoughtless order. Then, years hence, the student of history, in pursuing his researches, will occasionally come upon a layer of documents characterised by a grotesque misspelling; and, like a geologist, he will know that he has reached a peculiar stratum, belonging to the Later Rooseveltian Cacographic Age. And he will smile, and think of certain other things that happened in that striated period of tumefaction, and then he will dump the documents once more into the dust whence they were dragged—a proper resting place for the carcases of outworn fads and follies.

Harry Thurston Peck.



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NEWS FROM WASHINGTON

HE BOOKMAN has received what purport to be advance copies of three important Executive Orders, soon to be issued to several departments under the control of the National Government. We do not vouch for their authenticity and they are published with all due reserve; but on their face they do not seem to be inherently improbable.

I.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Scientific Bureaus and the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution:

Having given some thought to the subject in the intervals of my other occupations, and having talkt with Professor Phake of the Cowboy University, I have decided to direct you hereafter to maintain that it is possible to square the circle, and that perpetual motion is feasible. The Government in these matters must keep abreast of public opinion; for scientific theories ultimately rest upon the verdict of a majority of our countrymen. If, however, it should turn out that public opinion is unfavorable to this order, the thing will be dropt, and that is all there is about it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

II.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been much imprest by reading some powerful sermons of the late Rev. John Jasper, D.D., of Richmond, Virginia, who was during his lifetime an intimate of my friend, Professor Booker T. Washington. Dr. Jasper's arguments have convinced me that your views of astronomy are utterly absurd and contrary to common sense. You will please, hereafter, see that all computations and calculations made by yourself and your assistants are based upon Dr. Jasper's dictum that "the sun do move." We must keep abreast of public sentiment in astronomy, though if it should turn out that I have made a mistake, the matter may be dropt.

Yours very truly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

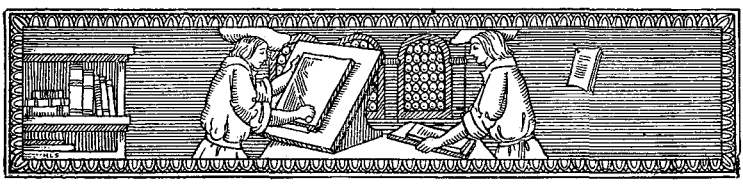
III.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

To all Chaplains in the Army and Navy:

Owing to the effect produced upon me by reading the works of Professor Crookes of London and Professor Hyslop of Columbia University, I hereby request that you will hereafter substitute sermons on Spiritualism for such doctrinal discourses as you have previously been preaching. Should Congress create a new Cabinet office in accordance with a recommendation which I am about to make, I shall appoint Mrs. Piper of Boston, Massachusetts, to be Secretary of Spooks. We must strive to keep fully abreast of public sentiment. If I shall find out later that public sentiment does not cordially endorse Spiritualism, the matter can be dropt, and that is all there is about it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



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HERE AND THERE

I.

The Word of a Gentleman

We have received a letter from a reader who has before, at times, found occasion to dissent from our opinions. It runs as follows:

"In your August number, speaking of President Roosevelt's possible renomination in 1908, you say that the fact that he has disclaimed any desire or even willingness to be a candidate, 'has no weight at all.'

"Now President Roosevelt made his declaration even stronger than you intimate. He said that *under no circumstances* would he be a candidate. Those words constituted a distinct and definite pledge, a promise, an engagement. How can you say that it 'has no weight at all'? Is the word of a gentleman to have no weight? May it be broken at will? Does honour go for nothing? Or do you not consider the President a gentleman?

"R. V. M."

Most certainly we consider the President a gentleman, and most certainly we believe that the pledge, the promise, the word of a gentleman should be kept inviolate. But our correspondent ought to make a distinction which he seems not to have remembered. He must not think us sophistical if we remind him of it; for it is really very plain and clear and consonant with right reason and a sense of honour. There is a vast difference between a promise and a mere expression of intention. In the first, he who speaks does so for the benefit and in behalf of some one else, and what he says is for the interest of some one else, and therefore there is a distinct obligation resting on the giver of the promise. But when a gentleman only expresses an intention of doing or not doing a particular thing—speaking quite of his own accord and at a time when his utterance is a purely personal affair—then he is in nowise bound to carry out the intention which he has expressed. It is not a promise, it is not a pledge, it is not an engagement made with any one. Thus, for example, let us suppose that the President, after his unlucky bear-hunt in Alabama, had said in a moment of vexation: "Under no circumstances will I ever go on a bear-hunt again!" But suppose that later, having heard that bears were very numerous in some particular range of the Rockies, Mr. Roosevelt should decide that, after all, he would like another try at the big game, and should proceed to take it, would any human being say that he had violated a promise or forgotten the sacredness of his plighted word? Surely not; for when he has merely declared a present purpose, a gentleman may freely change his mind and alter his intentions.

To apply all this more strictly to the case in point, we must ask R. V. M. to remember that Mr. Roosevelt made his disclaimer *after* he had been elected and not before. Had he stated during the campaign of 1904 that, if elected then, he would under no circumstances be again a candidate, such a declaration at that time would indeed have been a promise which he could never have ignored without dishonour. It would conceivably have affected many votes and might well have induced some citizens to support him who would otherwise have refrained from doing so. Hence, Mr. Roosevelt would have been bound in the strongest possible way to stick to the very letter of his declaration. But so long as such a statement could have influenced a single vote, he said no word upon the subject. He waited until the ballots were all in, until the verdict of his countrymen had been recorded, and until the whole world knew that he had been chosen President by a majority unequalled in American political history. And *then*, and only then, did he express his firm intention of being no more a candidate for the great office to which he had been called. Here was no promise; here was no pledge. He spoke frankly and as he felt at the moment; but he spoke when his words imposed no obligation and at a time when they left him free as ever to change his purpose in the future should he choose to do so. Therefore, we said that his disclaimer in 1904 has no weight when

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quoted now or two years hence; and we hope that R. V. M., on thinking over carefully this very obvious view of the whole subject, will agree that we are right.

II.

L'Affaire Esterhazy

We have been interested in a very curious phase of the Dreyfus case—a phase to which no one appears to have called attention. The general verdict of the world runs somewhat in this fashion: "Of course, the French as a people lost their heads completely over the supposed treason of Captain Dreyfus; and of course, in their frenzy, they allowed him to be treated with terrible injustice. But the persons really responsible were only a few plotters in the War Office. The French were deceived and not to blame. What more natural than their wild explosion of rage when they were led to believe that a wearer of their uniform, a soldier of France, should have betrayed his country's military secrets to the hated Germans? Their frenzy was really creditable to their patriotism; and when the injustice was made clear to them, they did all within their power to repair it. On the whole, then, the French people have acted nobly and with all their old-time ardour—impulsive, mercurial, but fundamentally right-minded, logical and sane."

This is all very well, but it leaves entirely out of view the extraordinary episode of Major Esterhazy. That the French should seek to crucify a traitor to *la patrie* was natural enough, but why one traitor more than another? The alleged treason of Dreyfus was always doubtful. The treason of Esterhazy was as clear as day. He was an officer in the French army. His rank was higher than that of Dreyfus. He was of noble blood. Yet he was proved to have written the famous *bordereau* upon which the case against Dreyfus largely rested. He admitted this himself after his flight to England. He was proved also to have been engaged in treasonable correspondence with German officers. Letters of his were found filled with expressions of hatred toward France. "I should like to see the Uhlans lash the French with dog-whips," he wrote in one of them. All these things were published to the world. Yet the French people heard and read them with an indifference that made much more remarkable the fierce blood fury with which they cursed the very name of Dreyfus and his friends. *Conspuez Dreyfus!* and *Conspuez Zola!* and *Conspuez Reinach!* were cries that were yelled along the boulevards all day and night. But no one felt moved to cry *Conspuez Esterhazy!* How is this strange inconsistency to be explained? Was it because Dreyfus was a Jew? Hardly that; for many Jews rejoiced when he was degraded and sent to the horrors of Devil's Island. Race prejudice will not account for it. The episode offers a mysterious problem in the psychology of an entire nation.

H. T. P.

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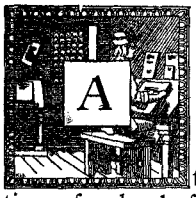
THE BOOK AND THE MAKING



S an appropriate article under this head it is believed that the average reader will be interested in a detailed account of the methods employed in the mechanical production of a book from the time the manuscript is accepted by the publisher.

While the details of manufacturing vary in some respects in the different classes of books, the procedure in general is practically the same, and for the present purpose the average novel has been selected as being the most familiar volume to describe. The average manuscript contains about eighty thousand words, and is usually furnished by the author in typewritten form. Upon its acceptance it is placed in the hands of the "manufacturing man," so called because it is in his department that the mechanical production of the book takes place. Usually the first step is to secure a proper cover design, and for this purpose the manuscript is given to the designer, in order that some important phase of the story may be symbolically or decoratively treated in the design, the manuscript is then carefully estimated for its length, and the type page is designed with the idea of bringing the book out to a required number of pages and at the same time keeping it within "even forms," if possible, for printing. It should be explained here that thirty-two pages constitute a printer's "form," and this number is printed on one side of the sheet, the dimensions of which are about 30½ by 41 inches; so that when both sides of the sheet are printed it contains sixty-four pages. The manuscript is now given to the typesetter. Of recent years this work has invariably been done on the typesetting machines, which automatically casts each line (called a slug) as fast as it is set. It is an interesting fact that one man can set in this way a book of eighty thousand words in seven days. To set a book by hand would require about twenty-six days for one man. The book is now complete in a continuous column of slugs, which column is divided into shorter ones, about 20 inches in length, and these short lengths are called "galleys." From these the "galley proofs" are "pulled," one set being sent to the author for correction and the other to the illustrator, if the book is to have illustrations. On the return of the corrected proofs from the author the book is "made up" into pages, and the heads and folios are then inserted. In some instances these page proofs are again revised by the author, after which they are cast into "plates" by the electrotyping process, which can be briefly described as follows: The page of type is pressed hydraulically into a sheet of wax, which sheet is hung in a magnetic battery for two or three hours, where it becomes coated with a "shell" of copper. This shell, when removed from the battery, is the exact form of the type page. The shell is then backed or filled with a hard white metal, which makes it a printing plate with a thickness of about 3-16 of an inch.

While this work is in progress, the "manufacturing man" has planned a title-page for the book, which is by no means the easiest part of his task; in fact, if he is a student of typography, he will give the greater part of his attention in the typographical "make-up" of the book to this adjunct. His effort will be to produce in the simplest way the most effective and legible result, which means much.

At the time the title-page is planned all the other pages constituting the "front matter" are designed typographically. These pages, of course, precede the text of the book, and appear in the following order: The half title, usually consisting of simply the title of the book, in a single line; the title-page the copyright notice, the dedication, the introduction, the table of contents, and the list of illustrations. With these plates and those of the text completed, the book is now ready for the press. The operation of this will be described in another instalment.

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Recent Examples of Fine Book Making.

A new book in the special editions of Houghton, Mifflin and Company that sustains the well-earned reputation of these volumes is a reprint of the first separate edition of *Paul et Virginie*,* by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. The volume is a small quarto, printed with wide margins on a very pleasant and flexible hand-made paper. A French style of format has been well carried out. The title-page is drawn with a strong French feeling. The type was imported from Paris, and is of the same cut as was the Didot's and contemporary printers of their class, such as Bodoni of Parma. It is a letter whose beauty always appeals to the student of typography, while it represents the most definite and satisfactory advance that these printers made toward the establishment of what is known as the "Modern Roman" letter. If these men had done nothing else, the introduction of this model of type should have made them famous. The foreword of the present volume is set in 18-point, and shows the peculiar charm of the type. The text is in 12-point, well leaded, with 8-point caps for the running head, and the folio at the bottom. The illustrations are woodcuts, copied from the copperplates in the edition of 1789. These are delicately handled, and have a touch which suggests the primitive period of the story. They are printed on thin Japan paper, and mounted. Finally, the binding is uniquely attractive and perfectly in keeping, being full French paper boards of a grey-green tint in a streaked effect. A neat paper label on the shelf back completes a volume which will hold a high place among those editions that have made such a strong appeal to the discriminating collector.

The Literary Collector Press has just added to its list of publications a book on "Old-Time Wall Papers,"† which should make a strong appeal to collectors of antiques as well as those interested in primitive house decoration. The book is a large quarto, set in Caslon type, with liberal margins. The author, Miss Kate Sanborn, is peculiarly fitted for such a task, since she has long been gathering material and making a thorough study of the subject. The interest and study in the selection of wall papers have been increasing for many years. Their history has been strangely neglected, and the present volume represents the first exhaustive account that has ever been undertaken. To the interested individual Miss Sanborn's book has a particular fascination, and it should have the effect of making the subject interesting to those who have heretofore been indifferent. The book is profusely illustrated with reproductions and plates of old papers, and it is a revelation to learn that so many old homesteads still contain rooms papered in these quaint designs and perfectly preserved. A novel idea has been introduced in the end papers of the book, which reproduce the "Devil Paper" in the Gore Mansion in Waltham, Massachusetts. An artistic effect has been gotten by reproducing portions of old wall papers as headbands and tailpieces throughout the book. That the book is a valuable and unique one on the subject it covers is manifest to any one who gives it proper consideration, and further evidence we find in the introductory note, in which Miss Sanborn begins by saying: "If a book has ever been written on this subject, it has been impossible to discover." The binding is in brown paper boards with paper labels. In this particular it would seem that an opportunity had been lost in not having an appropriate binding of quaint and old-style design.

*Paul et Virginie. Par Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, in the original French text. Riverside Press. Edition limited to 280 numbered copies. $15.00, net. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

†Old-Time Wall Papers. By Kate Sanborn. Regular edition, 975 copies at $5.00; Collector's edition, 75 signed and numbered copies, $15.00. Literary-Collector Press: Greenwich, Connecticut.

Important Developments in Printing.

As a result of the recent Exhibition of the Development of Printing as an Art in the Boston Public Library, requests

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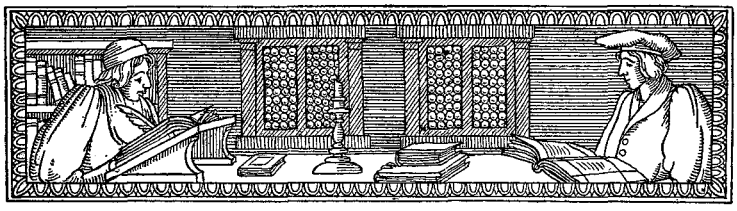
have been received from twenty-one libraries for a travelling exhibit of this character. This exhibition was held under the auspices of the Society of Printers, and a committee is now in charge of the proposed travelling exhibit. It is to be shown in many public and university libraries during the present year.

While there have heretofore been many local and national organisations of printers, these have been entirely for trade purposes. The distinct purpose of this new form of organisation, under the title of the Society of Printers, is "the Study and Advancemennt of the Art of Printing." Plans for the formation of branches of this organisation are already under consideration in New York and Chicago. It is believed that printing can be placed on a more professional basis, and one of the features of the movement is to increase the appreciation of the art of printing by displays in public libraries, by lectures and by printing schools. There have been for many years elementary schools in printing, but none in which theory has had any part. It is now proposed that more advanced facilities be provided, to include the study of historic ornament, design and colour, as applied to printing. The wealth of illustration in modern periodicals and the important commercial uses of illustrated literature constitute a new phase of printing, requiring a training far beyond that of the mere typesetter or pressman. Among the institutions to take up this new phase are the Carnegie Technical Schools, Pittsburg, and the Winona Technical Institute, Indianapolis.



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NOVEL NOTES

THE FORTUNE SEEKER. By David Graham Phillips. In dianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

It is a pity that Mr. Phillips did not take a little more time to round out this story and do full justice to the capital material which he has employed in making it. He cannot be uninteresting even if he tries; and no haste or superficiality of treatment ever avails to make a book of his unreadable. He has the art of catching your attention in the very first paragraph; and having caught it, he holds it with a sure grasp. This tale of Feuerstein, a cheap actor in the German Theatre, a "dead beat," a sponger on his chance acquaintances, is a most diverting little romance of the East Side among those whom the author rightly styles "the real New Yorkers," and who at least belong to the New York of reality. Feuerstein, with his tossing blond locks, his low collar, his impressive swagger, his sonorous voice, his almost insane vanity and his loathing for honest work, goes out to win the hand of an heiress among the maidens whose fathers keep delicatessen shops and invest their savings in "flat houses," until they can retire to a neat little *lusthaus* in the Bronx.

It is a very novel and curious microcosm that Mr. Phillips has here sketched for us—alas, only sketched! The people who throng Tompkins Square, who make honest, frank, plebeian love on the public benches, the heart-burnings of the upholsterer's daughter, the dawn of romantic passion in a delicatessen girl, the wiles of a divorce lawyer, the Olympian rage of a rich brewer, Feuerstein's carefully devised schemes for raising a few dollars to pay his landlady, the glories of the Café Boulevard and the domestic delights of a Sunday afternoon in an East Side back parlour—Mr. Phillips tantalises us with the richness of his material and provokes us by the comparatively meagre use that he has made of it. Here is the real essence of a genuine New York novel. To what marvelous ends Balzac would have employed it all! For that matter, what a delightful and satisfying performance Mr. Phillips could have achieved had he cared to do it! However, let us not grumble. *The Fortune Seeker* is good, very good; and it is not so much criticism as it is commendation to wish that the author had made it twice as long and several times as carefully constructed.

H. T. P.

ANTHONY OVERMAN. By Miriam Michelson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Miss Michelson's first novel, *In the Bishop's Carriage,* gained a distinct success and one that was well deserved; for in that book she showed qualities that are invaluable to the story-teller—invention, humour, and a touch-and-go briskness of manner that kept the reader excited or amused from first to last. In *The Madigans* she tried a somewhat different vein and failed, for she was obviously self-conscious and was forcing the note all through. *The Madigans* might well have been entitled *The Book of Brats,* and the brats were very unattractive ones. Now, in *Anthony Overman* she has given us what is really a companion piece to her first novel—a companion piece in intention, though not in merit. Ostensibly Anthony Overman himself is meant to have the prominence due to a title rôle; actually, one's attention is riveted upon Jessie Incell, a woman reporter, for she inevitably invites comparison with Nancy Olden, the somewhat raffish heroine of *In the Bishop's Carriage.* The comparison is instructive, since it shows how far short of her former work Miss Michelson has fallen.

Nancy Olden was pretty nearly everything that she should not have been—a thief and the mistress of a thief—yet none the less one's sympathies go out to her from the first, and this is the test of the author's skill in the delineation of the character. Everything was against Nancy Olden—her birth, her training in a charity school, her evil environment, and her incessant temptations—but this is precisely why one makes allowances for her and admires her courage and innate honesty as she makes her plucky fight up to something better and more decent. But Jessie Incell, with her "cultivated voice," her education and superficial refinement, is a little horror. Nancy Olden is never vulgar, while the "lady reporter" is seldom anything else. Miss Michelson evidently admires the type, but it is essentially a cheap one, and Jessie Incell is a cheap girl. There is slight spontaneity in the telling of the story; the fun is feeble; the slang is dreary. Miss Michelson has done better work and we trust that she will do so once again. But meanwhile, in *Anthony Overman* she is only marking time.

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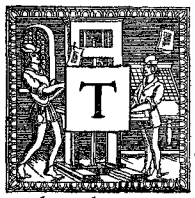
EDUCATION

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE HIGH SCHOOLS



HE problem before the high school is to give to the boys and girls from fourteen on who most deserve education beyond a common school course such a training as will make them contribute most to the true happiness of the world. The high school should consider the natures of these boys and girls, what they are, what they can do, and what their share of the world's work is to be; it should consider the demands which the world will make upon them, the particular needs which the high school pupil is to supply; and in the light of the human nature it has to work with and the human wants it has to supply should choose its course of study, devise its methods and plan its scheme of administration. No high school is successful which does not use an intelligent sympathy with, and a sympathetic insight into, the life of boys and girls. The high school was made for them, not they for the high school. No high school is successful which does not have in mind definitely the work in life its students will have to perform, and try to fit them for it.

The present situation with respect to high school education may be briefly described as follows: The high schools offer to pupils from about fifteen to about nineteen, who have made satisfactory progress in school up to then, the opportunity to study Latin and one or more other languages, algebra and geometry, the English language and literature, English composition, the history of America and of Europe, and the elementary parts of the several sciences. Many of them offer also courses in bookkeeping, business arithmetic, and the like, in so-called commercial courses. A few of them offer courses in manual training and the technical arts, including domestic art and science for the girls and scientific agriculture. But these business and technical courses are usually considered not so respectable as the course comprising languages and mathematics, and are often used as a refuge for pupils who do not seem able to do the latter. The high school accepts also the task of preparing students for the tests required for entrance to college.

We so take it for granted that the customary and respectable thing is thoroughly good, in fact nearly the best possible, that our natural attitude toward the high school, unless it becomes aggressively annoying, which it rarely does, is one of peaceful, careless satisfaction. It is, we say, the "People's College," where all can go and receive the education proper to their ages and needs. But if we re-read the programme outlined above, thinking meanwhile of the boys or girls in the late teens that we know intimately, thinking also of the three-fourths of high school pupils who drop out before they finish its course, we shall be ready to consider the possibility that in many and important ways the high school has not mastered its problems or even fully appreciated it. It can, and should be, better fitted to boys and girls; it can and should fit them better for what they have to do.

It makes little difference what features of youth are taken; nearly all will furnish illustrations of the chance for progress.

For instance, we can do more to fit the high schools to the poor. If a gifted boy lives in a town where there is no high school, that town should pay the expense he incurs in going to the nearest. If a gifted boy must earn money to help the family, the best thing a school system can do is to get him a job out of school hours. It is a far more important work for schools to keep the best boys and girls in school than to weed out the dull. An employment bureau is more needed than promotion-examinations. If the boy can't be helped to earn enough outside of school hours, the school hours should be shortened in his case. It is far more important to have him in school

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two hours a day or two days a week than to save some one a little trouble in assigning lessons.

By the present arrangements of high schools, there is no choice between all school and no school. The boy or girl in whose case a high school education will be an investment, bringing a return to the State of a hundred per cent. or more, may be debarred from it by the brute fact that his father is dead or that there are eight children in the family to be supported.

In the second place, we can do more to fit the high school to that class of boys and girls, the majority, by the way, who are not primarily interested in or efficient at dealing with *ideas,* but whose talent is for the manipulation of *things,* for using tools and machines rather than books, for cooking for a party rather than writing compositions about it, for performing experiments and making collections rather than learning rules.

Of the boys and girls who ought to enter the high schools of the country next fall, three times as many are fit to study agriculture or household sanitation as are fit to study Latin and algebra.

It is a foolish arrangement by which systematic school training from fourteen to eighteen is restricted so largely to the class who can and will do well as scholars, who are idea—rather than thing—thinkers. Systematic education is as necessary and as profitable for the future dentist, engineer, architect, builder, plumber, electrician, or housekeeper, as for the future teacher, lawyer or writer. The time has passed when the rule of thumb was enough for the building trades; when science was a luxury to the farmer, when old wives' lore passed on from mother to daughter was the best available education for housewifery and motherhood. The time is in fact at hand when the technical and the industrial occupations and the work of the housekeeper will be actually more dependent for success upon expert knowledge than the work of the clergyman or literary man. The progress of science in the nineteenth century, continuing at an increasing rate, has put the "hewer of wood" in possession of a solid course of study in forestry, equal in dignity to that of priest or lawyer and make it possible for the "drawer of water" (*alias* the engineer in hydraulics and irrigation) who really knows his work to study a lifetime.

The present arrangement is the result not of a rational adaptation of the high school to the interests of society, but of a more or less fortuitous historical development. Modern high school education is a growth from the training of priests and of "gentlemen" in the sense of a hundred years ago. The linguistic training and superficial knowledge of the "humanities" in which it abounds was quite appropriate in the case of the generation of future ministers and "gentlemen" who needed to talk agreeably about things in general and not appear at a loss in the company of others trained in the same manner. But the training that was efficient in enabling one to make a good impression among the educated class of a hundred years ago is about the last thing one would rationally choose for the 600,000 children in our high schools to-day. Heaven forbid that we should try to turn out a quarter of a million agreeable talkers as the product of the high school. Let the most ardent advocate of the traditional curriculum choose at random fifty names from the entering class of his local high school; let him find out what each of them has done, what they like to do and can do well, what their older brothers and sisters are doing; and if he has the germs of open-mindedness he will admit that not one in three of them should give, as nearly all now do, a fifth of their time to the study of the traditional algebra and geometry, and that not one in five should study Latin. If, instead of taking the fifty who do enter, he could with omniscience choose the fifty or five hundred who ought to be the ones to continue with systematic education,—the future leaders in trades, business, industries and professions,—he would find a still larger majority of those whose own development and social usefulness demand a training in connection with the real world of nature and the constructive arts.

At this point some reader who has been brought up to a superstitious reverence for that potent word "culture" and

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to an association of "utilitarianism" with idiocy, the devil and the plague, will need enlightenment. If culture means knowledge of and participation in the best that has been taught and felt and done, studying chemistry, physics and physiology, or practising forestry, sanitation and nursing, are as truly cultural as reading poems or learning the events of history, and much more so than reading forty lines daily of Cæsar's *Gallic War* or contemplating the mysteries of mood and tense. If culture means a knowledge of the sort of thing they say Matthew Arnold knew to perfection, its pursuit is itself a trade, the trade of literary man and moralist, a trade that, like any other, may be pursued nobly or ignobly, from true zeal for excellence or from sordid selfishness, a trade which has an *éclat* and gives its adept a fame which science, invention and the industrial arts lack, but which intrinsically is no more honourable than its less showy rivals.

The use of the word utilitarian as a term of reproach and despite is due to a pardonable but none the less unfortunate lack of knowledge. Since the nobler souls have been willing to seek truth and beauty and honour, regardless of whether or not there happened to result any increase to their own individual happiness thereby, it is argued that we ought diligently to search for and use in schools those particular subjects of instruction and means of training which would give little or no increase to the happiness of the world at large. As if one could make anybody unselfish by making him useless, or a disinterested lover of truth and beauty by teaching him things of no practical interest to anybody! As if being good for nothing was the most exalted variety of goodness! The most pitiable feature of this fallacy is the frequency with which opponents of utilitarianism make their own greedy profit out of preaching against it.

To illustrate the improvement which we may hope to make in high schools by making them fit their pupils for life, let us consider three of the commonest duties and privileges of life: (1) The franchise, (2) self-support, and (3) maternity.

The exercise of the franchise is no longer chiefly a matter of honesty and good-will and wisdom in choosing between two clear lines of party policy or between two sets of officials. It is a matter of more or less expert knowledge.

A future voter ought to know that for a city to give to a traction company the use of its streets is identical with giving a neighbour the use of part of your house, wise or unwise, according to who the neighbour is and what he pays you; he ought to know that laws can do more against consumption than medicine can; he ought to believe that one man's gain need not be others' loss, as surely as he believes that two and two are not five; he ought to understand as clearly as he understands addition that a man's contribution to the world is to be measured by the number and worth of the wants he satisfies, and that a man's cost to the world is to be measured by the deprivations he causes. Is it not silly to let the youth of the land spend twelve years in school and at its close be unable, even though he wishes, to protect common property as well as his own, ignorant of the simplest rudiments of public hygiene, possessed by the fallacy that what others have has been taken from him, and burdened with the superstition that a man gives to the world what he spends in it and takes from it the wealth he acquires. Is it not a calamity that although eight out of ten of our high school graduates will live in cities or city suburbs, there is apparently in no high school a course on municipal problems?

The absorption of facts concerning the wars of nations or the development of a governmental system is a thoroughly worthy pursuit for many high school pupils, but it is a poor substitute for actual insight into the facts upon which the efficient conduct of the public affairs today must rest. The moral value of a view of human nature broadened by acquaintance with the great view of antiquity is indubitable, but the high school must do more for the moral success of the leaders of the next fifty years than to provide inspiriting but remote examples; it must answer the moral problems which an industrial and urban civilisation has made pre-eminent. "The art proper to human reason is life," and the demands

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of modern life on reason must not be shirked by the high school.

Responsibility for supplying the wants of one's self and others is the chief feature of adult life, of women as well as of men, for the management of a household is as efficient to this end as is the provision of supplies. In the more primitive life of farm and village industry, this responsibility was shared even by the young. New England boys and girls fifty years ago probably earned more than their own living from fifteen on, and had a full quota of tasks with which they had been entrusted and for which they expected to be held to account. In the modern scheme of life among the urban populations the home too rarely supplies any adequate training in leadership, executive ability or responsibility for tasks assigned. The high school demands five hours a day of lesson-getting within its walls, and from two to five outside; there is not much in connection with a city home that a boy at least can do; it is often easier to get on without his aid than to find work that he can do. In what would be called the home with the best educational opportunities, a boy does little but get lessons even till he is twenty-seven years old, that is, till he is through a professional school.

It is in many cases as unwise thus to debar the child of parents of a sufficient income from partial self-support because he is in school as it is to debar the child of poor parents from school because he must support himself. Luckily, original nature, due to heredity, counts more in the fundamentals of intellect and character than does the training we give, so that the habits of reliance upon others for twenty years need not prevent the boy from assuming cheerfully and bearing successfully the burdens of productive labour. But the fact that nature works well in spite of our mistakes is no reason why we should continue to make them. It is unfair to the boy to exclude from the formative years those ideals and habits of service, responsibility and initiative which will be demanded of him daily from the moment his schooling is done. The high school should be in part a workshop and an employment bureau; it should co-operate with manufacturers, business houses, professional men and the parents of its pupils to contrive that mixture of productive labour, apprenticeship and academic training which is the safe, healthy and moral life for boys and girls. If the decision between ceasing to help the mother, the cares of a household, and dropping a part of the school work is left to the school, it should in three cases out of four decide for the latter. If a mechanically gifted boy can spend three hours a day in a steel works in place of studying *Ivanhoe* as if it were the Bible, or writing essays on the characters in *The House of Seven Gables,* he had better do so in four cases out of five. The world of industry and business is not Mammon, and the high school curriculum God.

The most perverse failure of high school education to fit gifted youth to their proper task, the improvement of life—is the omission of any specific training for bearing or rearing children. No one disputes the supreme value of intelligent motherhood. The only objections which can intelligently be made to the provision by the schools of training therefor are: (1) That training of sufficient value cannot be given, that consequently maternity had better be altogether an art directed by natural instincts; (2) that the disadvantages of nourishing an undesirable curiosity outweigh the advantages of knowledge; (3) that the intelligent direction of the sex and maternal instincts is impossible at so early an age as that of the high school pupil, and before the interest in their problems is aroused by marriage, and finally (4) that although the training should be given and at this age, it should be given by the home or the church or some agency other than the school.

These objections are all to some extent sound, and deserve most respectful examination. And in the present condition of popular sentiment, the study of reproduction, heredity, the hygiene of childhood, the psychology of instinct and habit, household economics and the like, by pupils in the last two years of high school, would be very likely to fail of securing the desired end. But the

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advantages possibly far outweigh the disadvantages; and the high schools ought to lead more often than follow popular sentiments. It would take too long to analyse these objections into their true and their imaginary features, and to show that the latter need not prevent the success in high schools of a solid scientific course in the sciences relating to the creation, maintenance and education of the family. I may only ask attention to a few specially relevant facts.

First, there is knowledge enough which needs only organisation and adaptation to the high school pupil. Second, we cannot leave the matter to natural instincts; our neglect of it in formal education means that we entrust it to verbal traditions of the ignorant, to the chatter of servants, and the woman's column of the newspapers. Third, the experience of medical education, the professional training of nurses, and the teaching of biology in high schools and colleges shows that teaching the facts of science concerning embryos goes on in much the same way as teaching the facts about bacteria or the liver, and warrants the expectation that the small fraction of such a course devoted to a matter-of-fact scientific acquaintance with the development of the human embryo would reduce rather than stimulate undesirable curiosity. Fourth, it is true that girls from sixteen to nineteen are more interested in romance, coquetry, and other activities preliminary to family life than they are in family life itself, and no one should expect such a course to have great popularity; but the course will be supported by those general intellectual interests which support a course in chemistry, biology or hand work. Finally, parents do not know enough to give the training and the churches or other philanthropic agencies would spoil it by inefficient teaching and futile moralising.

It is high time to turn back from these illustrations to the text itself, fitting the school to boys and girls and fitting them for life.

It may be claimed that the traditional training in the languages and mathematics, and the teaching in other subjects patterned on that training, does precisely fit for life by affording a general discipline for the intellectual powers, and that the work of lesson getting in the traditional curricula is the most economical preparative for future efficient work and unselfish recreation of whatever sort. But it is very hard to find any basis in facts for this claim, and it is easy to find abundant evidence against it. The claim itself appears in educational theory usually as an excuse, as a defensive argument. Only when Latin lost its high place as a utility in commerce and the professions, and began to lose its eminence as the key to the world's knowledge and supposedly best literature, was its disciplinary value discovered. Only when problems about four men working fourteen days at a fourth of a stone wall ceased to apply to every-day practices on the farm did they begin to give universal accuracy and logic. Wherever education is put to a competitive test to produce efficiency in life, for instance in professional schools, it is forced to rely on special training in the special things that are to be done efficiently. We do not give our lawyers more Latin or our physicians more mathematics to make them logical and accurate. But apart from these suspicious facts, definite experiments have shown the high degree of specialisation of the intellect and the inability of training in one study to mysteriously transform the whole intellectual outfit. Moreover, the time has utterly passed when the languages and mathematics could boast any superiority in respect to the power, small for any school study, to improve the mind as a whole. Right methods of thinking can be inculcated as well in forestry, electrical engineering, nursing or the sciences concerned with agriculture, and the chances of transfer of these methods to the general activities of life is greatest where the subject is most like, not most abstracted from, the general activities of life. The high school should give mental discipline and give as much of it as possible, and just for that reason it should, to discipline best for life, discipline in those problems which are most like those of life.

Edward L. Thorndike.

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REVIEWS

A NEW BOOK ON THE WRITING OF LATIN.*

Nam castram profecitur was the attempt of a graduate of one of our fitting schools, desirous of entering a great American university, to turn into Latin the sentence "he sets out for the camp," encountered in an examination paper. While it would unquestionably be an exaggeration to say that this effort represents the general level of attainment, the fact remains that the work in the writing of Latin is the worst which is offered in that subject by candidates for college, and the annual crop of papers submitted to any institution would furnish a choice collection of what our English cousins call "howlers."

This is surely not due to want of attention to the subject in the schools or to the lack of good text-books. The number of the latter is very large, both of those which follow the old-fashioned method of giving an orderly presentation of the forms and syntax in the sequence in which they are discussed by the grammars, and of those which are based in one way or another on a limited portion of the texts of some one of the prose writers required for admission to college. The advocates of these two methods are inclined to regard each as the only correct one, and the champions of the former in particular attribute the poor work in the subject to the introduction of the latter. But in reality the difficulty is not one of method, but is due to the lack of interest of students in the subject and to their conviction that the study is a useless one. This belief is, of course, true in a sense, since the necessity for using Latin in that way no longer exists, but on the other hand nothing gives so exact and thorough a knowledge of the grammar as the writing of Latin, and when the grammatical principles are acquired in this way there is the less excuse for using Cæsar, Cicero and Vergil exclusively for that purpose. An additional factor in the case is the circumstance that in many schools the last year is devoted to Vergil, and the writing of Latin is either wholly suspended or made an intermittent and perfunctory exercise.

The books of Mr. Barss—it is to his credit that he does not assume the title of Professor instead of the equally honourable and more appropriate one of Latin Master—are evidently made with unusual care and with a careful study of the conditions of the problem. They ought to prove very effective in the hands of a competent teacher. The entire work is designed to cover the last three years of the preparatory course, but the second part may be used independently of the first. The plan is in a way a combination of the two methods mentioned above. The forms and syntax are in general given in accordance with the former, but with some important modifications. Such constructions, for example, as the Possessive Dative and the Possessive Genitive, which would be separated if the orders of the grammars were strictly followed, are brought together and contrasted in the same lesson, and the Indicative is carefully studied before the Subjunctive is introduced at all. A number of valuable "hints" on the differences between English and Latin idiom are given in connection with each exercise. The essential feature of the second method is introduced in the form of supplementary exercises based on Cæsar's Gallic War, i. 1-13 and ii. 1-11. A novel feature is the introduction of so-called "constructive sentences," that is, the student is asked to form sentences containing certain words, of which the English alone is given, and certain constructions. In addition to the general vocabulary there are special word lists, containing the most important new words of each lesson, which the pupil is expected to memorise, and review lessons, summarising the vocabularies and constructions of several exercises, are introduced at frequent intervals.

All of these features seem to the reviewer excellent and calculated both to interest the pupil and to render instruction effective. The only criticism which he has to offer may perhaps seem an unreasonable one. It is that the "hints," good as they are, are not numerous enough. There are many things for which the student must look to his grammar which might profitably be explained in the same full and enlightening way as, for example, the uses of conditional sentences and of casual conjunctions. With reference to the needs of the average student and the average teacher it is hardly possible to go too far in this respect.

John C. Rolfe.

*Writing Latin. Book One—Second Year Work. Book Two—Third and Fourth Year Work. By John Edmund Barss, Latin Master in the Hotchkiss School. The Gildersleeve-Lodge Latin Series. University Publishing Co., New York, Boston, New Orleans, 1906.

A NEW SERIES OF TRANSLATIONS OF THE CLASSIC WRITERS*

The use of translations has already been discussed in these pages in connection with reviews of various versions of the classic writers. That the subject is one that is exciting general interest is shown by a recent editorial in the *New York Evening Post*, apropos of an edict of Eton College excluding such works from circulation in its general library. In the opinion of the reviewer it is better for students not to use translations at all during the first six years, at least, of their Latin course, and the same thing applies *mutatis mutandis* to the Greek course. Not that all this time should be given to so-called "gerund grinding," or to the minute analysis

*Euripides' Alcestis, translated by H. Kynaston, D.D., Canon Residentiary of Durham, Professor of Greek and Classical Literature in Durham University With Introduction and Notes by J. Churton Collins, Litt. D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Birmingham. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1906.

Matthew Arnold's Merope, to which is appended the Electra of Sophocles, translated by Robert Whitelaw. Edited by J. Churton Collins. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1906.

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from any point of view of small portions of a text, but the ability to read Latin in large amounts depends on the acquirement of a vocabulary and of a knowledge of the language, which cannot as a rule be gained through the use of translations. After that ability has been acquired the student may be trusted to use translations, if he needs them, to extend his reading, and only then can such books be used intelligently and with any real profit.

But the purpose of the series to which the two books under consideration belong is not the usual one. It is rather to make young people acquainted with the masterpieces of classical literature before they have studied Latin or Greek at all, or at least before they would be able to read such works as a whole or with any rapidity in the original. The idea seems a good one. Such reading will serve to interest prospective students of the classical languages in the work to which they are looking forward, as well as to give those whose curriculum is not to include Latin and Greek some slight familiarity with the works which have had so important an influence on the literatures of their own tongue. They should also prove interesting and profitable to that important personage, the General Reader.

The translation of the *Alcestis* is preceded by a life of Euripides and an account of the circumstances attending the production of the tragedy, with an outline of the story of the play and of its structure. The translation, which is a good one, is followed by brief notes. The plan of the second book is in general the same, except that along with the Electra of Sophocles is given the Merope of Matthew Arnold. The introduction gives a general account of the Attic tragedy and of the previous attempts to reproduce it in English dress, none of which are, like the Merope, an exact counterpart of the original. Extracts from Arnold's own preface are given, in which he explains his aim and purpose. The introduction also contains the story of Merope and some account of the metres to be found in the play.

The Electra after a brief preliminary note giving the outline of the story, is presented in the translation of Robert Whitelaw (the Macmillan Company), revised by the author. The Merope is provided with notes, which are preceded by a map of surprisingly poor execution, and a little over a page of notes are given on the Electra. The latter might well be much fuller, and in general the notes in both books might be amplified to advantage.

It is to be hoped that these translations may have the effect designed of arousing an interest in the Attic tragedy and a desire to become acquainted with the original.

John C. Rolfe.

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

ENGLISH TEXTS.*

The edition is from the Trinity College, Cambridge, manuscript, and is an older version than any in print, being more accurate even than the first edition of 1553. The differences in the versions are indicated in footnotes. No comment need be made upon any critical work from the pen of the editor. Sufficient to say the little volume is a model of minute and exact and at the same time illuminating scholarly textual criticism and exegesis. It should be studied as a companion piece to the *Vision of Piers Ploughman,* of which there is a version edited also by Professor Skeat.

Crowell and Company issue Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* in their first folio edition prepared by Charlotte Porter and Helen M. Clarke. This is the first edition, either English or American, of the complete works that is entirely a reproduction of the text of the first folio of 1623, and this volume is fully deserving the very general commendation which the series has previously received. This text with its extensive annotations will be an essential for the student and will probably be the best upon which to base the work of the teacher.

*The Oxford Press issues *Pierce the Ploughman's Creed*, edited by Professor W. W. Skeat.

A NEW SERIES OF READERS.*

This series, like the two or three other series of readers recently issued, possesses distinctive merits of its own. But in the very nature of the case one series cannot possess all the merits, for some are mutually exclusive. This is clearly seen in the present instance. The great merit of the series, and it is claimed as the distinctive one, is the very wide range of literature from which the selections are made. In this respect probably no other series can compete. But since the volumes are of very modest size, but a very brief extract can be given in most cases. In the fifth volume, for example, one hundred and eleven authors are represented in three hundred and seventy-five pages. Consequently many selections are grievously mutilated. Some of these might well have been given in full, some omitted altogether. This deliberate choice on the part of the editors seems to be in direct violation of the opinion now very commonly held by educators, that the selections read should be complete where possible, and where not, should be extensive enough to arouse a permanent inter-

**The New Century Series of Readers*, Volumes 1 to 5, is edited by Miss Ella M. Powers and Professor T. M. Balliet of New York University.

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est. With this exception the judgment and taste shown by the editors is commendable; the interests of the child appealed to are very numerous; but despite the biographical notes and pedagogical aids, the larger volumes appear rather as a series of exercises than as an introduction to literature, which they claim to be. The earlier volumes embody approved principles of teaching, in the gradual expansion of the vocabulary, the training in the use of language, the gradual increase in the breadth of interests and of experiences to which appeal is made. In mechanical execution the series is most excellent and will commend itself to teacher and pupil.

SCHOOL PHYSIOLOGIES.*

These volumes are exceedingly practical and possess many commendable features. In emphasising the care of the body, the choice of food, the need of exercise, the valuable characteristics of play, proper postures and habits of cleanliness, methods of assistance in injuries in a form which the child can readily understand, they offer a valuable addition to the impersonal, scientific study of the subject as formerly pursued. But there is one feature, the most prominent one by far, upon judgment of which this series will stand or fall. That is its treatment of the subjects of the effects of the use of alcohol and tobacco upon the body. The full-page endorsement of the officials of the W. C. T. U. facing Silver, Burdett and Company, the preface and the somewhat apologetic announcement of the publisher to the press to the effect that these volumes were prepared to meet various State laws requiring such instruction, would remove doubt concerning their purpose if any existed after an examination. In truth, this series is much less intemperate in its statements, and not at all offensive and disgusting in its illustrations, as are many texts designed for this same purpose and possessing this same official approval. But even with such moderate texts the evil resulting must be beyond calculation. In the text for children from six to nine years of age, eleven of the twenty chapters contain some discussion of the effect of alcohol upon the body. Three entire chapters are given to alcohol and two to tobacco. Certainly the average child of this age would know nothing of these things; very rarely, indeed, would the school contain a child who would know of these evils from personal experience; yet from the use of these texts he certainly would derive the opinion that one great essential of life was to derive some knowledge of alcohol and tobacco. By the time this impression is re-enforced through a second and a third volume on the subject, similarly proportioned, many a boy would be driven to cigarettes out of desperation—or rather from mere suggestion. In this respect these volumes are pedagogically most unsound. It would seem to be against common sense, also, to put such texts, dealing to quite half their extent with the pathological in some form, into the hands of children. Then every one knows that the boy begins to smoke not because he has a natural liking for it, but because it is forbidden; because it shocks the sensibilities of their elders, especially of good women like those responsible for these volumes, and because of suggestion. If the suggestion received from their elders is not sufficient, that received from the continued reiteration of these texts would complete the downfall of the youth. There are reasons other than the pedagogical for the criticism of such texts. They are not quite honest. For example, the first volume of this series must treat, as usual, of the effect of alcohol on the bones. While it does not say so, it is so worded that it leaves the impression with the child that alcohol prevents the growth of the bones. Another example of its disingenuousness that the small boy will readily see through is a chapter on smoking in the same volume. In a concluding paragraph the pupil is counselled to count the black-faced headings, and read them over again, as each one gives a good reason why a boy should not smoke; and yet blackberry jam could be substituted for tobacco and each charge be just as true and each caution just as efficacious to the child to which it is addressed. Thus: (1) "Blackberry jam takes away the appetite. One of the first things we notice about a boy who eats blackberry jam is that when meal time comes he is not very hungry." (2) "He is troubled with horrible dreams and wakes in the morning with a dull, heavy headache." (3) "It is a filthy habit. His teeth are dark colored." (4) "It makes boys deceitful." They will hide to eat blackberry jam. (5) "It leads to drinking." Such "moral suasion" would be just as effective in the one case as in the other. The time will come when more temperate as well as better pedagogical views and practices will prevail; then such texts will not be in demand.

**The New Health Series* consists of three volumes: *The Primer of Health*, for the primary grades; *A Healthy Body*, for the intermediate grades, and *The Essentials of Health*, for the higher grades.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK.

Alden Brothers:

Panama Songs. By Michael Delevante.

About half of this book is devoted to Panama songs; the other half contains poems on various subjects. A picture of the author's home is the frontispiece.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Ancient Miracle. By Jane Grosvenor Cooke.

In the wood country of Canada are laid the scenes of this double romance, one of which is happy and one hopeless. The chief character is a young schoolmistress, who goes to board in a home where there are four eligible sons. Of course, it is one of these sons who falls in love with her. The minor romance concerns a wilful young woman and a dissipated youth.

The Upper Hand. By Emerson Gifford Taylor.

The power which a person has over another whom he alone knows to be a criminal is the basis upon which this story turns. There are rumours of strikes, narrow escapes from death, and other exciting incidents. A love story in which a girl and two young men are the principal figures runs through the book.

The Rainy Day Railroad War. By Holman F. Day.

A story for young readers, although older ones will find it interesting. The hero is Rodney Parker, a youthful engineer, who wins in a brave fight against a strong opponent to build the P. K. & R. Railroad. Lumbermen, with whom the author is familiar, are vividly portrayed in the tale. There are several illustrations in the book.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Fantassie. By J. Willis Perkins.

A dreamy, mythical tale. There are three full-page illustrations.

The Land of Schuyli Jing. By De Keller Stamey.

A collection of stories and poems. The first tale gives the book its title. There are several illustrations in the volume.

The Century Company:

Local Government in Counties, Towns, and Villages. By John A. Fairlie.

An additional volume to the "American State" series. The book deals mainly with local institutions of the present time. It attempts to show the process of development more clearly as a continuous movement. The first of the four parts into which the work is divided is a short historical discussion; then follow several chapters each on the County, Minor Divisions, and State Supervision.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Step by Step. By Mrs. George Sheldon Downs.

Louis Arnold, the hero of this tale, rises "step by step" from an almshouse to an influential citizen. The difficulties and adventures which he experiences are both pathetic and interesting. A romance runs through the story, the heroine being the small daughter of the good samaritan who once befriended him. There is also a thread of mystery.

The Lion and the Mouse. By Arthur Hornblow.

Thousands of theatregoers are familiar with the play from which this novel has been written. The plot is based on the heroic fight which the daughter of a Judge of the Supreme Court makes to save her father from the ruin with which an unscrupulous financier threatens him. The illustrations are by Stuart Travis.

The Bottom of the Well. By Frederick Upham Adams.

A tale which involves love, an automobile, a trust, a strike, a riot, anarchists, a dynamite plot, and a much-talked-of trial for murder. The tale takes its title from "The Well," a meeting place for anarchists and agitators in a hotel.

Tonio, Son of the Sierras. By General Charles King.

A tale of army life on the frontier. The hero is an Apache Indian; the heroine an army girl who has two lovers, both officers in the service, and classmates. General King has endeavoured to prove that there are some Indians who can exhibit a noble character, be loyal to their friends, and have a strong regard for a friend.

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Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli.

"A romance of riches." The hero of Miss Corelli's latest book is a man seventy years of age, a widower much sought after by young women and their maternal parents on account of his great wealth. But his first marriage was an unhappy one, and nothing could induce him to consider a second wife. Becoming disgusted with his riches, he leaves his splendid home and lives the life of a tramp. Finally, he becomes ill at the home of Mary Deane. She nurses him back to health, and supposing him to be only a tramp, teaches him how to make a living by weaving baskets. He leaves his millions to Mary Deane, who marries a poor Scotch novelist. A special feature of the book is the frontispiece, which is the only authorised portrait of Miss Corelli.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Mystery of the Shadow. By Fergus Hume.

One is sure to find crime, mystery, detection, and other similar qualities in a book by Fergus Hume. *The Mystery of the Shadow* is no exception. The strangling of a nice, old lady who has married a young fortune-hunter is the murder mystery which is to be solved. There are twin brothers, ghost stories, etc., and fifteen full-page illustrations.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Philosophy of Rest. By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

The four essays included in this volume are: The Unrest of Our Day, The Cultivation of Soul-Force, The Ministrations of Nature and Silence, and To Conserve Force.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Letters and Recollections of George Washington.

"Being letters to Tobias Lear and others between 1790 and 1799, showing the First American in the management of his estate and domestic affairs. With a diary of Washington's last days, kept by Mr. Lear." This sub-title explains just what the book is. Tobias Lear entered the home of George Washington in 1783, as tutor to the stepchildren of Washington. For the sixteen years prior to the death of Washington, however, Lear held the position of private secretary. There are eight illustrations in the volume.

Man, the Social Creator. By Henry Demarest Lloyd.

This posthumous work is said to contain Mr. Lloyd's deepest thought on religion. "It embodies his conception of man as a creator and potential god, and represents the matured work of his last years." The editors, Jane Addams and Anne Withington, have secured the material for the work from various notebooks. A good idea of the general character of the book may be had from a glance at the chapter headings: The Discovery of Social Love, Social Progress Always Religious, Mere Contact Making for Spiritual Union, Social Love Creating New Forms of Social Life, The New Conscience, New Conscience in Industry, New Conscience Transforming Politics—Killing the Party Spirit, The New Conscience Manifesting Itself in Educational Methods and Aims, A New Political Economy Predicting a New Wealth, The Church of the Deed, and The Religion of Labour.

Duffield and Company:

The Masters of Fate. By Sophia P. Shaler.

This is a brief study of the "achievements of noted persons who, under the stress of grave difficulties, have shown skill in marshalling their physical and spiritual forces to play the part of men." The themes of some of the fourteen chapters are: Invalidism and Intellectual Development, The Invalid's Attitude Toward Life, Unpromising Children, Management of Body and Mind, Family and Social Relations of Invalids, etc. The power of the will is the point which is especially emphasised.

Eaton and Mains:

In the Shadow of the Pines. By John Hamilton Howard.

Love, crime, mystery and a religious conviction are the themes of this story. The tale takes its title from the place where the murder was committed. It is a story of Tidewater, Virginia. The love interest concerns a young man who is turned from his father's door as a result of his loyalty to the heroine.

The Editor Publishing Company:

Rhymes and Meters. By Horatio Winslow.

A practical manual for versifiers. The object of this book is "to arrange in a convenient and inexpensive form the fundamentals of verse. . . . The plan has been to suggest rather than to explain in detail, and as far as possible to help the reader to help himself."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Czar's Gift. By William Ordway Partridge.

An addition to the "Hour Glass" series. Here is told the story of a

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Polish boy who carved a statue of the Czar's dead daughter so skilfully as to win the freedom of his brother from Siberia. Line drawings by Victor Perard illustrate the book.

Grafton Historical Press:

In Olde Connecticut. By Charles Burr Todd.

The story of Connecticut's history and traditions is told in this volume, which is included in the "Grafton Historical" series. It is said to be "a record of certain quaint, curious and romantic happenings there in Colonie times and later."

Harper and Brothers:

R. Holmes and Company. By John Kendrick Bangs.

Raffles Holmes, the son of Sherlock Holmes and the grandson of Raffles, is represented as possessing the traits of both. Acting under one impulse, he robs the rich of their jewels, and the other impulse leads him to locate and restore the stolen articles. The extravaganza is written in a humorous vein and is illustrated.

The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. By Anatole France. Translation and Introduction by Lafcadio Hearn.

The story of the bachelor scholar who finds himself in the embarrassing position of guardian-angel in a love affair is here issued in a new edition. This tale of French life has no terrible crime attached to it, as the title would suggest; it is, on the contrary, said to be a charming romance.

Eve's Diary. By Mark Twain.

A companion volume to *Extracts from Adam's Diary,* giving Eve's experiences in the Garden of Eden and afterwards. The full-page illustrations are by Lester Ralph.

Cord and Creese. By James De Mille.

The reprint of this novel, which was at the height of its popularity over thirty years ago, will be welcomed by a number of readers. The title is taken from a strangely constructed cord of Eastern manufacture, and a creese, or Malay dagger—the two chief clues in the search for a villain.

The Undefiled. By Frances Aymar Mathews.

Four persons are the principals in this story. The plot turns on the neglect of a gifted wife by her young husband, who is a successful novelist. He flirts with a young artist to such an extent that his wife decides to leave him. In order to save his career she does not carry her resolution into effect. She does, however, accept a position as secretary to a very wealthy Western young man. Unforeseen events arise and many exciting adventures are experienced, but the deserving receive their reward at last.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Election of Senators. By George H. Haynes.

An addition to the "American Public Problem" series. The reasons which guided the Convention of 1787 in its choice of the method of electing Senators by State legislatures, and those which led to the Law of 1866, are told in the first chapters. Then the author tells what the results of this system of election have been on the Senate as a political institution, on State and local government, and on the personnel of the Senate.

The Principles of English Verse. By Charlton M. Lewis.

For the general reader, who enjoys poetry, but who would enjoy it more if the metrical structure was found to be less bewildering, this book is designed. There are chapters on Rhyme and Metre, The Pentameter Line, Blank Verse. Rhymed Pentameters, Miscellaneous Metres, and Embellishments of Verse.

John Lane Company:

Points of View. By L. F. Austin.

This volume is composed of a selection from the writings of the late London essayist, edited by Clarence Rook. The first paper is on Sir Henry Irving. Others are: Cheap Food, A Famine in Books, America at Oxford, Men and Modes, Logic for Women, Motor Cars and Nervous Systems, Bridge, Dreams, A Race-Meeting, The White Hat, etc., etc. A photogravure portrait of the author appears as the frontispiece.

The Newell Fortune. By Mansfield Brooks.

The anti-slave trade discussion in England is said to be portrayed in this story. The Newell fortune, acquired by two New Englanders through the sale of slaves, is inherited by John Newell, the son of one of them. John's most intimate friends are workers in behalf of the Freedman's Colony in Africa. The result of their influence is that one-half of the fortune goes to the colony, the other half being used to found a society to abolish the slave trade. A love story runs through the book.

The Rosary. By Robert Cameron Rogers.

The first poem in this collection, which

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gives the book its title, is probably the best known among them. This is due not only to the sentiment expressed in the words, but also to the general favour of the music to which the words have been set. The other selections include verses on many themes.

Many Moods and Many Minds. By Louis James Block.

A book of verse. The first selection, "The Celestial Maiden," is the longest poem in the volume.

The Master-Man.

A country doctor is the "master man" in this novel. He plays his principal part when he averts a tragedy near a lonely cabin in the foothills. The love interest is supplied by the doctor's niece and her two suitors, one of whom is the minister's son, who studies medicine with the doctor. The story is laid in the South.

Longmans, Green and Company:

A Discrepant World.

An essay in fiction. In a small town in Scotland are laid the scenes of this story. Two women, one a sewing girl and the other an Earl's daughter, are rivals for the heroine's part; while a very young man is the hero. Although the end may not be satisfactory to the sentimental reader, one must remember that it is a discrepant world with which the tale has to do.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Life of a Star. By Clara Morris.

The story of Miss Morris's life includes many anecdotes and records her acquaintance with a large number of prominent persons. Among her intimate friends on the stage were Augustin Daly, Charlotte Cushman, Sir Henry Irving, Dion Boucicault, Alessandro Salvini, and Charles Coghlan; while her other friends included Garfield, McKinley, L. C. Q. Lamar, Henry Bergh, etc.

The Religion of Nature. By E. Kay Robinson.

The object of this small book "is not to preach, but to prove on logical and scientific grounds, and in language which all can understand, that man has inherited the spirit of God and will return to God."

The Far Country. By Florence Wilkinson.

A collection of verse divided into four parts: The Unattainable, Fugitives, The Far Country, and You and I. At the end there is a dramatic interlude, "The Pure in Heart."

Red Saunders' Pets and Other Critters. By Henry Wallace Phillips.

The ten animal stories in this volume originally made their appearance in well-known periodicals. They are: The Pets, Billy the Buck, Where the Horse is Fate, Agamemnon and the Fall of Troy, The Little Bear Who Grew, and five others. Fifteen characteristic illustrations add to the interest of the book.

Letters to a Chinese Official. By William Jennings Bryan.

"Being a Western View of Eastern Civilisation." Mr. Bryan's little book is written in reply to a small volume, published about three years ago, entitled *Letters from a Chinese Official, Being an Eastern View of Western Civilisation.* The work is one of the results of his recent travels in the Orient. The subjects discussed are: Chinese Civilisation Overrated, Western Civilisation Underrated, The Folly of Isolation, Labour-saving Machinery, Government, The Home, Without a Mission, and Christianity Versus Confucianism.

The Macmillan Company:

Socialism. By John Spargo.

The purpose of this volume is "to state in popular language what Socialism really means and what it does not mean. It is intended to be an introduction merely to a great and profoundly impressive subject of growing international interest and importance. During many years spent in the propaganda of Socialism in two continents, the need of such a volume has been deeply impressed upon my mind; hence this attempt to meet the necessity." Some of the chapter titles are: Robert Owen and the Utopian Spirit, The Materialistic Conception of History, Capitalism and the Law of Concentration, The Class Struggle, Outlines of the Economics of Socialism, etc.

The Vine of Sibmah. By Andrew Macphail.

The reign of Charles II. is the period during which this romance occurred. The hero, former captain of Cromwell's army, tells the story. The scenes, which are at first laid in Old England, are changed to the New England colonies, and Puritan life in both countries is portrayed by the author of *Essays in Puritanism.* The pursuit of Beatrix by the hero furnishes the love plot to the story.

Magdala Company:

Miriam of Magdala. By Katherine F. Mullany.

This story is said to be a character study of Magdalen, and a pen picture of

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Martha and of Lazarus. Judas, Pontius Pilate, Annas and Caiphas are also prominent figures. Among the scenes described are: The Cleansing of the Temple, The Suppers at Naum and Bethany, The Raising of Lazarus, Christ Before Pilate, The Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

In Vanity Fair. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.

"A tale of frocks and femininity." While the origin of the fashions is the theme of this book, it should not be understood as a mere dissertation of fashion, but as "a pen picture of the atmosphere and environment out of which the fashions spring." It is "the whirlpool of vanity, frivolity and mad extravagance centring in Paris, that Mrs. Brainerd paints."

Richard the Brazen. By Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peple.

Richard Williams, known as "Richard the Brazen," rescues from death the daughter of a family enemy. He falls in love with her at once, and determines to win her. Knowing the bitter hatred which exists between her father and his own, he impersonates another man and wooes her under a false personality, only disclosing his identity when the story is nearing completion. Full-page coloured pictures illustrate the book.

Scarlett of the Mounted. By Marguerite Merington.

The author, who has written a number of stories for magazines, has, in her first novel, pictured the life of gold hunters and other characters of the Canadian Northwest. The hero is a sergeant of the Canadian mounted police and the heroine is the daughter of a man who has lost his wealth in the Klondike.

Sandy of the Sierras. By Richard Barry.

Sandy of the Sierras records the struggle of a boy from the mountains who climbs the ladder of success, step by step. The scenes are laid in San Francisco. A love story runs through the book.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Meda's Heritage. By Maia Pettus.

Love and religion are interwoven into this story of Southern life. The heritage which fell to the heroine was her mission to preach the gospel and to take up the work laid down when death claimed her father. She wins success only after having trodden a path beset by obstacles and drawbacks.

Yellowstone Letters. By Rube Shuffle, Valet.

A trip which a valet takes through Yellowstone Park is described in the series of letters which he writes to his sweetheart. There are six illustrations by A. G. Heaton.

The Life of General Hugh Mercer. By John T. Goolrick.

In addition to the story of General Hugh Mercer's life, there are brief sketches of Washington, John Paul Jones, General George Weedon, James Monroe, and Mrs. Mary Ball Washington; "also a sketch of Lodge No. 4, A. F. and A. M., of which Generals Washington and Mercer were members; and a genealogical table of the Mercer family."

Sundays in London. By Luther Hess Waring.

A new London is pictured by Mr. Waring—the London that opens its churches and closes its shops. He says: "During the hours of church service no underground railway trains were run. From midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday no work whatever was done by the city post-office, either in receiving or distributing mail, whether for the city or for the rest of the world." The author describes some of the famous churches and discusses the equally famous men who are preaching or have preached in them.

The Olivia Letters. By Emily Edson Briggs.

"Being some history of Washington City for forty years as told by the letters of a newspaper correspondent." Mrs. Briggs has recorded more particularly a history of the social life of Washington—the receptions, dinners, balls, and various other functions. Her work is said to be the social complement to the political history of the years between 1866 and 1886. A portrait of the author is the frontispiece.

Morgan's Cavalry. By General Basil W. Duke.

This story of General Morgan's life is said to be a romance rather than a record of bare historical facts. The narrative is written by Morgan's brother-in-law. The man described in the book took part in both the Mexican and Civil Wars, concerning which many incidents and adventures are included in the story. There are several illustrations.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Uncle Charlie's Poems. By Charles Noel Douglas.

The entire contents of this volume were written by the author during the past ten

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years, all of which time he has spent in bed. The work is made up of verse, both bright and humorous, and sound no note of the hardships through which the writer has passed. The publishers state that "almost the entire profits resulting from the sales" will be given to Mr. Douglas.

The Photographic Times Publishing Association:

Photographic Amusements. By Walter E. Woodbury.

The object of this book is "to describe a number of novel and curious effects that can be obtained by the aid of the camera, together with some instructive and interesting photographic experiments." The book is bound within heavy paper covers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

George Washington. By James A. Harrison.

The author, who is a Virginian, has presented a sympathetic biography of George Washington—patriot, soldier, statesman, first President of the United States. The volume is well illustrated, and is one of the "Heroes of the Nations" series.

From Bull Run to Chancellorsville. By Newton Martin Curtis.

The story of the part taken by the Sixteenth New York Infantry in the campaigns from Bull Run to Chancellorsville is here told. In addition to war tales there are many personal reminiscences and stories of men and events woven into the work. There are four portraits in the volume, that of the author appearing as the frontispiece.

The Idyllic Avon. By John Henry Garrett.

"Being a simple description of the Avon from Tewksbury to above Stratford-on-Avon, with songs and pictures of the river and its neighbourhood." This volume is the result of a rowing trip which the author made one summer. Shakespeare's connection with Stratford occupies one chapter, which is illustrated with eighty-seven full-page pictures.

The Shock of Battle. By Patrick Vaux.

This is the story of an imaginary war, which takes place soon after the opening of the Panama Canal, between Great Britain and Germany. It is told by a newspaper reporter who is an unwilling though courageous eye-witness to the many exciting battles. All the horrors of modern warfare are vividly portrayed in the tale.

In Thamesland. By Henry Wellington Wack.

"Being the gossiping record of rambles through England from the source of the Thames to the sea, with casual studies of the English people, their historic, literary and romantic shrines. The whole forming a complete guide to the Thames Valley." This handsome work is supplied with a map and one hundred illustrations.

A Son of the People. By Baroness Orczy.

Peasant life and character in Hungary is sketched in Baroness Orczy's latest story. A nobleman is saved from financial ruin by the hero, a man of low birth, who, in return, asks the daughter's hand in marriage. Ignorant of the facts in the case, the bride scorns her husband, and he leaves her on their wedding day with a vow that he will never return to her until she takes back her cruel words. It is two years before the breach is healed. A prominent character in the book is a Jew agent.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

A Practical Programme for Working Men.

The object of this imported volume is to seek those principles, and endeavour to state them, that should animate political progress. The six fields affected are: Science, economics, politics, philanthropy, philosophy, and religion. The book is an argument for socialism.

The Travels of Mungo Park.

The latest addition to the handsome "Caxton Thin Paper Classics," imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, is *The Travels of Mungo Park*. There is a frontispiece portrait of Dr. Park and a map of his last mission into Africa. The travels recorded were made in 1795, 1796, 1797, and 1805.

Chevalier Bayard. Translated by Sara Coleridge.

The Right Joyous and Pleasant History of the Feats, Gests, and Prowesses of the Chevalier Bayard has been translated by Sara Coleridge, and included in the "Newnes Pocket Classics"—an imported series. A portrait of the Knight appears as the frontispiece.

George Farquhar. Edited by William Archer.

An imported volume in the "Mermaid" series. The editor has added a biographical and critical introduction and some notes. The four comedies included are: "The Constant Couple," "The Twin Rivals," "The Recruiting Officer," and "The Beaux' Stratagem."

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The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith. By George Macaulay Trevelyan.

In the belief that the poems of Mr. Meredith have not been so generally recognised as his novels, and that the religion, philosophy and ethics which inspire and illuminate his novels "are expressed more fully and in more exact terms in his poems," the author has written this book. Style is emphasised in the first two chapters, and content in the last two.

The Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn, F.R.S. Edited by William Bray, with Life by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. 4 vols.

This imported work of four good-sized volumes contains the diary of John Evelyn, a selection from his familiar letters, and the private correspondence between King Charles I. and Sir Edward Nicholas, and between Sir Edward Hyde and Sir Richard Browne. This new edition contains a biographical sketch of the author and a new preface. There are many illustrations in the volumes.

F. A. Stokes and Company:

Huntington, Jr. By Edward Clary Root.

"A romance of to-day." Finding his father in trouble, both politically and financially, the hero drops his course in college and hurries to the rescue. He encounters many difficulties, some of which are serious, but by sheer will power wins out in the end. A double romance runs through the book.

Teachers College, Columbia University:

The History of American Poetry. By Curtis Hidden Page.

This pamphlet is a syllabus of a course of twelve lectures on the History of American Poetry.

Thomas Whittaker:

The Man and the Master. By James E. Freeman.

Certain phases or aspects of the Life of Christ are dealt with in this volume, and emphasis is laid upon the cardinal characteristics of that life.

William Wood and Company:

The Charaka Club. Vol. II.

The proceedings of this organisation of medical men interested in the literary, artistic and historical aspects of medicine comprise the second volume issued by the Charaka Club. There are twelve articles by as many of the various members. There are also a number of illustrations.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

Alterations and Adaptations of Shakespeare. By Frederick W. Kilbourne.

An account of the alterations and adaptations of Shakespeare from the Restoration through the eighteenth century is here given by Mr. Kilbourne. Cibber's *Richard III.* is the only one which has lasted until the present day, and many original passages in that have been substituted for Cibber's scenes.

The Silver Trail. By Evelyn Gunne.

A Modern Alchemist. By Lee Wilson Dodd.

The Electric Spirit. By Marion Couthouy Smith.

The themes of these three collections of poetry cover a wide range of subjects.

The Passion Stroke. By Mary Fairweather.

The principal characters in this tale are Pythia, the sibyl of Delphi, and Hiereros, the high priest—subsequently the emperor priest. A malicious Faun takes a prominent part in the story.

H. M. Caldwell Company:

Recollections of a Gold Cure Graduate. By Newton Newkirk.

A volume of humorous epigrams. The patient is an inmate in an institution where there are courses given in alcoholism, morphine, opium, cocaine, tobacco, breakfast food habits, automania, and balloonatics. He is treated for alcoholism. Characteristic drawings and marginal decorations illustrate the book.

Ginn and Company:

Patriotism and the New Internationalism. By Lucia Ames Mead.

This pamphlet has been arranged for the purpose of assisting teachers to prepare for the commemoration of the anniversary of the Hague Conference in 1899, which the school authorities of every State have requested the schools to celebrate on May 18 of each year.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Economy of Happiness. By James Mackaye.

The main purpose of this book is that it shall analyse the true principles of common sense, as concerned first "with the *nature of intelligibility*, second, with the *nature of truth*, and, third, with the *nature of utility*." Book I. is devoted to finding out what common sense is; Books II. and III. seek to apply it.

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Susan Clegg and Her Neighbors' Affairs. By Anne Warner.

The latest adventures of Susan Clegg, a well-known humorous character in fiction, are recorded in this volume. They include "Mrs. Lathrop's Love Affair," "Old Man Ely's Proposal," "The Wolf at Susan's Door," "A Very Superior Man," "Hat," "Speculations," "Wedding" and "Gran'ma."

The Pilgrim Press:

Biblical Dramas. Arranged by Harris G. Hale and Newton M. Hall.

The three dramas are "Moses the Liberator," "The Story of Jacob" and "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren." The object of these pamphlets is that vividness of impression may be restored to the Bible. The dramas are intended to be read by the various characters.

Waite and Staley:

A Souvenir Picture Book of Coney Island.

A pictorial review of the many places of attraction and note in the well-known resort. In addition to the numerous illustrations there is a short history of Coney Island.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The D. D. Publishing Company:

The Philosophy of Life. By Charles Gilbert Davis.

The Philosophy of Life is said to depict the action of cosmic force acting according to the law of evolution till man has made his appearance. . . . He points to man as a real manifestation of the cosmic mind—God."

Laird and Lee:

Webster's New Standard Dictionary. Compiled by E. T. Roe.

The International School Edition of Webster's New Standard Dictionary has been prepared "with a view of furnishing the schools with a compact, concise and comprehensive lexicon that will meet the needs of all Intermediate grades." There are 30,000 vocabulary words with pronunciations, definitions, synonyms, illustrations, etc.

"By the Eternal." By Opie Read.

Andrew Jackson and his times are the chief pictures which this novel portrays. Other characters in the story are a jolly Irishman, a widow and a very pretty girl. While there may be some points which are not according to history, the tale is said to be an interesting love story.

Library Bureau:

Bookbinding for Libraries. By John Cotton Dana.

"These notes have been compiled in the hope that they may be of assistance to librarians in caring for the binding and rebinding of library books."

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Edouard Remenyi. By Gwendolyn Dunlevy Kelley and George P. Upton.

The editor calls this work "a collection of biographical documents," rather than a biography. It is "An Appreciation, with sketches of his life and artistic career, by friends and contemporaries, to which are added critical reviews of his playing and selections from his literary papers and correspondence." The first part of the book is devoted to biographical and appreciative matter, by the editors and others; in the second part are "anecdotes and sketches of Remenyi by his famous friends"; Part III. contains his own letters and sketches gathered while travelling; and in the last part are the press tributes and list of Remenyi's compositions. There are several illustrations in the volume.

Success in Letter Writing. By Sherwin Cody.

The purpose of this book is expressed in its title. The work is divided into two sections—business and social. In the first there are given the essentials of success in business letters, forms and customs, proper style, model letters, etc.; the second part contains chapters on Forms and Customs in Social Correspondence, How to be Agreeable in a Social Letter, How to Decline Without Offence, How to Make and Keep Friends, Women's Love Letters, Men's Love Letters, etc.

The Frank M. Morris Company:

Edgar Allan Poe. By Oliver Leigh.

This small book discusses the character portraits of Poe. The frontispiece is a transposable portrait of the subject. There is, also, The Wedding Year Portrait, The Profile Study, The Widower Year Portrait, and His Monument. There are notes on the portraits of Poe and on the faces, chapters which deal with the "Lavante" Satire; Poe's biographers, censors and champions; the sketch and rhymes on his monument, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

American Baptist Publication Society:

The Ministry of the Eternal Life. By William C. Bitting.

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A sermon preached before the National Baptist Societies at their Anniversaries at Dayton, Ohio, May 20, 1906. Issued in pamphlet form.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

A Specimen Spinster. By Kate Westlake Yeigh.

Without any tendency toward bragging, a maiden lady who has more money than she actually needs for her personal wants tells how she lives her life for others and the enjoyment it brings them and her. A pretty love story runs through the book.

George W. Jacobs Company:

The Girl Out There. By Karl Edwin Harriman.

A simple romance of country life in New England. The hero is a newspaper man who has been sent by his physician to a quiet hamlet to recuperate from an attack of typhoid fever. Naturally he meets the "girl out there," and although complications arise, the end is satisfactory.

The Yarn of Old Harbour Town. By W. Clark Russell.

Walter Lawrence, the hero of this tale and the son of a retired admiral, kidnaps the girl he loves and carries her off on a vessel, where he holds her as prisoner with the hope of winning her love. She feigns madness and is at length rescued by her father. Lawrence, overcome by his defeat, attempts suicide but is eventually nursed back to health by the girl, who had feigned hatred as well as madness.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Vanity Square. By Edgar Saltus.

A story of social life in New York City. The pivot upon which the plot turns is the strange disappearance from his home of the wife and child of a wealthy young clubman. Their marital relations being very happy and no clew being discovered as to their whereabouts, a mystery surrounds them. The unravelling of this mystery is the story.

Breakers Ahead. By A. Maynard Barbour.

The principal figure in this story is a very selfish man. His sins find him out and in the end cause his ruin. While distinctly a novel, the tale is said to be a character sketch and to teach the merits of self-control and patience. A full-page coloured illustration by James L. Woods appears as the frontispiece.

L. C. Page and Company:

Pipes of Pan. By Bliss Carman.

"Songs of the Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Garden," "From the Book of Valentines," "From the Book of Myths" and "From the Green Book of the Bards"—five recent collections of poetry by Bliss Carman are here published in a single volume in the "Definitive Edition." A portrait of the poet appears as the frontispiece.

The Heart that Knows. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

In the Tantramar Marsh region, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, are laid the scenes of this tale. The trickery of another causes Jim Calder to desert the woman he loves. When his son grows to manhood he determines to avenge the wrong and starts in search of his father. Although they meet, neither knows the other, as Jim now goes under another name, and it is not until they owe their lives to each other that they discover the relation they bear to one another. The son then discovers that his father has never ceased to love his mother and a reunion takes place.

Dream Verses. By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

A collection of seventy-four poems.

AKRON, O.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

The Rose Croix. By David Tod Gilliam.

This mystical and mythical tale is written especially for Masons. The scenes are laid in several parts of the world and deal with the war between Texas and Mexico.

CLEVELAND, O.

"Immanuel's Witness" Postal Mission:

Knights Templar Procession. By J. B. Corey.

A pamphlet containing a controversy with two lawyers over Freemasonry.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) **$1.**50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN,

Second List.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. The Scholar's Daughter. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Wire Tappers. Stringer. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. An Incomplete Amorist. Nesbit. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In Cure of Her Soul. Stimson. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50c.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Pretty Ways o' Providence. Pearse. (Jennings and Graham.) $1.00.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing.) $1.50.
3. A Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Huntington, Jr. Root. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Eve's Diary. Twain. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Empire. Parry. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Patriots. Brady. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In Our Town. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Clammer. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. Songs and Stories of Tennessee. Moore. (Winston.) $1.25.
3. Summer Hymnal. Moore. (Winston.) $1.25.
4. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Eediotic Etiquette. Wurdz. (Stokes.) 75c.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Nicanor, Teller of Tales. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Sphinx's Lawyer. Danby. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Weight of a Crown. White. (Fenno.) $1.50.
4. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Fortune Hunter. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
6. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Garden, You and I. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Pratt. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
6. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Lion and the Mouse. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Nicanor, Teller of Tales. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The City That Was. Irwin. (Huebsch.) 50c.
6. San Francisco Through Fire and Earthquake. Keeler. (Elder.) 75c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50
4. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50c.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50c.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50 334
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50..... 228
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50..... 109
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50..... 91
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50 87
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50 81

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ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
Author of "The Fighting Chance"
One of the Six Best Selling Books

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RUDYARD KIPLING

This portrait is the first which Mr. Kipling has had taken in a number of years.

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